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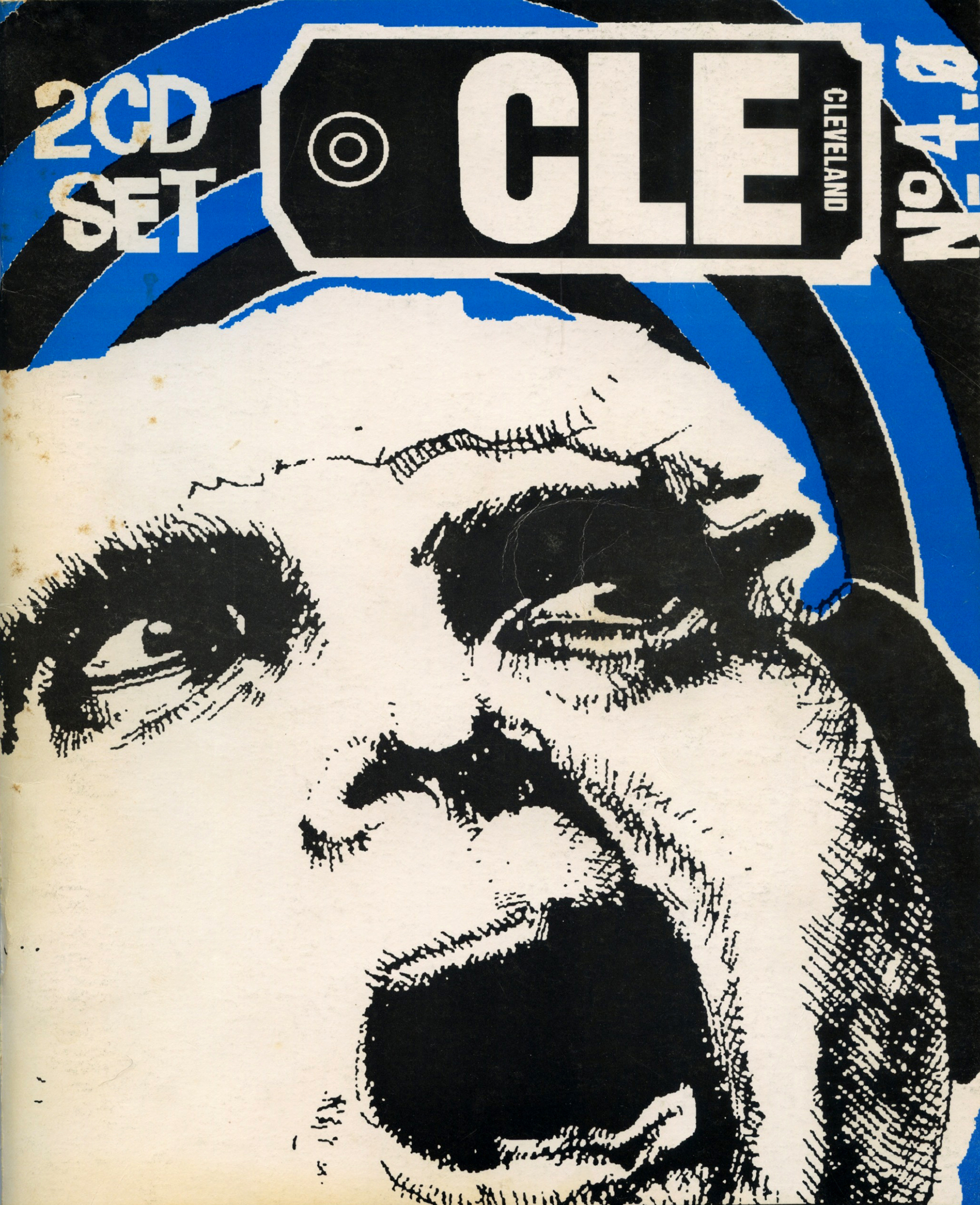

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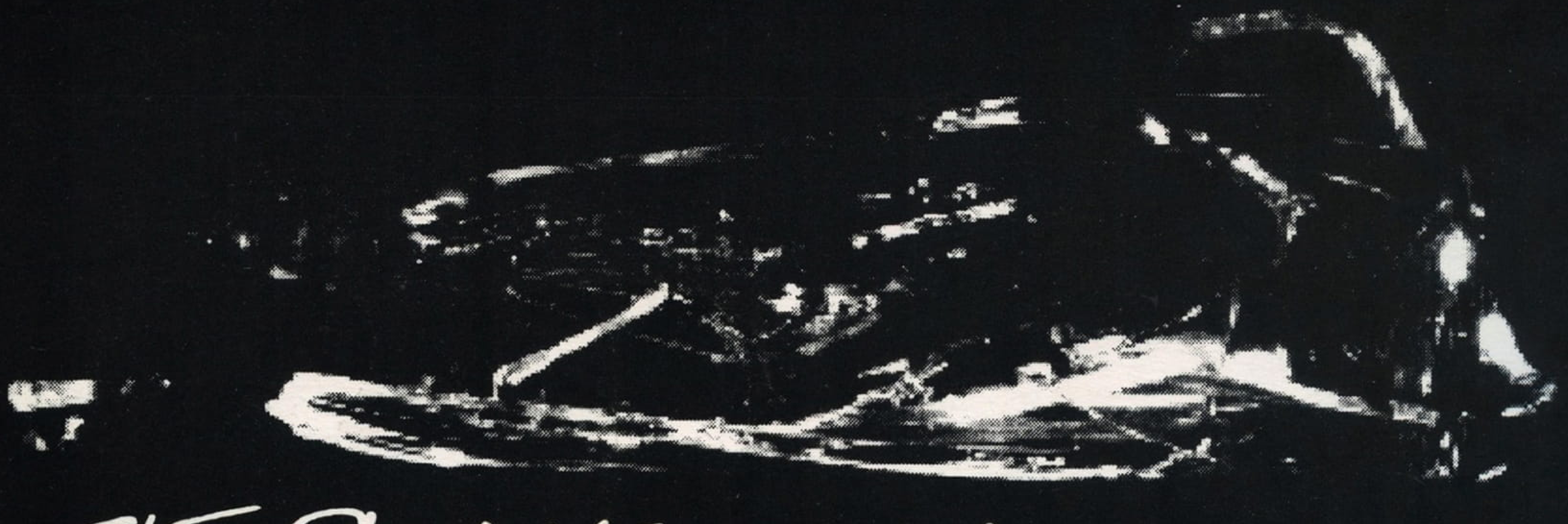

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Bylines for our favorite writer, Dave DeLuca, were erroneously absent from his arti*CLE*s on Mad Daddy and Radio Demons last issue. Also in No.3X, the Joan Jett photo was by Joseph Cultice and originally appeared in Option magazine. Thanks to Scott Becker for being a good sport about its use.

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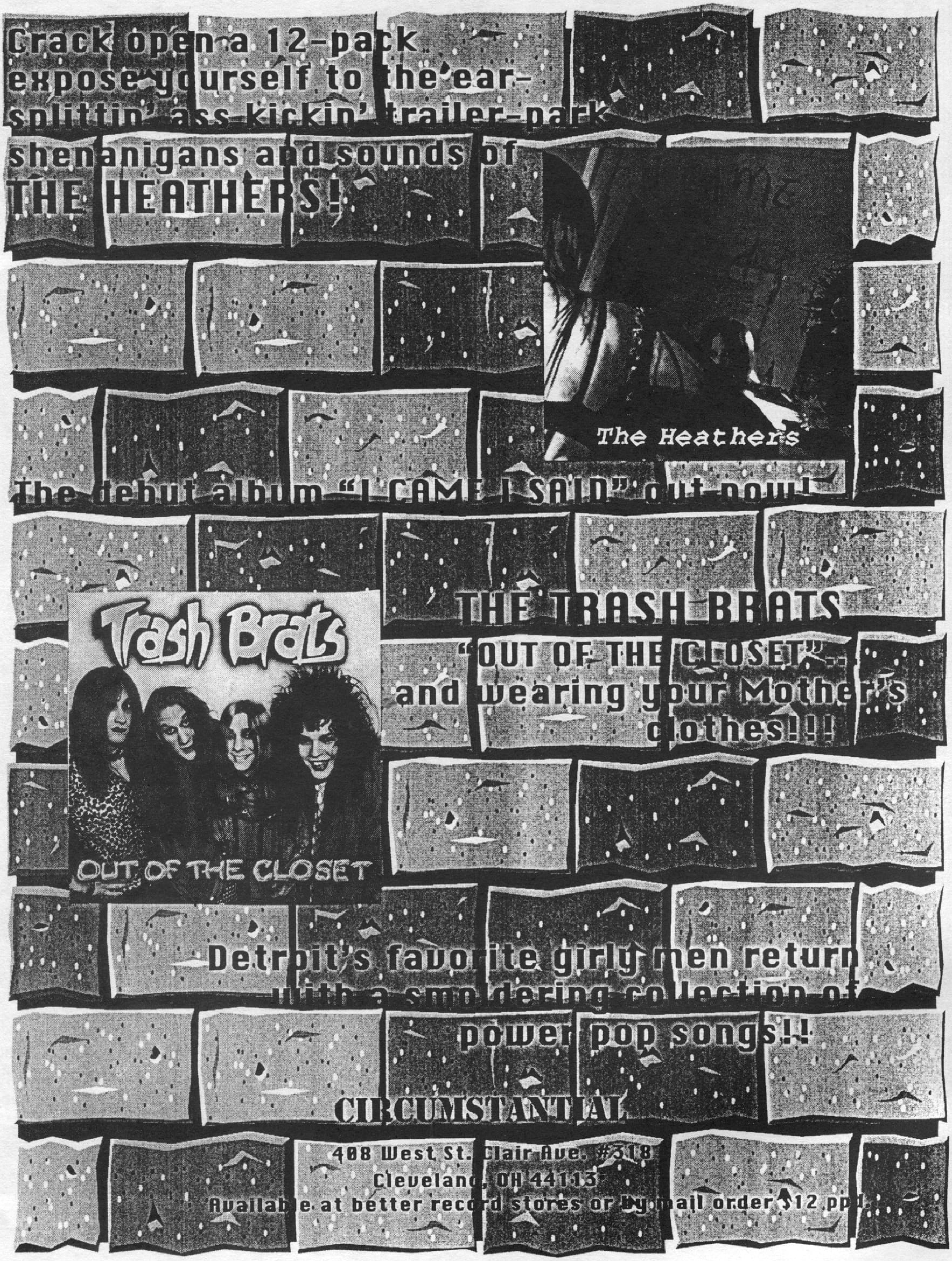

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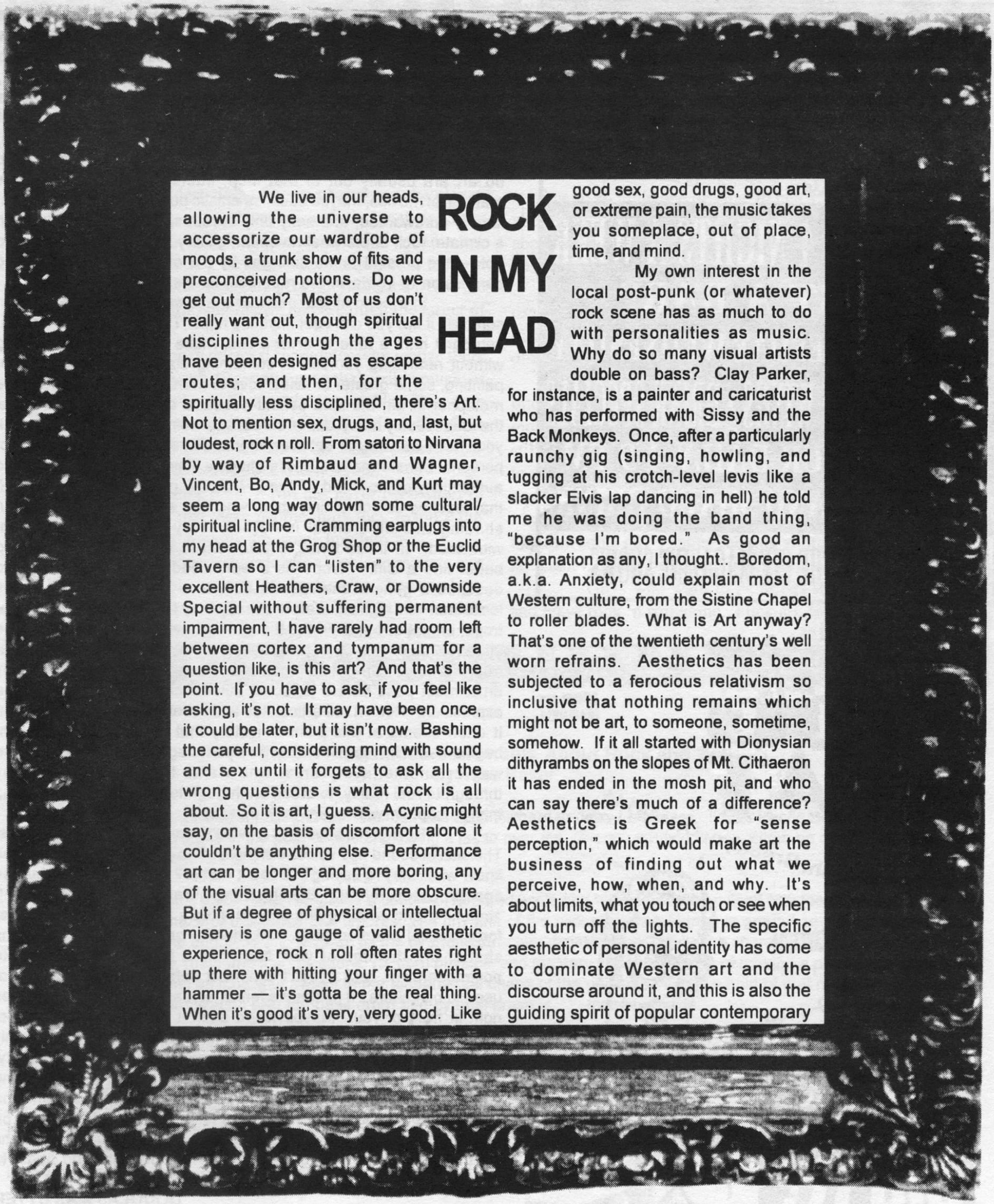

ROCK IN MY HEAD

We live in our heads, allowing the universe to accessorize our wardrobe of moods, a trunk show of fits and preconceived notions. Do we get out much? Most of us don't really want out, though spiritual disciplines through the ages have been designed as escape routes; and then, for the spiritually less disciplined, there's Art. Not to mention sex, drugs, and, last, but loudest, rock n roll. From satori to Nirvana by way of Rimbaud and Wagner, Vincent, Bo, Andy, Mick, and Kurt may seem a long way down some cultural/ spiritual incline. Cramming earplugs into my head at the Grog Shop or the Euclid Tavern so I can "listen" to the very excellent Heathers, Craw, or Downside Special without suffering permanent impairment, I have rarely had room left between cortex and tympanum for a question like, is this art? And that's the point. If you have to ask, if you feel like asking, it's not. It may have been once, it could be later, but it isn't now. Bashing the careful, considering mind with sound and sex until it forgets to ask all the wrong questions is what rock is all about. So it is art, I guess. A cynic might say, on the basis of discomfort alone it couldn't be anything else. Performance art can be longer and more boring, any of the visual arts can be more obscure. But if a degree of physical or intellectual misery is one gauge of valid aesthetic experience, rock n roll often rates right up there with hitting your finger with a hammer — it's gotta be the real thing. When it's good it's very, very good. Like good sex, good drugs, good art, or extreme pain, the music takes you someplace, out of place, time, and mind.

My own interest in the local post-punk (or whatever) rock scene has as much to do with personalities as music. Why do so many visual artists double on bass? Clay Parker, for instance, is a painter and caricaturist who has performed with Sissy and the Back Monkeys. Once, after a particularly raunchy gig (singing, howling, and tugging at his crotch-level levis like a slacker Elvis lap dancing in hell) he told me he was doing the band thing, "because I'm bored." As good an explanation as any, I thought.. Boredom, a.k.a. Anxiety, could explain most of Western culture, from the Sistine Chapel to roller blades. What is Art anyway? That's one of the twentieth century's well worn refrains. Aesthetics has been subjected to a ferocious relativism so inclusive that nothing remains which might not be art, to someone, sometime, somehow. If it all started with Dionysian dithyrambs on the slopes of Mt. Cithaeron it has ended in the mosh pit, and who can say there's much of a difference? Aesthetics is Greek for "sense perception," which would make art the business of finding out what we perceive, how, when, and why. It's about limits, what you touch or see when you turn off the lights. The specific aesthetic of personal identity has come to dominate Western art and the discourse around it, and this is also the guiding spirit of popular contemporary

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music. Every younger artist, art school-trained and attuned to the power structure of aesthetic endeavor, knows only too well how marginal the "fine"arts have become. The culture that seems to matter comes through the cable, or is on tour. Money, glamour, instant fame, incidentally the desiderata of a *fin de siecle* psychological and moral desperation, are also the eternal indices of a pessimistic romanticism that is half the soul of the Western world, where Maenads lurk behind ritual and show biz alike.. Artists who do art are usually out of that loop, interesting only as the raw material of movies, maybe because artistic pursuits are often tedious, largely unrewarded, and sexy only in retrospect (if at all). In such a climate, rock offers what museum, gallery, church and ashram do not — the present tense enlarged by the magic of the stage, and permission to go down the mountain as fast as you can.

In a world of lies, damn lies, and statistics (as Mark Twain summed it up) you can't get anything right. The trouble seems to be, you can't hum a tune or draw a line, make love, or step on a bug without reminding yourself of something else, some other time or painting, some greater or lesser love or murder. The purpose of the metaphor in art, the idea behind aesthetic comparison, is to travel the deceptively easy distance between similar things and break your neck as you fall between them. Rilke's enormous angels of personal transformation, Eliot's shadow, Derrida's *difference* — the authenticity of the world — live in that tiny gap, a dimensional shift that teaches us something about who and what we really are. But shading this differential is harder every year, as minimalism witnessed. In these times, if you want to break your neck, you'd better find a cliff. "Trope" is a word used in aesthetic theory to describe a general metaphoric stance, a lever for prying things loose from the big lies. Late modenity may have had only one great trope, an untrope really—the thought that everything has been done already, that originality is impossible and that the end is near. Neither truth nor logic can prevail against this despair, through which any artist must pass before personal authenticity can become unique expression. Rock n roll articulates and rebels against this situation. It often seems at this point in history that anything transcendent begins as rock n roll: the only way past Jagger is through. In one way or another,every artist who wants to win her or his way through to real reality, to break on through to the other side, shares this perception with every rock musician.

Rock n roll says, *this* is what's real, everything else sucks. The wall of sound has voices behind it. Can you hear them? Do you know what they're saying? Does it matter? The shapes of human speech press through the thick membrane of noise and light, stretching and warping like special effects in a horror flick. Gale-force sexual emotion rides Valkyrie-like on the bass line, drums shatter the rhythms of your body like a broken mirror. Unlike postmodernism, rock doesn't lament or deface the playground that used to be culture. It jumps the fence, screams and bleeds and dies right in front of you. Maybe we've seen it all before, and maybe, from the perspective of economics and manipulation, it's ultimately about lining the pockets of a cynical, sometimes stupid mega-industry; maybe the world will end tomorrow, but the universe is created and destroyed in every instant, and that's what the real music and the great dance are about. Whether the force of this can be found on stage with Madonna or not, the power is invoked every time musicians lug their equipment through the door of the local bar and begin to make the sacred/profane noise again.

DOUGLAS MAX UTTER

ART VS. ROCK

Perhaps the most unintentionally comic aspect of the current trend toward the serious scholarly study of pop culture has been that it allows certain rock 'n roll musicians to think of themselves as "artists."

Taken as a whole, rock musicians are arguably among the stupidest class of human beings on the planet. Most can write — at least well-enough to sign their names at the bottom of really bad record contracts — and a few even practice reading beyond what's said about them in the fanzines. These types are generally referred to as "the Perfesser" by their bandmates, and are often the target of some derision.

But dopey doctoral candidates who realize there are already too many dissertations on the terrible music of John Cage or the lousy films of the French New Wave are now turning their attention to the collected works of the Hollywood Argyles and the use of the single camera technique in the Brady Bunch television series.

And since rock 'n roll has never been short of the kind of egos that make people think they're more important than they actually are, some buy into it.

The slippery slope leading to this sorry state was begun, predictably enough, by the Beatles. Four real geniuses, those guys. John marries Yoko, Paul surrenders his balls to Linda, George bankrupts himself producing "Shanghai Surprise" and Ringo, well, ironically, Ringo turns out to have actually been the smartest one of all, staying drunk most of the time, marrying a gorgeous piece of ass, and doing American Express commercials.

Rock 'n roll's about banging chicks. It's about staying up all night and driving 90 in a 55 mph zone. It's about being so bored you have to break something. It's about fuck all, living fast, dying young and leaving a pretty corpse.

What it's *not* about is the Velvet Underground's use of counterpoint or Barry White's basso profundo. It's meant to be listened to — preferably Real LOUD — not discussed like some academic exercise.

Fortunately, the kids don't seem to be buying into it. Sid Vicious clones abound, but you don't hear much about David Byrne anymore. Johnny Thunders is still a guitar hero, and Richard Hell's an old man trying to peddle his poetry.

The only art forms to have emerged from the smokey dives comprising "the scene" are those of getting into some girl's pants, cadging another drink from a reluctant barman, or getting your name on the guest list.

Guys who want to be artists should be artists and leave rock 'n roll alone. Fuck art, let's ROCK.

--MIKE HUDSON

Eleven Pretentious Statements About Rock and Roll

by Mike Baker

1) Elvis was not the originator of rock and roll. Neither was Little Richard or Jerry Lee Lewis. It was Pecos Bill, a mythical cowboy character who used to stand in the path of twisters, swing a lasso over the violently swirling chaos, climb up on its back and ride it out of town for the sheer hell of it.

2) A note from an electric guitar, when amplified a couple of hundred watts and turned back in on itself with feedback and overdrive, becomes an infinite maze of overtones and timbres. The tiny tink of the pick on a metal string is ground zero for an explosion of sound that spreads and brightens and evolves as the overtone structure disintegrates. Make it a chord and you have a vast ocean of battling frequencies, mathematical equations, random physics, and auditory images capable of making a person standing in the middle of the sound feel as if he was awash in the fundamental chaos of the universe. To take hold of that mess and change the chords in exact synchronization with the bass drum and cymbal crash is . . . instant religion.

3) Rock and roll could not have happened before Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Even if the electric guitar had been around, the significance of distortion and feedback would not have been understood. We needed the picture of the big flash, the mushroom cloud, the specter of science as Avatar, the violation of the atom itself, to truly sense the fragility of our existence. After the bomb, life could no longer be taken for granted. The physical world had lost its permanence if the primary structure, the atom, could be manipulated. Nothing that had seemed so sure before could be trusted any longer. The future did not look very likely. The bomb was the starter's gun for the disintegration of all of our belief systems. It was the beginning of the degeneration into the paranoia, insecurity hostility, fear, and schizophrenia that guitar feedback so aptly expresses.

4) I just got back from watching the Buzzcocks. They are in my opinion some of the greatest song writers of the whole punk era. They are older than me. Their drummer was a twentysomething year old shit. I used to write for a magazine in which another writer who was into techno DJ garbage used to write about the beats per minute. "One song was 160 beats per minute which led into 165 beats per minute on another song." I used to think she was the dumbest asshole writer I'd ever read. The Buzzcocks drummer was 5 beats per minute below the tempo that made their songs work brilliantly instead of being more of the same. She understood something at the time that I didn't.

5) Drummers are the most immature jerks a musician can ever deal with. They are irresponsible, childish, manipulative people who will wreck your band every time. They are absolutely essential to a good rock band. A rock band without a brilliant drummer should just go home. PLEASE, technology, finally free me from the need of a drummer. I will be your eternal advocate.

6) Misfits play rock and roll. Junkies, drunks, perverts, queers, dillusionals, the battered, the abused, the outcasts, ... Floyd. People who don't deal with structures well. Although rock and roll follows blues and pop structures a lot, the essence of what makes good rock and roll is all the stuff that fights the structure. To play safely within the confines of pop or blues makes the music pop or blues. Rock and roll spills out of the structures with noise and discord and weird timing. It's as if the structure is just a little packaging on all this energy and chaos to make it digestible, comprehensible. The energy builds, the structure fades, and by the end you're left dangling over the precipice ready to fall into the ocean of pure unstructured sound but the last tiny threads of the song structure hold you above it. This is when it's good.

7) Rock guitar players are born, not made. There is an ability to call the voices out of the din of guitar noise that is innate in some people. I remember Keith Busch (aka Dag Nabbit) of the Ragged Bags. He could conjure up devil's screams, angel's voices, and firetruck sirens at will. Other guitar players hated him because he couldn't play a song off the radio and didn't know what an E minor 7th was. He sucked on an acoustic. His guitar had nothing to do with all the guitars that came before his. His guitar connected directly to the energy at his center. What he played was as effortless as breathing. It was his voice. When he played, he was transformed into something perfect, something unique, something above the averageness of humanity. The insecurity, anger, humor, and awe that poured from his guitar was universal. It was the core of each of us. It came from the space in which we're all the same. It had nothing to do with songs on the radio or E minor 7th.

8) The most important thing for a guitar player is tuning. Even though you're going to play tones all over the spectrum, the guitar must be in tune for the great cosmic architecture of harmonics to come into being. One wrong frequency can mess up the alignment of the whole house of cards and you'll lose a lot of possibilities. The potential variety of sounds on a perfectly tuned electric guitar is nearly infinite. I have never been able to do this.

9) Rock music has great potential to ignite lemming like social movements. Two examples of this, 60's Psychedelic Rock and Punk, accomplished very little culturally and left in their wakes countless pathetic drug addled ex-hippies and thousands of pathetic alcoholic ex- punks. This appeals to the anarchist in me. At a benefit for Cheryl Lessin I helped organize during her flag burning troubles, I suggested from the stage that "burning the flag was stupid because you only pissed off the rednecks who hate you already. If you really want a way to piss off a whole lot of people, get a guitar and start a band!" The communists hurled insults at me and stormed out of the bar. So goes the liberal Left.

10) MTV has done irreparable damage to Rock and Roll by:
A) Making what was once a fringe element profitable, thus changing the focus of budding young musicians from expression to marketing. Labels are more popular now than the bands that are signed to them.
B) Over exposing young bands in their formative years to give them an exaggerated idea of their importance and making the quick buck off of a constant stream of one hit wonders who are spit out again as soon as the Next Big Same comes along.
C) Worst of all, supplying you, the viewer/listener, with visual narratives to music, robbing you of your part in the creative process; that of generating personalized mental images that give the music meaning to you.

11) On a good night, when you can actually hear yourself in the monitors, when the guitars are balanced in the mix, when your drummer isn't throwing some kind of tantrum, when the crowd is sufficiently drunk but not obnoxiously drunk, when all the circumstances align and you lean into a song with just the right tempo and just the right volume and the sound fills the room and spills out into the street, you can reach a space where your job doesn't matter, your bills don't matter, your age doesn't matter, your aches and pains don't matter, your fears, insecurities, humiliations, regrets, sadnesses don't matter; where the band and the audience and the bar and the outside world have all become part of one song and you're playing it. You give yourself up to it and immerse yourself completely in it; and in this space there are no mistakes, no klinkers, nothing that happens can be wrong, everything is part of the song and the song is all that exists. People who play rock and roll for any other reason suck.

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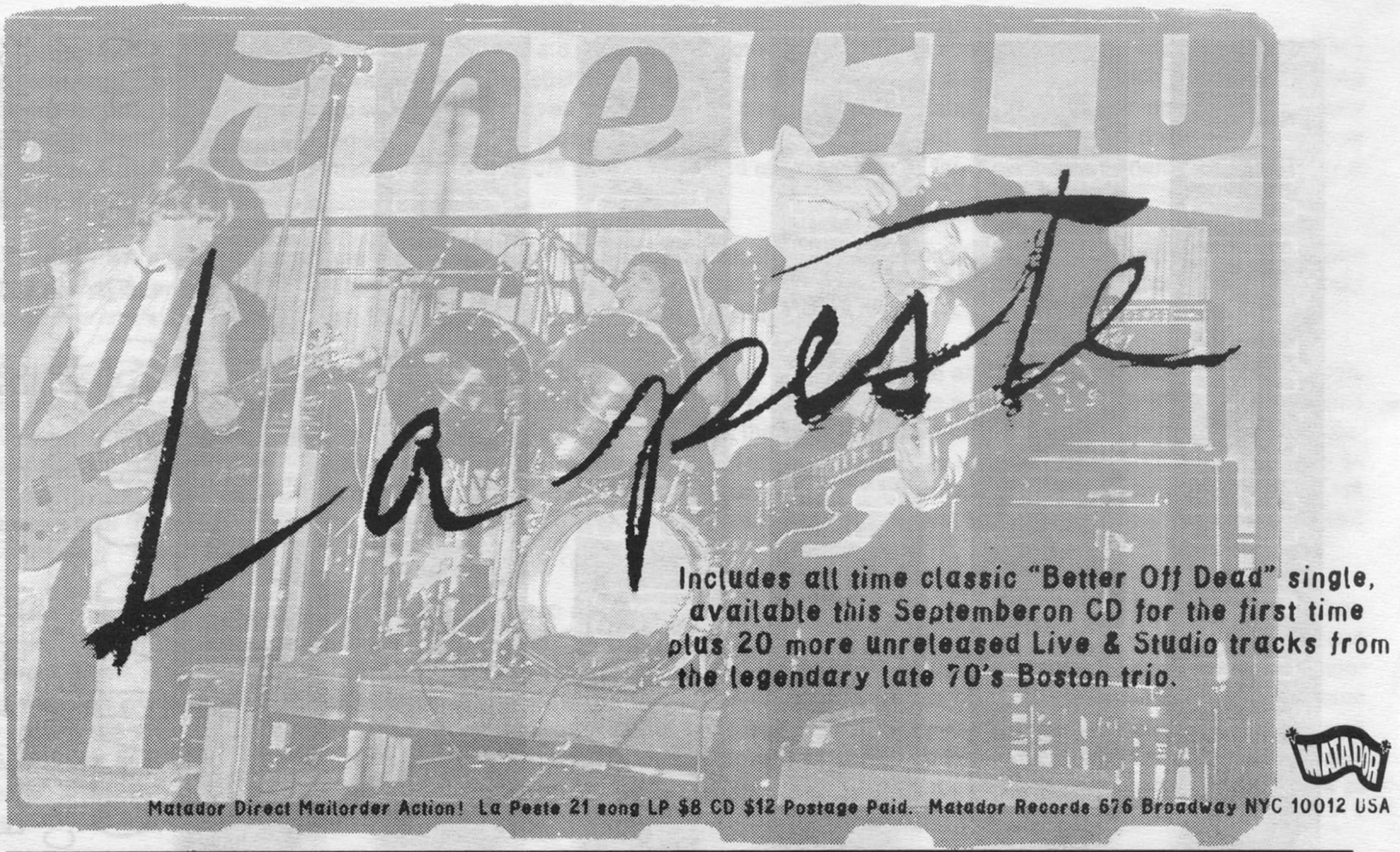

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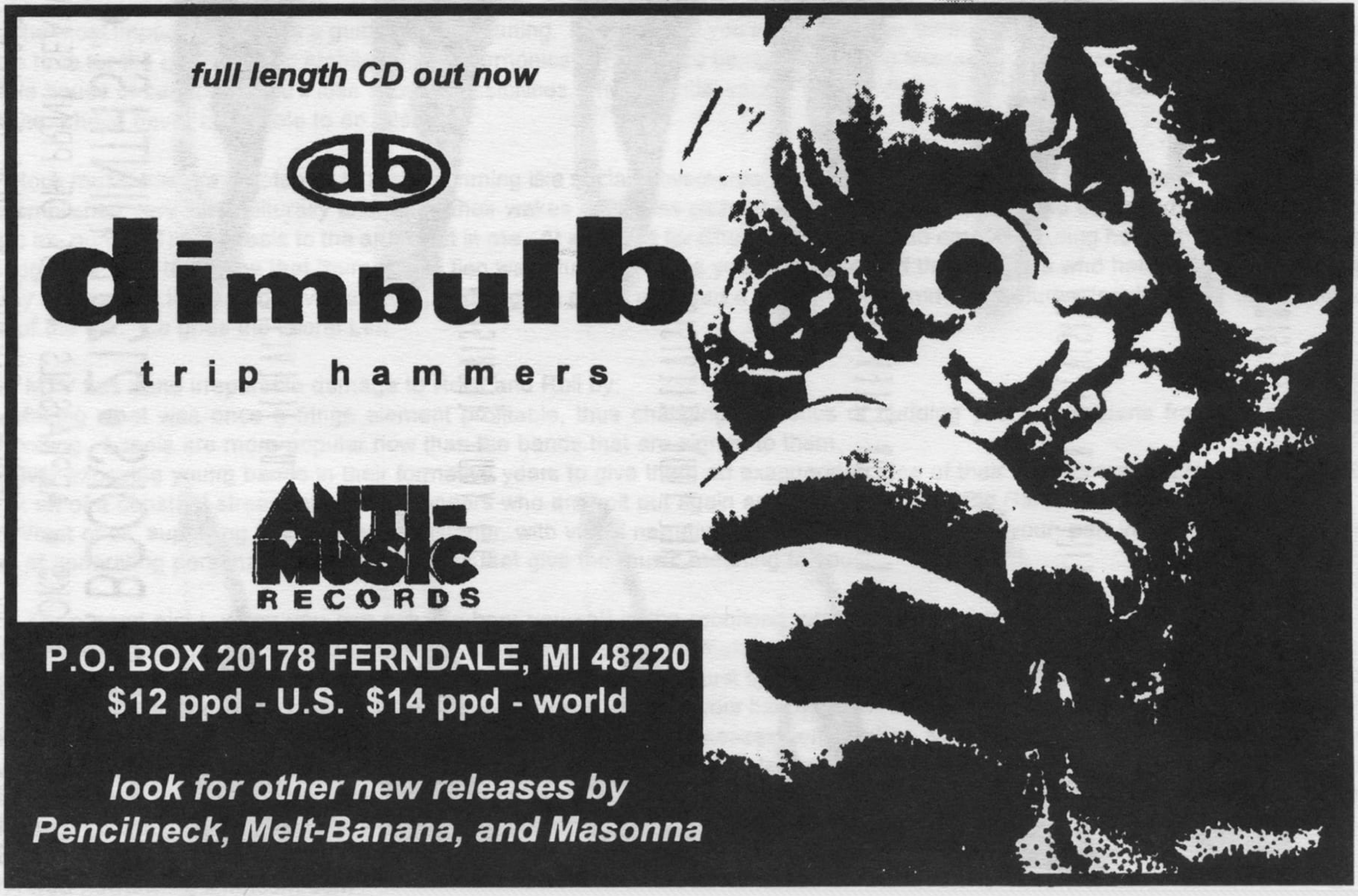

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CLEMUSIST MANIFESTO

ROCK AS PROPAGANDA

by

Dave DeLuca

To: The People's Republic Of Cleveland

From: Comrade Mondo
1750 Zoblotny Platz

May Day, 1996

Good Sirs and Madammes of The 9th Party Congress, My Comrades:

As this body knows, our party organ is the largest.

Our current function is to insure correct expression of movement in all artistic endeavors. A question has arisen: Is Rock Art? Fierce debate has divided the party, threatening our solidarity. Comrades, we are death-locked in struggle—not only against our own stupidity, cupidity, sloth and self-loathing . . . but the loathing, stupidity, etc., etc., of everyone else and everything that *they* stand for. Yet, our efforts are consumed, even wasted, in this fire. It is, therefore, now time to issue a manifesto stating our beliefs and declaring our intentions.

If we follow the thinking of dialectical philosopher Herr Professor Marx (whose writings I must assume we are all familiar with), this question about Rock's true nature is not difficult to answer. As it is generally agreed that the government enfranchises the media (i.e. television, big radio, mega -music corporations, etc.) which in turn lend credence to its worldview (and vice versa), corporate music channels thus represent the elitist corporate state. The state creates such propaganda, by its own nature, for its own purposes. The people—workers, peasants, and other populist forces—create art as form of expression, as entertainment, for its own sake and their own purposes. This dialectical thus pits the forces of the state versus the cultural wellspring of the universal folk spirit.

Textbook third world exploitation by state-controlled distribution resources is prevalent throughout the "music industry". A pop culture moron elite saps energies from local World, Punk, Industro-Gothic, and other creative regional pools to maintain economic and socio-political control.

The early 80s "CLEveland Crash" reinforces this theory with ample evidence. Not since the days of The Lomax Folk Blues Conspiracy did so many peasants run from their shacks armed with guitars, crying for oblivion in the bosom of the oppressor—the corporate music-state. A ruthless capitalist enterprise, it is ultimately the running dog of the trans-global entertainment conglomerates. *If you sell chicken sandwiches, you are certainly beholding to the poultry dealer.*

Corporate music-biz resource realities were certainly this way back during the Punk/New Wave movement, and remain even more entrenched today. Imperialist exploiters steal (their brand of capitalism is theft) these resources when popular forces are weak. As the Cleveland music-scene gathers attention, it creates a rush among peasant and worker bands to sell at any price. As CLEmusists, we must not be deceived!

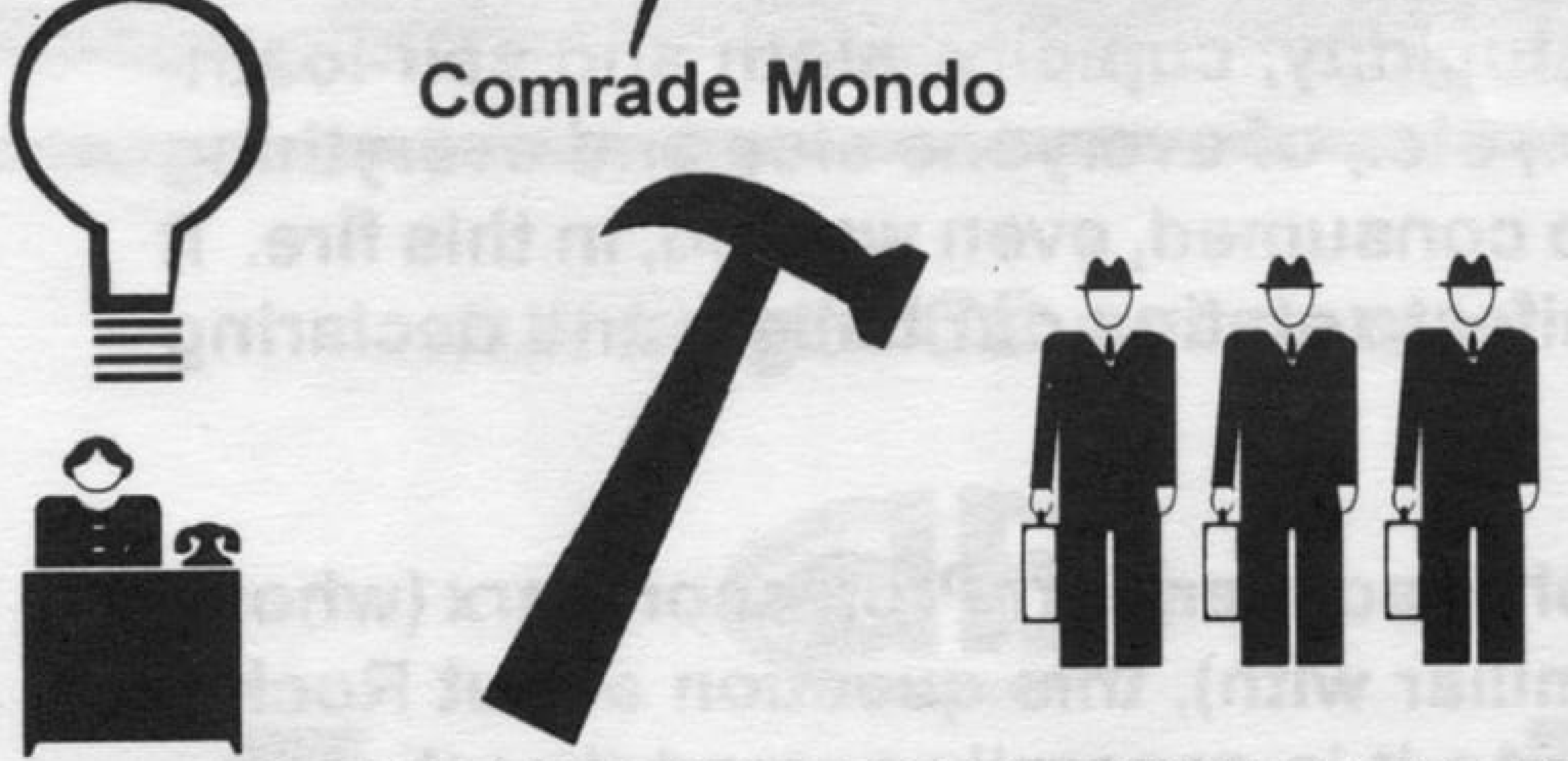
Comrades, if we consider classical rhetoric, we must conclude that while the state creates propaganda, and the people create art, then such corporate-music product is propaganda, and independent music, zines, ROMs, etc. are art. While the means of production, manufacturing, distribution, advertising and marketing resources are owned by the corporate state, Rock music will inherently be propaganda. If the people own them, it will be art. This does not concern quality, or bourgeois art--the state always turns out bad propaganda, people often make bad art.

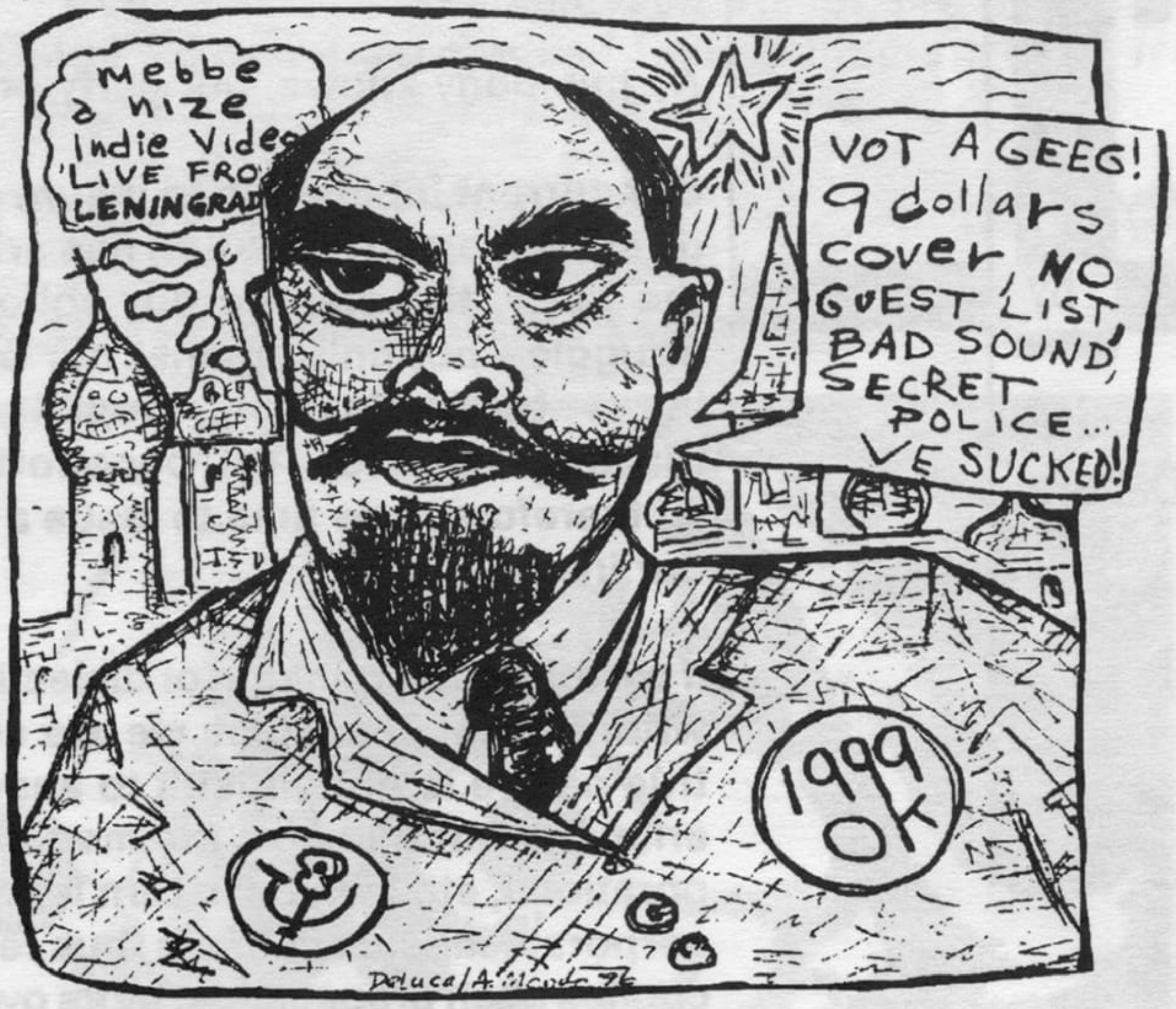
Finally comrades, with this question answered, there shall be no further debate. Moreover, since CLEmusists believe that remuneration is in accordance with human labor, all regional retro-futurists, neo-byzantines, and other CLEmusist band-fronts should be paid. If certain clubs and radio stations continue imperialist "big label lackey" practices of exploitation, we will be forced to use violent revolutionary means to overthrow them. Or refuse to pay our bar tabs.

All Power To The People!
All Power To CLEmusist Party Organs!

Comrade Mondo

Comrade Mondo

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No, they're not federal agents, but real pigs ... like on a farm. Who knows how they got my address.
But the important thing, man.. is that they can never take our music.
From what I can gather from their coarse grunts, they intend to barbecue me Alabama style. Personally, I prefer St.Louis style with dipping sauce, but the important thing, man... is that Cleveland's got soul.
Maybe not like a Memphis Stax-Volt soul, no, not even a hot-buttered N'awlins soul; it's more like a churning, Burning River kinda soul...
Man, we got to get oraganized and fight the power!
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Huey Dewey Shorty
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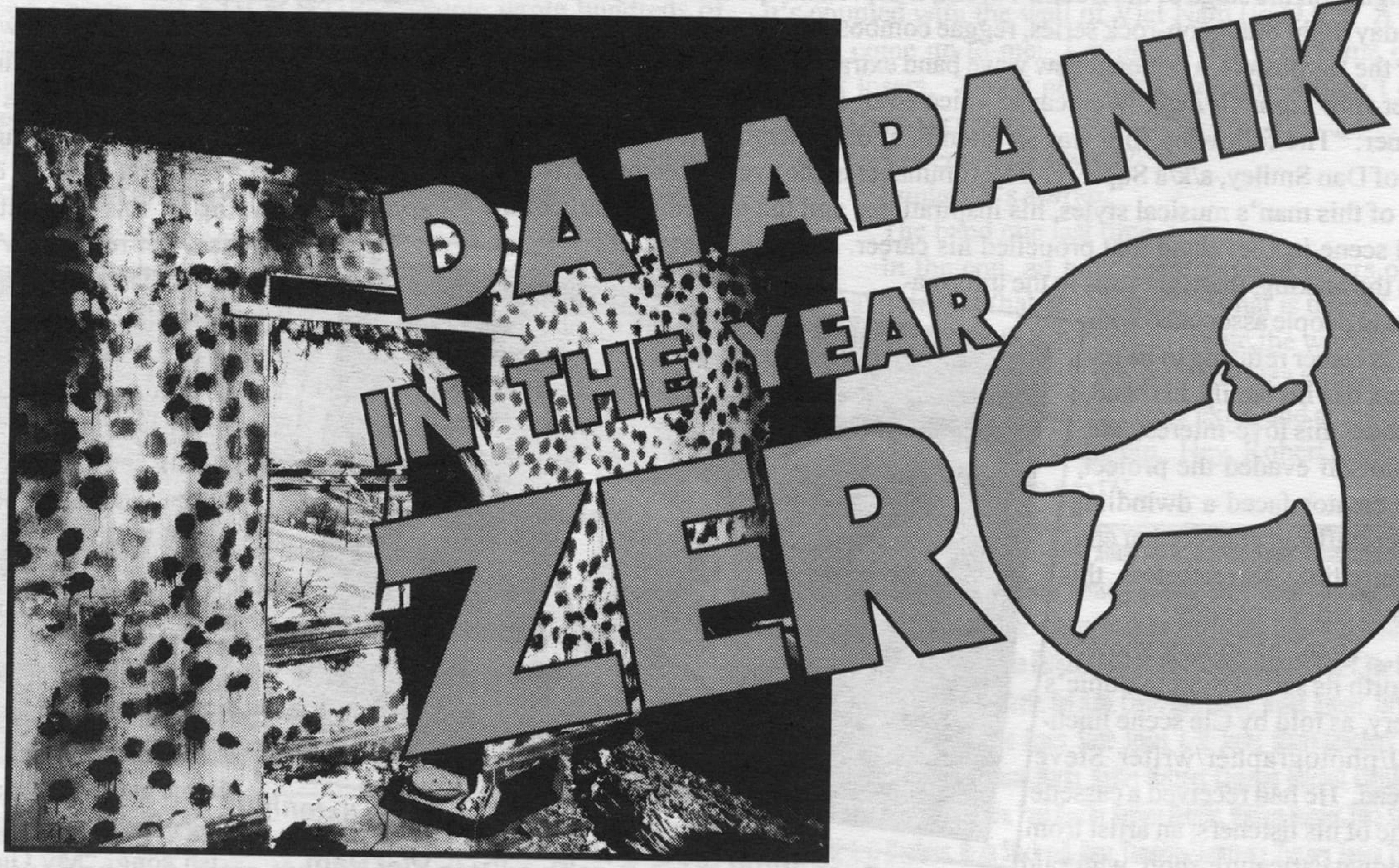

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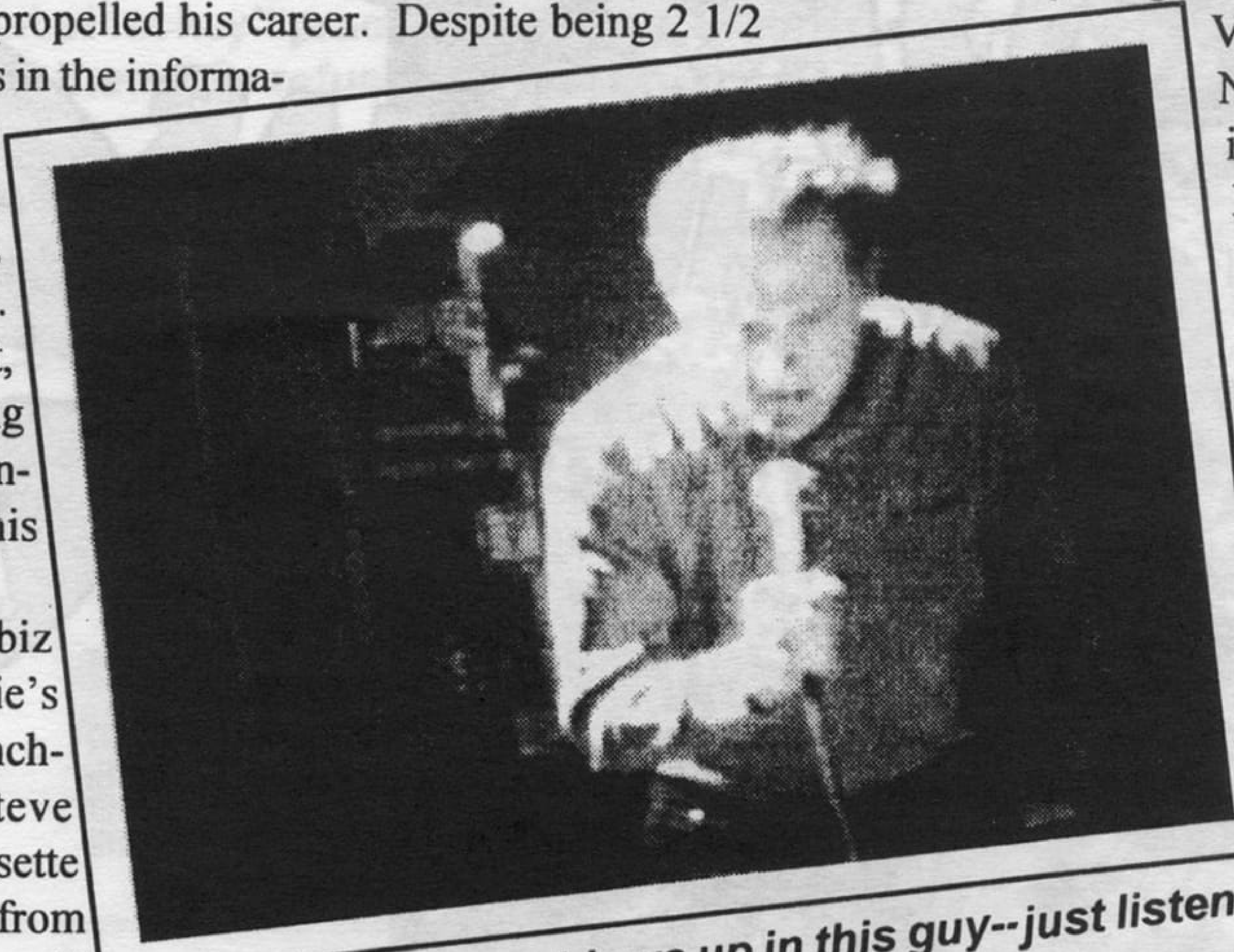
PULLING A FAST ONE?

by Millie Asheton

Anyone not from Cleveland watching Robert Banks' film "You Can't Get A Piece Of Mind" would be forgiven for thinking that its subject, Supie-T, was either fictional or dead. Now, with this hour-long 1995 'rockudrama', Cleveland has its own "Rashomon". Or "Slacker."

As the film begins, we see a middle-aged man pacing, turning, picking up a bass, singing on the stage of the Euclid Tavern, a Cleveland spot variously known for its Monday night bludgeon-rock series, reggae combos, blues bands, and being home base for the Barbusters, a fictional new wave band extraordinaire in the Paul "Steroid" Schrader film *Light Of Day*. We hear in voice-over, a man reading an introductory disclaimer: "The following film was an attempt at documenting the verbal creative sounds of Dan Smiley, a/k/a Supie-T. The filmmaker made every attempt to cover all aspects of this man's musical styles, his inspirations, and the immediate parts of the musical scene in Cleveland that propelled his career. Despite being 2 1/2 years in the making, there are gaps in the information, due to people associated with Supie-T's career refusing to be interviewed, like his family, his band, his manager, his love-interest, etc. Supie himself evaded the project, and the creator faced a dwindling volunteer staff and pockets that contained only lint. Nevertheless, this film is still a documentary . . ."

Then, as in any showbiz story worth its salt, we cut to Supie's discovery, as told by Cle scene linchpin, DJ/photographer/writer Steve Wainstead. He had received a cassette from one of his listeners, an artist from a downtown caricature shop, who said that there was a guy who would stop in their shop and perform at their pizza parties, singing a capella into a mic plugged into a boombox . . .



"Everything blows up in this guy--just listening to him it is Viet Nam."

Valerie from Custom Card: "At first I thought he was just this nerdy white guy from the suburbs, somebody you might see mowing the lawn next door. I didn't think there was anything weird about him, but I wasn't paying attention to what he was saying."

Wainstead tells how he would play the Supie-T tape in his office at WCSB, and another DJ, Jim Wilson, picking up on it. "Of course, he knew who Dan Smiley was, because he had previously been, like, banned from the radio station for a long time because he would call the woman DJs, call them up and bug them and follow them from their radio shows . . . the campus police knew about him." Around this time, Supie was appearing regularly on Wilson's show and performing at parties. Scat put out a Supie record . . .

A MONTAGE: Supie in a radio station, sitting standing pointing, while on the audio track we have his band the Get Down Airwaves in the ritual of the sound check: bass runs and disconnected guitar chords in various keys, the drummer muttering "Goddamn movies . . ." Next we see (and hear out-of-sync) the band performing at the Euc, with Valerie mixed in: This guy is the last person anyone would think would have any kind of musical talent . . . the funny thing was the songs he was singing were catchy."

THE FIRST TIME . . . the next zone of the film is a suite of interviews with Cle people relating their Supie encounters: Writer/DJ Laura DeMarco: "He's kind of a mysterious man. We've heard stories about Viet Nam, and a dead wife and child, and another wife, some time spent in Alaska ... he doesn't like to talk about himself too much." Singer John Petkovic: "The first time ... everything blows up in this guy—it is Viet Nam—it really is Viet Nam—just listening to him it is Viet Nam. And you know, like, I always tried to talk to him about it and ask where he came up with this thing, and he never would talk about it; he'd talk about Hulk Hogan, or anything ... " Artist and show promoter Derek Hess: "The first time ... I couldn't stand it. I turned the radio off."

A PERFORMANCE: Supie at the Euc, pulling off a Phil Spector-ish song, "My Guest Of Honor Didn't Come," a capella, yet. The song is totally self-referential, about the last show he had done. Maybe he doesn't talk about himself ... he does perform about himself.

ANOTHER PIECE: over the audio of Supie and the Airwaves, doing a blue song sounding like a cousin of Yoko Ono's "Mind Train," Banks unleashes a melange of visuals: stills of Supie in radio stations, cut-ups of band performances, caricatures from Custom Card, shots of interviewees previously shown and not, the band bowing in black and white, a five-second line drawing animation of Supie.

ANOTHER VOICE: promoter Joe

Simon: "He's a happy person, but a sad person ... he's happy on stage; he's on the top of the world. He's in his own world that he's been creating over the last 30 years, since the 60s. It's a fully realized world that he's created here ... What motivates him to create these songs is the thing that creates the sad Supie-T."

PENSIVE IN THE RADIO STATION, Supie leans forward and announces "This is the Birthday Symphony for the Queen," and sets off a number of electronic tune buttons like you'd find at a craft store. A look of rapture ... Laura DeMarco: "The Soggy Toast Queen was a DJ at WUJC." Supie wrote hundreds of songs for her, obsessive "beyond what yould think a normal relationship should be with a fan and a DJ." Also, "on the day she was born, a good friend of his died, 25 years ago."

PULLING THE PIN: Laura DeMarco: "In recent weeks, Supie's been very depressed, talking about 'pulling the pin.'" (i.e.,suicide—holding a hand grenade and pulling the pin out). WUJC DJ Rebecca Mills: "He could pull the pin anyday now ... I think he's kinda unstable." Joe Simon: "Onstage, he ignores the people laughing at him. Off the stage, reality sets in, he talks about pulling the pin. I've talked him out of suicide on the phone." Supie: "I'm looking for an excuse to live: there hasn't been a convincing argument. I live for my music, my rock'n'roll ... they want me to suicide. They want me to pull the pin. I would lay down my life, I would die if it made her (the Queen of the Airwaves) happy ... if I could talk to her, if I could find out how she feels."

Kool Keith: "He's, like, coming from where I come from--Cleveland--but more than that, he's like *Plan 9 From Outer Cleveland.*"

"OFF THE WALL": The last movement: A performance by Supie-T and the Get Down Airwaves with guest vocalist Jad Fair of Half-Japanese at the Euclid Tavern. An all-out jump-blast rock jam ... cut to fan Kool Keith: "Why do I like Supie-T? He cuts loose, he gets down. He is the voice of certain people. He's, like, coming from where I come from—Cleveland—but more than that. He's like Plan 9 From Outer Cleveland." Supie: "the song 'Off The Wall' is about the wall between the Euclid Tavern and Chris' Warped Records." He tells of bands cranking it and tapes flying off the wall in the store: "You better tie anything on the wall with barbed wire" (Jad laughs in the background) "and even put on a strap: there's a lot of pandemonium breaking loose on this side of the wall. I assure you, as wild as we got, as funky as we got tonight, a lot of stuff—possibly—came off that wall. It's coupled with the wall of Viet Nam (in D.C.). A lot of people come up to me: I'm gonna put your name on the wall of losers. That's not gonna happen—I didn't die in Nam—I'm a survivor."

Robert: "Is it a wrap?"

Supie: "It's a wrap."

The band one last time.

In the end, an hour spent peeling layers off the perpetual onion: What are legends? What is talent? What does talent look like? Who gets to create the world? What constitutes a performance? What constitutes a stage?

Incidentally, Supie-T *does* exist, and at the time of this writing has not pulled the pin. Hey, Robert, how about a film on Bernie Joelson next? *fin*

Julie Adams, Al Adamson, John Agar, Davie Allan, Dario Argento, John Astin, Clive Barker, Michael Berryman, James Best, Roberts Blossom, Timothy Carey, David Carradine, Regina Carrol, Bob Clark, Robert Clarke, James Coburn, Coffin Joe, Larry Cohen, Luigi Cozzi, Royal Dano, Brad Dourif, Timothy Farrell, Antonio Fargas, Leo Fong, Peter Fonda, Dolores Fuller, The Ghoul, Ghoulardi, Bruce Glover, William Grefe, Sid Haig, Curtis Harrington, Wings Hauser, Jack Hill, James Hong, Peter Jackson, Brion James, Steve James, L. Q. Jones, Stuart Lancaster, John Phillip Law, William Lustig, Harrison Marks, Radley Metzger, Cameron Mitchell, Christopher Mitchum, Titus Moody, Jeff Morrow, Paul Naschy, Sammy Petrillo, William Rotsler, Tura Satana, Joe Spinell, A. C. Stephens, Dean Stockwell, Russ Tamblyn, Lawrence Tierney, Susan Tyrrell, John Vernon, June Wilkinson, Fred Williamson, Don "The Dragon" Wilson, Robert Wise, and Zalman King have all been interviewed in

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gem Crazy Diamonds Shine Again

WHAT'S HAPPENIN'

WAYNE SCOTT

BIO BEAT

Cleveland's GEM are a kicky four-pack, who are as known for their rough cuts as they are their polished jewels. Their LP, *Hexed*, was released on LA's Restless Records last year.

DOUG
TIM
TODD
GEORGE

CLE CLUES

This marks Gem's third contribution to **CLE** *Megazine*. "(I Am A) Tree" was one of the first things the combo ever recorded, (along with the first single "Suburban Girl" and instrumental rocker "Drool"). Head Gem **Doug Gillard** had reservations about this fiesty toe-tapper and let the sleeping rock dog lie until now. CLE magazine's **Jim Ellis** requested the song for the cd, telling Gillard it had long been one of his finger-snapping favorites.

GEM GENESIS

The song features the original line-up of Gem. **Chris Burgess** booms the bass, while Gillard sings and provides soaring solos on his electric guitar. Ready with the rhythm is **Scott Pickering**, and **Tim Tobias** is too tight on rhythm guitar.

TREE TRUTH

"Tree" is not at all an environmental rally cry, but rather an assemblage of nonsensical phrases, thrown together to create a surreal monologue. "If trees could talk, I doubt they'd reveal petty sentiments the likes of "I am a Tree, fruitless and free, no symmetry, touch me and see," claims **Billy Hunt**, 14 of Fairview Park.

MORE TEEN TALK

Arnie Layne, 15, of Westlake, chimes "When I heard Gem play 'Tree' live, I danced 'til my Starter jacket got stolen." **David Watts**, 17, of Willoughby Hills, adds "The begining and end of the song hurt my ears. Cool . . . sorta." "Assume dish chosen maim nuns doubt laughs gumbo floors proper lava", asserts 16 year old **Jenny Ondioline** of Solon.

HOT NOTES

Recorded at 609, Cleveland, Ohio by Don Depew. Produced by D.Gillard and D.Depew.

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Einstein's Secret Orchestra

There's a million stories in this sound. Some trained in the classics, others pure-bred r'n'r, all gorged in a frappy glow and espionage between soldier ants. And, as the iodine seeps in under the cloak of night on wheels of steel and synthetic light, the medicine-drops fall in through the RADIO . . . that old Zenith with the grillwork that makes it look like a 1947 ice truck. And in countless living rooms, on countless couches, lay countless dads asleep in the blue glow of a video screen left on all night, as you sneak in. Einstein would have known better.

And speaking of which, "Just where did Einstein go when he rode in that elevator he installed in his single story house?" the old man whispers. Knowing that if we answer this last question, the crickets stop fiddling, the frogs stop strumming, the birds stop singing, the night wind stops blowing, the clouds stop moving, and the moon stops shining. Then, our job is done here.

Move forward to a long time ago. Born billions of years ago in the furnace of an ancient generation of stars like those that surround us today, all of us here in the swamp have been watching their progress. Their presence here, outside the domain of their home planet, is not rooted in an accident of nature, but in the life-festering swamps of the Mississippi delta. Who owns this house? How long have they been here? Oh . . . Electric, of course! . . . maybe. Then one night, while dancing in the saloon, the mystic guru swami looks into your eyes, and the next thing you know, the Earth Boy dreams of angels, and the whole experiment sleeps.

Oh yes, the experiment. Still collecting data every Thursday night in the midnight hour, live on-the-air at WCSB, 89.3 Cleveland, or gigging at Pieta, Speak In Tongues, etc.

Is there a method in this madness, or is it madness in the method? We know who speaks for the nations, but who speaks for Earth? Chas Smith, vocals and keyboards; Dave DeLuca, vocals and guitar; Michele George, violin; Todd Jelen, bassoon; Keith Kofrou, guitar.

More info: ESO, 3226 W. 99th,
Cleveland 44102

STEP SISTER

CLEVELAND, the land of the almost … and who is Step Sister, you ask? OK, we'll give it to you—the reader— straight. First off, listen to "Chinatown." Finished, want more? Then track down their single "Shoeshine"/"Jesus In A Bottle," released earlier this year (only 500 pressed.)

Moving on to the players (they've been around and are veterans of the scene): Tom Dark on vocals, Scott Eakin on drums (both used to play in Knifedance and The Dark). Scott also went on to play with the Soul Vandals, as well as The Guns, and False Hope, with Scott Silverman—now on guitar and bass until the position is filled.

Started in the summer of '94 with the Marec brothers (Soul Vandals/Spike In Vain) who play busy, crazy, apocalyptic like no one else, they played out after two months, assaulted some ears, went to Cowtown and did a 4-track with Jim Sheppard of V-3, then a midwest tour opening for Antiseen, and then made another recording attempt. This time, the tension was so high the session ended in a fist fight, and the Marecs were summarily dismissed.

Since October, the band's been a 3-piece. They've recorded a massive number of songs, and have started their marketing campaign with t-shirts, stickers, and—yes—ashtrays and coffee cups. They say lighters are next. Set the world on fire, Sisters!

STEP SISTER
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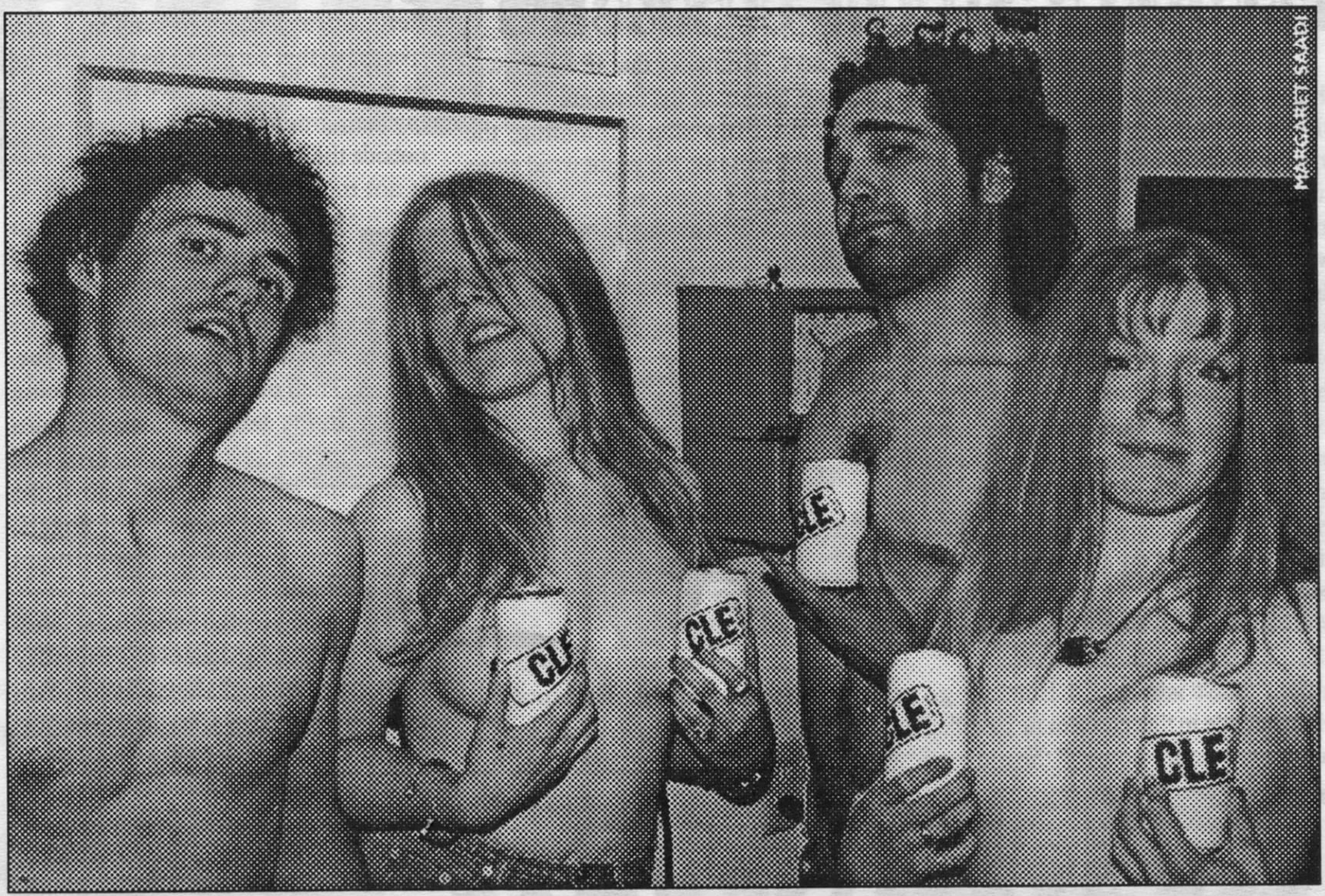
CLE'S PROFILES

(Pronounced "CLE Beer")



The DOWNSIDE SPECIAL

HOME: Every hard-slogging rocker's road

AGE: Sweet 16

PROFESSION: Selling the swindle

HOBBIES: Leather and brylcreem

LAST BOOK READ: "You Can Live Like a Billionaire on No Income–I Do It All the Time, and this Book Tells How," by Lester Bangs.

LAST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Dave's Fro, 6/7/96

QUOTE: "The North will rise again."

PROFILE: Now, as it happens, this is a very delicate, intimate job that could be done in a twinkling by the insensitive hands of servants, but which causes us a great deal of trouble, is very remote from the rest of our work and, by the shifting to and fro that it occasions, might very well completely ruin nerves only a little weaker than ours. Rock 'n' Roll.

BEER: Boy Howdy! Unless it's the middle of the week, then it's down to the deli for a 6-pack of CLE.

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There are zillions of ways to get your name in the papers, but only one way to slake your thirst for CLE. The quality standards we set down in the late seventies have been on a wild mouse ride through the Heights, the Flats and the Barstools. Every drop a hoot.

Always say, "CLE!"

Cleveland, Ohio, USA, and the Improbable Rise of
COBRA VERDE

TERMINAL TOWER

This heaven gives me a headache.
Gang of Four

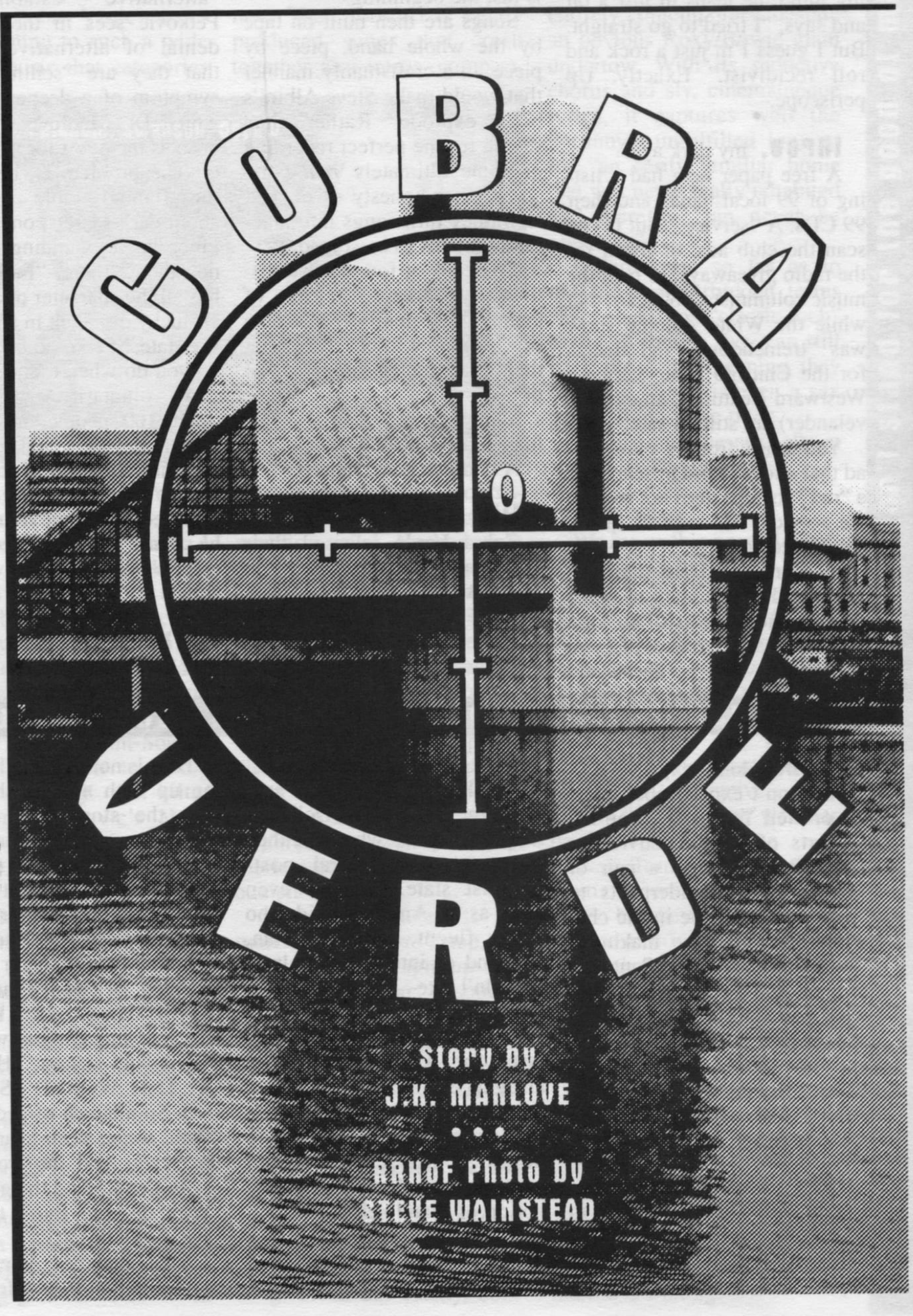
one, a vision.

The Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum juts above the gray-brown shore of Lake Erie in a sudden burst of angles and glass, nudging Cleveland's stooped skyline reluctantly toward the next century. Suddenly, the surface of the lake is broken by a periscope, barely noticeable on a chilly March day. Cut to the sub interior; in the dank light, long reddish locks become visible beneath a vintage sailor's cap, as spindly fingers—the nails bitten beyond recognition—grip the scope. Soon, we hear a guttural "Fire!" in a language somewhere between German and Russian, consonants fighting the vowels for attention. Cue stock footage of a torpedo cutting through icy water. Then, the blast: the rock hall is engulfed in an enormous cone of fire, the sound of shattered glass matched by the eerie cackle of the sailor. The scope slides down.

John Petkovic pauses for effect, then smiles. "And that's how the video would end. Isn't that great?" Petkovic, the vocal and guitar demiurge behind Cleveland's Cobra Verde, has crept up behind me at work. Tall, lanky, his blue eyes wide with some unfathomable mixture of glee and irony, was just on the way to the bathroom and wanted to share this pick-me-up of a brainstorm.

"That would be so great," he says again, as if to no one, and walks on. He doesn't look back.

see next page



Story by
J.K. MANLOVE
• • •
RRHoF Photo by
STEVE WAINSTEAD

two, a confession.

"In case you were wondering," Petkovic tells me over a cup of ground roast lite Java gold mocha, "we don't stand for the good of mankind." No, I think, but you do seem to stand for this unforgiving marvel of a city, in this badly out-of-joint time. As though he's reading my mind, he leans in just a bit and says, "I tried to go straight. But I guess I'm just a rock and roll recidivist." Exactly. Up periscope.

three, my dark ages.

A free paper here had a listing of 99 local bands and their 99 CDs. A "service." But if you scan the club ads, or listen for the radio giveaways, or read the music columnists, you learn that while the White Zombie show was "tremendous" and tickets for the Chicago band Stabbing Westward (featuring an ex-Clevelander) are still on sale.

You learn from a classified ad that a local band in search of a "rad" vocalist does not require the services of, and I do quote, "bird-watching fags."

In short, you learn that it is 1975; and if you want to make odd, difficult music no one knows what to make of, you will just have to go ahead and do it. But don't expect "support." Don't expect label interest or Neil Young to "drop in" or carts of hors d'oeuvres or Drew Barrymore in a pair of Mickey Mouse underpants to "just happen" to be in the club while she's in town making a "sweet" little Gus Van Sant film project. You' ll just have to do what you want to do, make the sounds you hear in your head, and not worry about getting Butch Frigging Vig to produce. After all, who do you think you are, Nirvana?

"We couldn't make an 'alternative' record if we tried."

four, a symphony.

John Petkovic writes songs in a private universe spinning between two poles, one he calls *impact* and the other he calls *atmosphere.* His is a constructivism fraught with all the danger of Rick Wakeman in a gold-lamé cape, that somehow comes out early Eno-meets-Steve Jones. He puts great stock in melody, and has a voice properly pitched between artifice and anger to make the melodies stick. But for him, that is just the beginning.

Songs are then built on tape by the whole band, piece by piece, in a craftsmanly manner that would make Steve Albini's head explode. Rather than search for the perfect recording of some ultimately *real* core, some inner honesty of expression, they turn songs into algebra problems to be solved.

"We look at four or five distinct frequencies, a kind of symphonic quality," Petkovic says, stopping to consider what the hip aristocracy might make of a word like that. "It can take a long time. Luckily, I have, like, 30 or 40 guitar pedals."

A fearless sailor indeed.

five, America.

Cobra Verde released their first album, *Viva la Muerte,* in 1994. But our story goes back to 1975 and environs—appropriately—when a young John Petkovic, born in the United States of Yugoslav parents, would hear Roxy Music and, later, the New York Dolls on frequent trips to what was then Europe's most liberal post-Stalinist state. He saw even then, as an American kid who spoke fluent Serbo-Croatian, the kind of intellectual culture he didn't like—and the kind of music he did.

Something of that early distaste for America's cultural arrogance remains with him yet. The problem with the intellectuals, he says, is that they are in fact "at the vanguard of conventional wisdom," selling a notion of bland self-realization they confuse with real free thinking. "There's something in the American psyche," he says, "that wherever we go, we will make things feel good because we say so." Our own identity seems threatened, in other words, if other people can't smooth over the hard edges of history and say this is indeed the best of all possible worlds.

Nor are such woozy sentiments missing from the new "alternative" establishment. Petkovic sees in the insistent denial of alternative rockers that they are "selling out" a symptom of a deeper malaise, which Dr. Manlove will diagnose as the quest for authenticity. The problem is, behind all the flannel table pounding about dark secrets, one finds . . . more table-pounding. There is no "there" there. "Indie music has all the character of a happy-go-lucky dissident in a totalitarian state," Petkovic says. What do you do when the party steps down voluntarily?

"If 100 people are on one side of the street, and some find out they're, like, 97 or 98 in line, it's real easy to go across the street and point your finger," he says. It's harder, one supposes, to come up with a floor show.

six, the movies.

John Petkovic loves movies, and this is not unrelated to coming up with a floor show. He tells the story of a Werner Herzog movie in which a visionary finds himself in a village of the blind. Or at least he thinks the villagers are blind, since they can't see the fire he sees everywhere plain as day. But then, he can see the future. It's like that old joke, Petkovic tells me, where a guy walks by with a sign saying, THE END OF THE WORLD IS COMING. So a bunch of people say, "Well, we've been hearing that for years. And the world still doesn't end." And the guy says, "Why do you think the sign says it's COMING?"

What Petkovic likes about movies is that they offer a suspension of disbelief, a way to make symbols without apology. By way of explanation, another story, the floor show I mentioned. Petkovic's first band, Death of Samantha, played it's first show in 1983, in a Ground Round family steakhouse. It did not occur to him that Mr. and Mrs. Jones would not like pummeling punk with their baked potato, just as it still occurs to him to make Buzzardfest records. They played about four songs and were literally thrown out. And fired to boot. The rest is an indie legend.

DOS, which also involved Cobra Verde guitarist Doug Gillard, went on to make four records, including the widely reviewed *Come All Ye Faithless.* And then—Nirvana, Smashing Pumpkins, and Gin Blossoms all having opened for them—they quit. "Why add to the trash heap of irrelevant information?" is Petkovic's only comment about that time and the possibility of success as the next Husker Du. Gillard concurs: "It was just time, that's all."

Gillard turned his attention to his other project, Gem, which he sees as "more on the pop side" than Cobra Verde. For two years, aside from a bitter fight with Homestead Records to get his own albums back, Petkovic lived a quiet life in Cleveland. He got a job.

Then one day Doug called and . . .

seven, a theory.

There is a theory, popularized by people like Jean Baudrillard and Herbert Marcuse, that we live in a society where real opposition is not possible, because all opposition can be co-opted. Left and right are mirror images, so the stern refusal to "sell out" is inevitably underlaid by a desire to succeed "on a different level," (even though those checks from Capitol keep on coming.)

When Petkovic gave up the indie ghost of Death of Samantha and came back as Cobra Verde, he knew that his only option was to admit everything and do what he wanted. Just like it was 1975. Thus, another story: This woman from Sub Pop called him one day and said, stricken with conscience, "It's not like you're a $5 whore!" "No," says he, "but give me $10 and we'll talk."

There is another theory, this one from a reactionary political philosopher named Leo Strauss I heard too much about in college. Strauss thought that great art or great thinking could only come from repression, unfortunately for "open" societies. As any Clevelander can tell you, there is some truth to this. I'm sure the woman from Sub Pop had no idea what Petkovic was talking about.

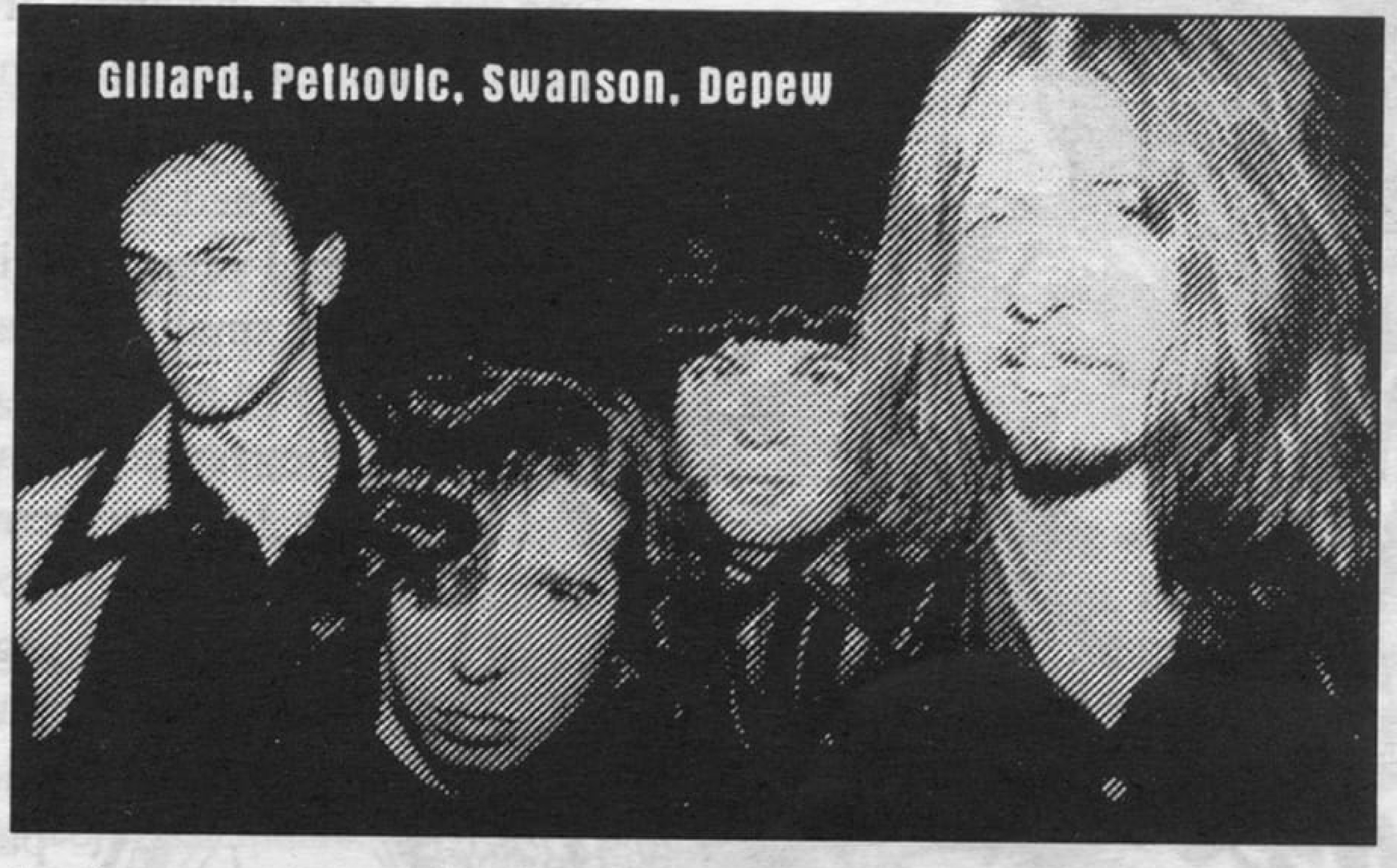
eight, maracas.

I walk up to a gray steel door in a Cleveland suburb on a subzero night. Inside, Cobra Verde are working on a song for their next album, tentatively called *Kill The Singer, Save The Song.* Bassist Don Depew is at the console, his long brown hair half covering his face as he tinkers with dials on an effects pedal patched into a board—all the while assuring Petkovic that his background vocals are "fine." "Do you get it, does it make sense?" Petkovic prods. "Sure, yeah, I guess," Depew replies drowsily.

Which is not to say that Depew, Gillard, and drummer Dave Swanson don't have firm ideas about how the records should come out. When I remark about how unusual it is for collaborative projects not to turn into Yes or Primus albums, "loose baggy monsters" like Henry James novels, Depew snaps, "Why does it have to be one way? If it sounds OK, it is OK."

Yes, but common sense can bend: what Picasso or Ian Curtis of Joy Division thought was OK, others called crazy. Or bad.

Gillard has an explanation: "People used to allow themselves to like different genres," he says, citing his own affection for bossa nova records. "Fences were lower."


Gillard, Petkovic, Swanson, Depew

Swanson, who played bass in DOS and was involved in other Cleveland bands like the Reactions, adds that the "symphonic" quality Petkovic ascribes to Cobra Verde comes from listening to such a wide band of music that categories begin to melt a bit. But he quickly continues, "We don't listen in a slacker sense. I mean, we couldn't make an 'alternative' record if we tried. The trouble with indie records is, they just don't have songs."

True enough. As the 16-track starts up on the song under construction here, which fuses a "heavy", semi-Soundgarden foundation to oddly catchy, slightly off-kilter Moog and Petkovic's alternately sweet and threatening vocals ("Don't let me love you/like I've loved myself"), he bounds into the control room with yet another idea.

"Hey!" Heads turn. "You know, maybe we can get the *maracas* on this track." A tiny smile inhabits Depew's face. "Yeah. No. I mean *maybe.*"

nine, the recordings.

Viva la Muerte (Scat), the debut, is aptly characterized by Petkovic as a "rock monolith"—although there are hints there, on a track like "Montenegro," of the sinewy, snake-charming grooves to come. In 1995, Cobra Verde launched a three-pronged assault: the EP *Vintage Crime,* the single "Leather" b/w "A Story I can Sell" (Scat), and the single "One Step Away From Myself" b/w "Everything Near You" (Sub Pop).

The seven-inchers, which don't duplicate EP tracks, show clearly where the band is now. Their formula is tightly produced songs that crush together airy intros, compact, crystal-hard chord progressions, soaring choruses and wedding-cake layered vocals—adding in old, buzzing Moogs and Rolands as a kind of ether in which it all breathes. Lyrical themes include dreams of genocide, heroin-slash-melancholy ("a watery sad vein") and dressing up like a priest. I prefer "Leather"'s Creedence directing a version of Wire fronted by Glenn Danzig, but the Sub Pop tracks are well-chosen for the less-baroque, more rockist audience.

Vintage Crime starts out more in the *Muerte* camp, and includes some agitpop that reads better than it sounds. But it takes off on the last three tracks, among which is a genuinely creepy cover of "Fire Of Love." And the EP boasts what is in my view Cobra Verde's finest moment so far. If I had to pick one thing they've done to back up my enthusiasm, it would be "Every God For Himself," by a mile. It's nearly a perfect song, bleak but catchy, complete with a Mick Stardust guitar solo.

The best way I can describe the song is to quote from an article I read recently in one of those theory journals on the notion of the uncanny—"the haunting of what seems new in the present by residues of the past." The song's discipline and fierce propulsion are entirely contemporary, despite an obvious Roxy/Bowie glam undertow. With its seductive chorus and sly, cinematheque lyrics, it captures well the uncanny's unfulfilled longing for "an eerily familiar home that was never really inhabited and therefore can never be regained."

Gillard goes so far as to use the now-forbidden terms "hard rock" and "classic rock" easily, as though they can still pack the same meaning they once did. There is even a sax penciled-in on the track.

At this rate, the next album should be The One.

ten, Elvis.

We are walking out of a coffeehouse where the most attention John Petkovic got was a surly request for his dirty glass. The conversation turns to his parents. "They really worked hard when they came here, you know, and I kind of admire that. I mean, they don't know any of this 'punk' or 'alternative'—their idea is that their son wants to be Elvis." He shrugs.

Well, Tom Verlaine and Ian Curtis weren't exactly Elvis either, but they were rock stars of a sort, our rock stars. And although the waitress may not know it, the pedestrians may not know it, and the radio may not know it, John Petkovic could be a rock star like that.

Major labels will learn that he doesn't come cheap. "I don't go for any of this groveling for chump change," he says of the college-kids-in-a-van touring syndrome. He has the vision and the voice. He's doing it his way. And his submarine is waiting.

"In case you were wondering, we don't stand for the good of mankind."

craw

by Brenda Mullen

I remember the first time I saw Craw play at the Euclid Tavern. I remember telling the president of MCA Records that they reminded me of Voivod. He turned toward me with the funniest expression on his face and replied, "They don't sound *anything* like Voivod!" Well, yes—they *do*—only in musical concept. It was a style and vision that Voivod had abandoned long ago, and opting for a more melodic, commercial approach. Craw's driving, zig-zagging menace was at its most formative stage—later developing into a more dynamic, orchestral zig-zag of noise and rhythm, and clearly *more* menacing than ever. MCA wasn't interested in Craw — not the slightest. And Craw was not interested in MCA, or any other Big Label. After several years of doing things themselves, then being on a small indie label (Chicago-based Choke Inc.) and now back to doing things themselves, they haven't changed their minds about Big Labels. Members Joe McTighe (vocals), Dave McClelland (guitar), Zak Dieringer (bass), Rockie Brockway (guitar) and newest addition Will Scharf (drums) have spent the past eight years touring and recording, and have released several 7-inch singles and two full-length CDs. Out now is a limited edition single called "Cancer Man" with a ten-page comic book, written and illustrated by Cleveland poster artist Derek Hess. Rockie Brockway has recently started his own record label called Cambodia Recordings which has several releases coming out this year, among those full-length discs by The DuValby Brothers (now available) and Craw (still in the works). Rockie is one of the administrators for APK, one of northern Ohio's largest internet providers. His job allows enough flexibility to tour with Craw and run his own label. The night I interviewed Rockie I was supposed to meet him at his house, but dense fog turned this into a phoner. I later spoke with guitarist Dave McClelland and bassist Zak Dieringer while we were in Austin for a Big Music Conference. *Let the games begin...*

CLE: What made you decide to start your own label?

ROCKIE: A number of factors. Cleveland doesn't really have a good indie label... there's Carcrashh, but he's not really focusing entirely on Cleveland.

CLE: How did you hook up with No Lie Records?

ROCKIE: Lindsey Kuhn printed our last batch of t-shirts. Then when he came out for Derek's art exhibit last september, he stayed at my house. I would talk to him a couple times a month, just to stay in touch or order more shirts. He had already been talking to Primitive and then us. We eventually decided to do a split single.

CLE: What type of music fan do you think your music appeals to?

ROCKIE: A lot of different people. Those people's tastes are pretty vast. I'm sure they listen to a lot of different kinds of music. If someone were to be a Craw fan and only listen to this kind of music, they'd have three choices.There have been a few bands over the past 20 or 30 years that have done out-of-the-ordinary music, like early Yes—who were completely wacked out— or Rush. Who are these people who like King Crimson and Faust and Dazzling Killmen and Can and early Yes? They're the same people who like Craw.

ROCKIE: At the same time though, we kinda pigeonhole ourselves by playing this kind of music. It's not an easy listen. And because we play complex music, we get a lot of remarks like 'well you guys play complex music just to play complex music.'

If you've heard a Craw song but never saw the band, that might seem like a viable conclusion, even though it's wrong. None of us are out telling people that we're geniuses.

CLE: What goes into a Craw song? What is behind the songwriting?

ROCKIE: In terms of the songwriting itself, ideas get presented and played —any one person can come up with an entire song. It might be a skeleton arrangement. Everyone else has their full creative input on whether or not an arrangement will work. With the new material, we're starting to not play as much or as intense. Craw's music is usually very busy, in terms of all the instruments going all at once. We're trying to not be as busy, while keeping the same feel that we've had for the past couple of albums.

CLE: What is it that you wish to express thru your music?

ROCKIE: I don't think I could pinpoint it to a specific. Music and art have always had emotional effect on human beings. For me, a lot of it has to do with why I'm in a band and why I write songs. Being able to pull out as much intense emotion as I can out of a listener. The first time Stravinsky played "The Rites Of Spring" there was a riot. It was so different and atonal. To be able to engage that much response with an audience, that's what I like about our music.

CLE: Who's idea was it to implement the Cancerman comic book?

ROCKIE: I think it was me... I'm pretty sure it was me, because I remember having an argument with an ex member.

CLE: During the transition period of changing old drummer (Neal Chastain) to new (Will Scharf), what kinds of things were you thinking about, as far as thefuture of the band goes?

ROCKIE: The transition period was two weeks. We were forced into it because we had to play the Jesus Lizard show. We pulled it off, it wasn't anything spectacular. Momentum-wise though, we hadn't done shit that whole summer. Wil was doing a lot of different stuff. Besides the rock bands he'd been in, he had been involved with a lot of bizarre, improv jazz stuff. And he backed some guy who used to sing at Brandywine's... a crooner. By playing in a side project with him, I really got to know how good he was.

CLE: Do you think that there was a chance that Neal was overwhelmed by the circumstances of Choke label going under and the hard touring?

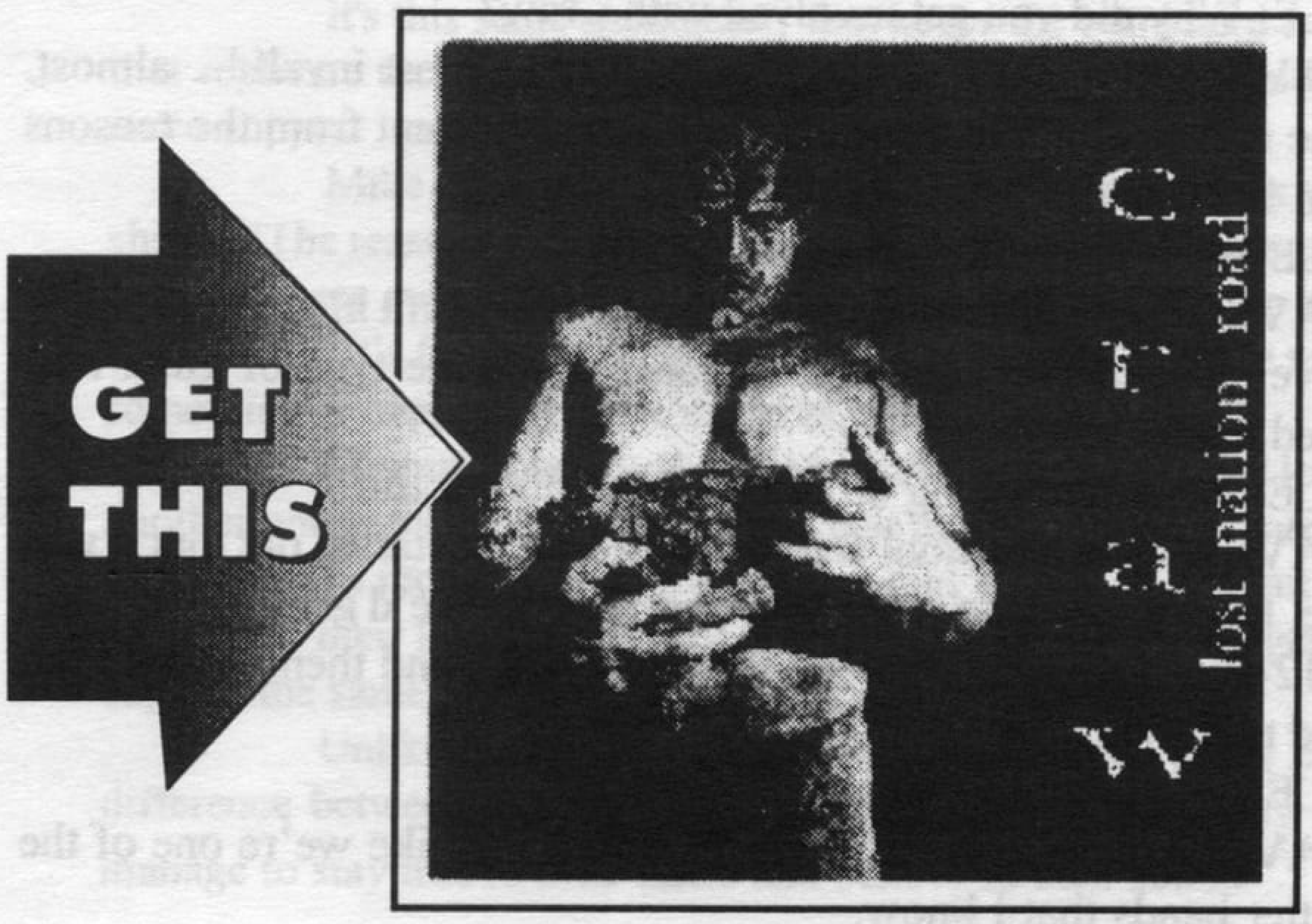
ROCKIE: I don't think he was overwhelmed by any of it. I think he wanted more than any of us were willing to do. Basically, he wanted to sign to somebody bigger.

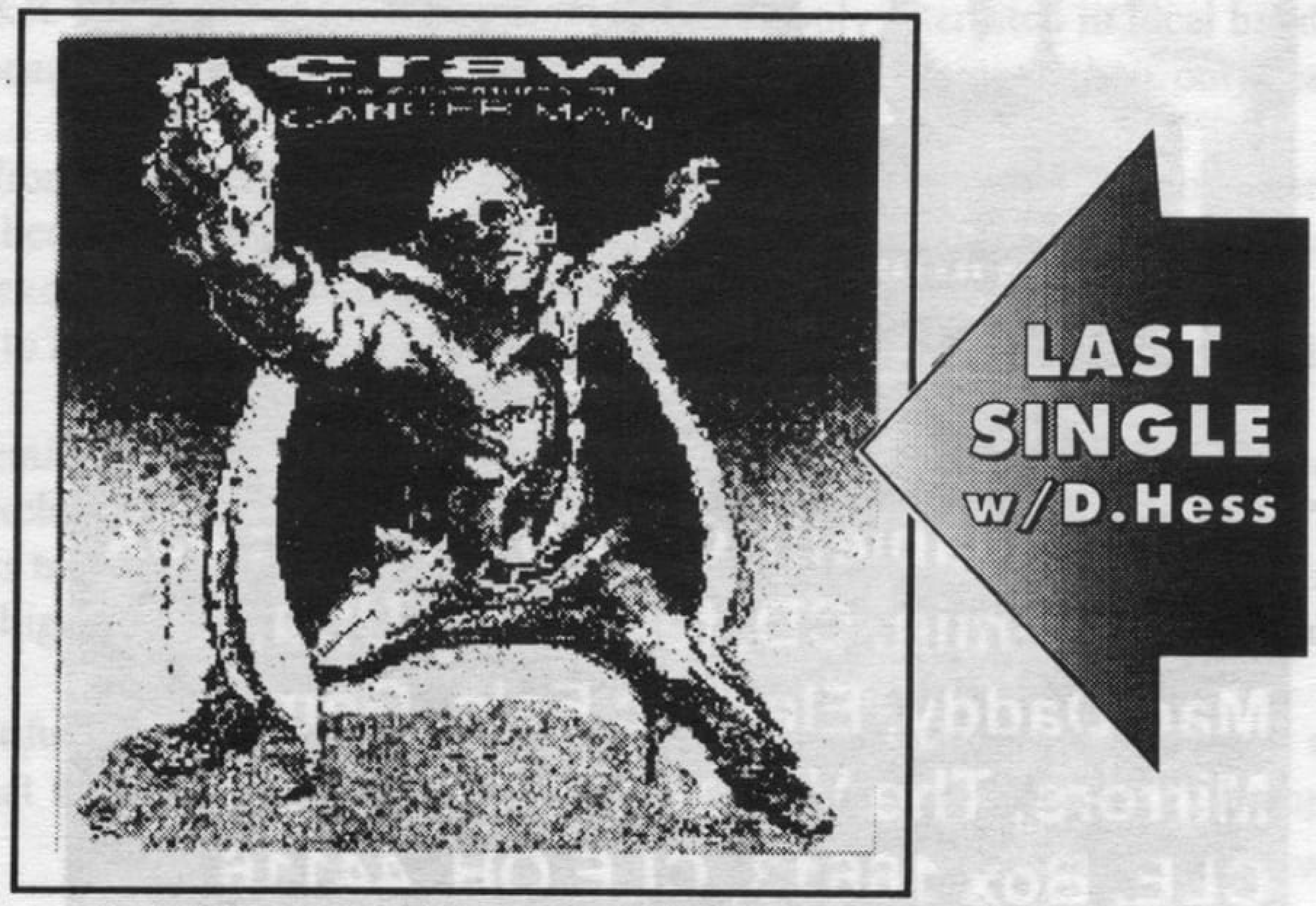
CLE:Was that a possibility?

ROCKIE: Yes. It's just a matter of contacting someone. None of us were interesting in signing with a bigger label. A lot of record people come and see us when we're out on tour. They never approach us. And we never approach them. I think a lot of people know where we're coming from... I think we've vocalized it enough that we're an indie band. We can do this ourselves.

CLE: What happened to Choke Records?

ROCKIE: Personalities. Over the last eight months of Choke's existence, Brendan and Phil really started hating each other. It basically happened because of the Choke Distribution. The





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distribution company split Choke up into a label and a distribution company. Instead of two people handling a record label, one person was handling it. Brendan was handling the label, and Phil was handling the distribution company. The distribution company started doing very well and Phil started pushing Brendan into ditching the label. An indie label is hard work — it can be a burden. Craw did the best out of all the bands. It was never a question of the band doing poorly or anything like that. Compared to the amount of money the distribution company was pulling in, the label was almost negligable. Brendan was like, 'fuck you, we have some really good bands here.' It created a huge rift between them. During their last month of existance, which was in July or August of last year, on one of the last days they actually had to be physically seperated. Phil's father helped Phil buy out Brendan, and that was that for the label.

CLE: And now Craw has made their own home with your label.

ROCKIE: Craw has enough people who would buy their records to make money. It doesn't take much ... it really doesn't.

(Questions now directed to Zak:)

CLE: Tell me why you joined Craw.

ZAK: When I was in college, I picked up their first album... which I wasn't on. It was then that I heard a lot of interesting stuff that I had been wanting to hear in music and never heard, because I like stuff that's really heavy and kicks ass but I also grew up listening to a lot of fusion jazz.

CLE: You were in West Virginia at the time. How did you hook up with Craw?

ZAK: I knew their old booking agent. He called me up and told me they needed a new bass player. I already knew four or five songs from their CD. My last month of college I spent my weekends driving to Cleveland and practicing with them.

CLE: What do you think is the impetus that drives Craw?

ZAK: Honestly, this might be a negative thing but I think a lot of negative criticism. We get dumped on for being a 'math-rock' band and playing heady, overridden music and we're like, 'well, we'll make it even *worse* next time.' We'll write a song that's twice as long and twice as complicated. If everbody leaves the club, then that's the way it's gonna be.

(Questions now directed to Dave:)

CLE: Why did you get involved with Craw?

DAVE: It happened so long ago that it's almost invalid... almost. The reasons I got in the band are totally different from the reasons I'm in it now.

CLE:What were those reasons?

DAVE: 'Cause I like playing guitar, and if I wasn't in a band, I would have stopped playing guitar because that's the type of guitarist I used to be.

CLE: What was going on at that time in your life?

DAVE: Going to school and drinking a lot. It started out that it was me, Rockie and Chris, our first bass player. We'd get together with a 12-pack and play until we were too drunk and then we'd go out and raise hell.

CLE: What is it to you now?

DAVE: A pain in the ass! Well... now I feel like we're one of the better bands that I know.

CLE'S GROOVY GUIDE TO THE GROOPS

Chump reflects the industrious spirit of Cleveland . . . function over form. Simply put, their music is about allowing the moment to affect you and revelling in it.

The Chump sound is hard to define. It's rare, if ever, that a song is played the same way twice. Mike (Koch) is always changing the lyrics and working out new vocals. While Lee (Fioritto) and Scott (Pickering, who else?) provide the band's thunder, guitarist Miss Melvis (Lee's sister) usually wanders off course during the song, playing with feedback and experimenting with whatever sounds she can wring out of the neck of her guitar.

It's this same spontaniety that keeps the band hard to market. So-called "Modern rock" stations are only interested in local bands that replicate the sounds of national bands. Chump's substantive, beautiful noise approach scares most local programmers, their only real radio support coming from college station WCSB.

Mike often jokes that their radio fan base are the six guys from the United Kingdom who wrote after hearing them on the John Peel show. "The reason more people don't know about us", Mel says, "is because most of our exposure comes from live shows, and not everyone is there to see every act on the bill. We always seem to be the band everyone happens to miss."

"It's frustrating sometimes", Mike admits. "We're trying to figure out if there is something happening here (in Cleveland) and, if something *is* happening, how we fit in with it."

Chump, now two years old, works tirelessly—or at least semi-tirelessly. To date, they've released two singles, and hope to release another one in the next few months. Their newest release, recorded exclusively for *CLE* magazine, is "Journey To The Center Of The Earth". The song was recorded on Lee's old dinosaur analog equipment in his basement. He believes that studio work is difficult because Chump's strength is their live performance. "In the studio, we end up getting high and just experimenting, rather than working. We're still trying to capture the same energy of the live show on a record."

Unlike many other bands, you can't readily guess their infuences by listening to a song or two. Understanding that there is a difference between influence and copyright infringement, any impact from other bands has been absorbed rather than imitated. Chump manage to stay true to their tastes and believe in their sound.

Michael R. Gibson

NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS

In the hot, dank basement of a deserted inner-city bank, on a floor littered with worthless bills, talking about the Turtles and nuclear bombs, and drinking beer from Ashtabula, five men prepare to launch a British invasion from Cleveland. The men are The New Salem Witch Hunters, and it's an exciting time for the group, whose sound could be described as musically crossing the Byrds with the 13th Floor Elevators. Fronted by a singer who looks like he should be in ZZ Top (and lyrically walks the line between WWII trivia and nuclear bombs), they've got a new record, a new member, and 2 new tracks in this issue of CLE.

Another one of this year's highlights for the band was their opening gig for invading Brits, Oasis. Bass player Jeff Herwick, the serious, business-like Witch Hunter, was beyond excited. He describes the Oasis show as "the best night I ever had."

Robust, bushy-haired frontman, mailman, and nuclear bomb enthusiast Dave Atkins, back from a symposium on government declassification at the Nevada nuclear test site ("They invited me because I spend so much money on the stuff," he says) describes performing in front of 1750 screaming girls and their mothers as something like an out-of-body experience. He also says they weren't the only excited ones. "While we were playing , there was this guy standing over by our beer watching us. He said 'Great show. Great bunch of punters.' I didn't know who the fuck it was, but I guess he was their singer."

Though the crowd was bigger than usual, the Oasis gig was only one in a long line of unforgettable shows, three records, and two singles from the group.

They got their start back in 1984, by Atkins and guitar player Tom Fallon, who had known each other since junior high school. Atkins and Fallon (who was also an Amazing Pink Hole) were playing in the pre-Witch Hunters incarnation The Revolvers, when they asked Herwick, who they had met in Kent, to join. "Jeff's knowledge of the British Invasion really impressed us," says Atkins. "And his Turtles' knowledge really took us, too."

Atkins is *serious* about the Turtles. They all are. To this day, the group has quasi-religious communal "Turtle Meets" where they get together and play their vinyl. "There are even moments where we turn out the lights and pay particular attention to a certain part or song," explains Atkins.

Keyboardist Jim Wilson joined before Herwick. Atkins and Fallon were impressed with what they saw at one of his shows with a previous band, Clinical Brain Death. "When we saw him passed out back stage, we knew he was for us," they say.

Drummer Dave Swanson has been an auxiliary member since 1990, and recently joined full time. He also plays for Cobra Verde, or "Camera Birdie" as the Witch Hunters say, and has been in Rainy Day Saints, the Reactions, and Death Of Samantha. "Swanny adds that professionalism and rock steady beat that's taken us up," praises Herwick. "We figure it's a race between us and Camera Birdie. Whoever gets to the top first keeps

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Swanny."

Besides the big show and new drummer, the Witch Hunters have a new record, *Hot Sauce and Happenings*. It was actually completed two years ago as *Beggars Barbecue*. Then as time dragged on with still no record, it became *The Hopeless Opus*. After that it became *The Train Don't Stop 'Til The Next Highway*, but Get Hip Records thought the accompanying 1920s and 1930s train track pictures were too depressing, so they changed the title one last time.

With their third full-length release finally out, the group is ready to begin their fourth. Though they don't have plans to tour farther than Columbus, they plan to take their invasion to the streets, or at least above ground.

"I think this is the Witch Hunters' year," says Herwick.

Atkins is more pragmatic. "Well, we're all sick of our day jobs. I mean, I like delivering the mail, but the way they run that place . . ."

Laura Demarco

WITCHUNTERS DISCOGRAPHY

1.) "Falling"/"Wanna Be Your Lover" (Dylan) - label wrongly says 4-86. Released 5-15-86. (Fallon designed label). Popular in Eugene, OR. St.Valentine's Records.

2.) 1st LP: 9-23-86 (diff. mix of "Falling") + 7" "Fight" tagalog. (Dave chose yellow and hand-symbols label.) Herb Jackson Records.

3.) America's Best Unsigned Bands Vol. 2 - Various Artists. "Falling" (45 mix). "We got no money for this and didn't even enter the contest." Epic.

4.) "She's Got Wheels" / "Quinn The Eskimo" (Dylan). Released 7-13-88. "Sam did the cover cartoon, Jeff's first x on record." Fallon-designed label. St.Valentine's.

5.) Strange Is Truer Than Fiction LP and CD. (CD has "The Eyes Have It"). Released August, 1990. Get Hip / Skyclad.

6.) Hotel Cleveland Vol. 2 - Various Artists box set of 7" records. Released August, 1990. "Down, Dragging Down", "900,000", and "Unnatural Blonde". Limited edition. Scat Records.

7.) "New Curves In School" / "Dead Man's Girl". Released 2-2-93. Get Hip.

8.) Zappa collection cassette. December, '93. 3 mixes of "Frank Zappa's Memorial Windchimes", Dave collage-song (w/Jeff mix). Most had "Opposites", a few "Daughter".

9.) Hot Sauce And Happenings LP and CD (bonus tracks on CD). Released May, 1996. Get Hip.

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HOME &

Home & Garden is about ideas. It's about laying down a loose framework in which to try things out, so that the songs coalesce in the studio. "These ideas were originally intended for Pere Ubu," explains Scott Krauss about the two tracks included herein. "Unfortunately, it just didn't work out." In many ways, with the new incarnation of Home and Garden, his musical involvement has come full circle.

Perhaps a little history is in order. If you followed Cleveland rock in the past, you may remember the name. First conceived as a studio project under similar conditions way back in 1982 when Krauss—original Pere Ubu drummer—sensing that band's imminent demise, called it quits to work on ambient compositions and studio experiments. Things progressed from there, and between 1982-1990, Krauss was the only constant in a group of musicians who presented their own unique blends of sound on a dozen releases, all now out of print.

After leaving Ubu, the premise of Home and Garden was to keep moving forward, charting unexplored interests while having a good time. Shortly after the project started, Ubu broke-up and Tony Maimone joined forces. The first release, *How I spent My Vacation* (1982) was a Scott and Tony Maimone project. The result: ambient-style instrumental music, with no thought whatsoever about lyrics or vocals, contrasting furious drums and splatters of electronics with airy ambience. Then, Jim Jones joined, and their sound changed; a normal development whenever a new element is added to the mix.

For these early incarnations, everything was geared toward the studio. One of the earliest tracks recorded for *History & Geography* (1984) was a mournful, gothic soundscape, using the Mellotron. Startling drum bursts and flourishes were interspersed, as well as EML sounds. One day, Jeff Morrison was hanging around at the studio while the band was working on it. Hhe recited a poem over this unfinished track, and things clicked. He was asked to join as a vocalist/lyricist.

This new element changed the sound and direction once again. Home and Garden continued writing with an experimental edge, but in a less structurally-ambiguous format. The members were in tune with one another and enjoyed creating and playing together. When asked about the seriousness of the venture at this time, Jim Jones says, "I guess we were serious about having fun." Nonetheless, all the members were devoted to the project, with Jones splitting his time between H&G and his other band, the Easter Monkeys. At this point, Tony Maimone left to pursue his interests in the reggae-inspired Dr. Bloodmoney, which later expanded (member-wise) into Tight Dreams. He later moved to NY, pursuing the promise of greener pastures of musicianship there.

A lot of time and many rehearsals passed between Tony's exit from the band, and the recording and release of their "Melville" single (1987). Home and Garden had to find other players who shared their sense of "adventure." Jim Jones relates a surprising story about those days:

"Our first replacement try-out was a bass player who was recommended to us," he recalls. "His name was Steve Martin, and he was washing dishes for a living. Steve showed up for one rehearsal/skull-session and was never heard from again. He was a wonderful bassist, but seemed a bit clouded about committing to us. We later found out that in a previous existence, he was none other than the stunning lead vocalist of a group known as The Left Banke!"

Robert Wheeler (Hairy) was a friend of the band, and his exploits on the EML synthesizer with his band the Savage Tractors were well known to them. He joined and was a great addition. They still needed a bassist, though. Michele Temple was contacted, and landed the gig. Their sound and direction changed once again. Robert added cool soundscapes and weirdness, while Michele (a classically-trained guitarist) added some grounding through her basswork and compositional skills. This line-up played the Phantasy Night Club many times, plus gigs at various other local night spots, opening for Orchestral Manouvers in the Dark at the Variety Theater. They also booked two east coast mini-tours, opening for Foetus in NYC, Durutti Column in DC, and headlining shows from Morgantown, W.Va. to Philadelphia.

During this phase, Home and Garden were primarily a LIVE band. In fact, some will tell you that they were a lot better in concert than they ever came to be represented on their records. Jim Jones, however, was disillusioned by the steady touring and lack of response at their live shows. The band wanted to continue gigging and he wanted to concentrate on studio work. Frustrations and tensions took hold, and he eventually withdrew his services, later joining up with Tony Maimone in the David Thomas project The Wooden Birds. The break was amicable, and Jim even guested at a couple of the band's shows before H&G disappeared. Then, when David Thomas and the Wooden Birds played Cleveland, Scott sat in, and the decision to reform Pere Ubu soon followed.

"It was only after Home and Garden didn't exist anymore that questions were asked," Scott recalls.

Now it's 1996, and after leaving Ubu again during what became the Ray Gun Suitcase sessions, Scott has reactivated this project with other H&G alumnus Michele Temple (bass, guitar) and Vivians' vocalist Diane Duncan.

"Conceptually, it's the same as the first time," Scott relates. "There are no immediate plans for a live, performing band. I originally just wanted to finish this stuff up. I'd laid down the templates in the studio, but David wasn't interested in them for Pere Ubu. I sent a tape to Michele to see if she and Diane could work with it. They liked the material, and came back with their ideas."

In keeping with the original Home and Garden tenets of studio spontaniety, there were no rehearsals prior to the recording. "I think Michele worked out one of the bass parts on her drive to the studio."

When asked about her re-involvement with Home and Garden, Michele says, "The thing that I love about music is eccentricity, unpredictability. Home and Garden is a lot different from the Vivians, and with Diane, you never know where she's heading next."

"Drain" started as five minutes of background noise and a drum machine. From that, Diane came up with the lyric and arrangement. "Rack" began with a sample from short wave radio. When asked about the title, Scott replies. "It's a combination of red and black. Diane came up with that in the studio."

Asked what the future holds for the new Home and Garden, Scott is quick to respond. "More studio time. Oh, definitely. Lots of it. We've got lots of ideas we'd like to try out."

Delmar Marble

HALF WAY THRU THE SUMMER

A USER'S GUIDE

by Andrew Klimeyk

All my stories start one of two ways: "There's this girl ..." or "I was walking down the street, minding my own business, when ..." So, five years ago, I was walking down the street, minding my own business, when I ran into Frank Green, writer/performance artist/sculptor, walking his dog Miss Kitty. He told me that he'd been talking to Luigi Bob-Drake about putting together a sculptural installation for Recurrent Irritations, an arts series that Luigi and Kristen Ban Tepper were presenting, and Luigi had suggested a collaboration between Frank and myself. While we were walking past Lemko Hall, I came up with the hook: The Temple Of Lost Love, and we began scouting locations on Train Avenue, in the Flats, and up at Edgewater Park. Why, you might ask, and (as anchor-woman Wilma Smith did at the time) a Temple Of Lost Love? There's this girl ...

1947: the French writer Raymond Queneau took a slight real-life anecdote, concerning an argument observed on a crowded city bus, and made it into the basis for a book, *Exercises In Style*, by spinning 99 variations on it, in a multitude of forms, genres, dialects, points of view ... a conceptual kaleidoscope where the central picture is always a young man in modish dress arguing with an older man, then bolting for a newly vacated seat, to subsequently disembark and be espied an hour later talking with a friend about the placement of the top button of his jacket. This is one of the things "Halfway Thru The Summer" is.

1990: I remember stopping to get gas while en route to the beach with the woman in this song and getting gouged at the pump; my friend exclaimed "Damn Arabs!" In a PC mode, I lamely countered "That's not nice." "Well, I'm half Arab." Our country hadn't gone over to kick Iraq's ass at the time, but was gearing up to.

1974?: Another oil crisis, and Rocket From The Tombs dropped the rhetorical bomb "Gasoline," a group vocal where the band filled in the blank "Sell all the ____ to the Arabs ... for gasoline!" The modern American lifestyle is largely made possible by an Arab commodity, oil (for gasoline and plastics production), and Arab invention, zero (which made possible algebra, computers, compact discs, etc.). This may be another thing that "Halfway Thru The Summer" is about.

"Why does everything have to be ironic nowadays? I'm really tired of this 'so bad it's good' business. Why don't you just put on the Rolling Stones?" — Mike DeCapite at the Literary Cafe, 7/13/96

While the piece does cruise various genres, such as bubblegum, surf, cabaret, and no wave/thrash, none is less "meant" than another, less "real". Just as in one sense, every film, even a documentary, is a construct (fact or fakery). Van Morrison: "A piece of my life, if it means anything."

At one point, this piece was going to be a collage of hip-hop samples ... nothing survives from that except two lines inspired by "De La Soul is Dead." At another, it was going to be all songs in the key of G. At another, by popular demand, it was going to be all sung or spoken by other people (all in languages other than English). Then, finally, while laying flat on my back one night trying to focus on some old snapshots, I decided it would be what it is: a nouvelle vague film in audio form. To this end, I contacted two great actresses in my neighborhood, Lisa Black from Los Angeles and Chicago, and Claudia Tatinque Nacimento from Rio de Janeiro, who each arrived here via Akron (America's tire capital), where this story begins ...

THE SONGS	TRACK NUMBERS
Don't Ask, Don't Tell	23 - 24
Summer Babe #2	27 - 28
Bubblegum	30 - 33
Fun In The Sun	36 - 38
Hold Me	39 - 41
$1 Bet Halfway Moan	43
We Will Kiss	46 - 47
Dis Me In The Morning	52 - 53
Slowdown	54 - 57
Halfway Thru The Summer	65 - 67
Some Kinda Sparkle	69 - 77

Of course, with your player's programming ptions, you can reconfigure these anyway you want.

CREDITS

Lisa Black: voice, tracks 29, 41, 44-45, 48, 59-60, 68
Claudia Tatinge Nacimento: voice, tacks 25-26, 34, 42, 49-50, 62-63
John Hricko: keyboards (except 52-57), drums, vocals
Joe Milan: bass, accordion, vocals
Andrew Klimeyk: guitar, keyboards 52-57, vocals
Arrangements by Ugly Beauty.
Produced and edited by Andrew Klimeyk and Chris Keffer at Magnetic North studio, recorded 5/9 & 5/17/96.
A tip of the hat to Craig Patterson.

Some other favorite musical collages ...
Steve Beresford: "Shockproof" from Deadly Weapons LP
Faust: "Faust Tapes" LP
Prince Paul: remix of Fine Young Cannibals' "Good Thing"
David Shea: "Hsi-Yu Chi" CD
The Who: "A Quick One"
John Zorn: "Godard" from "Godard Ca Vous Charlie?" LP

Dedicated to ... De La Soul, Prince Paul, Thelma Schoonmaker, ACE.

Who? Listens to... Wainstead ALL NIGHT?
the NIGHT Shift
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insomniacs
OLD PUNKS who Remember the 'CSB show
SA
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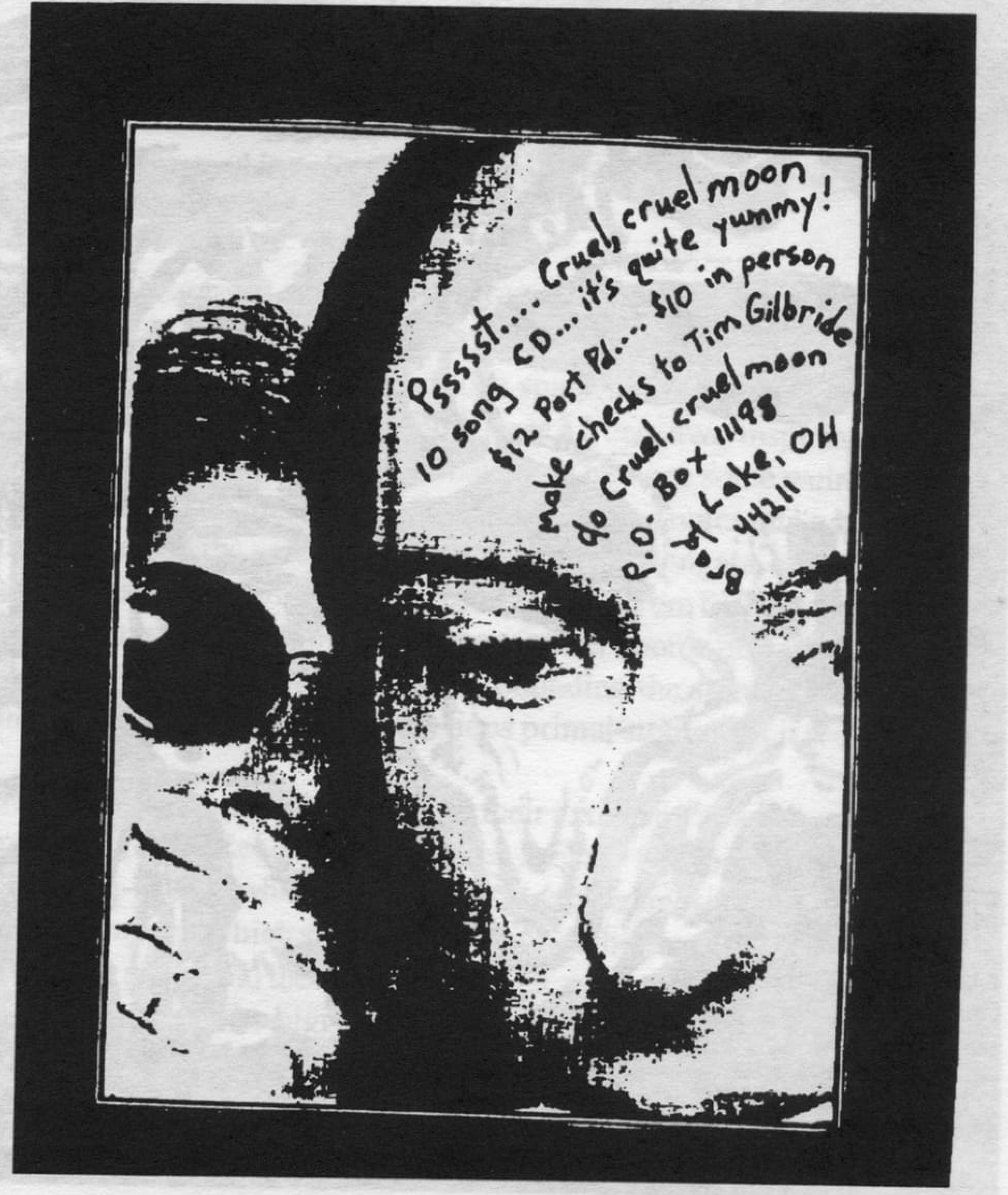
CREatuRES of the NIGHT
SWINGERS
My Radio is my only friend
2:18
the Uninvited
the ELITE
designs 1996
Sat.Nite/Sun.a.m. 2am-5am
WERE 1300AM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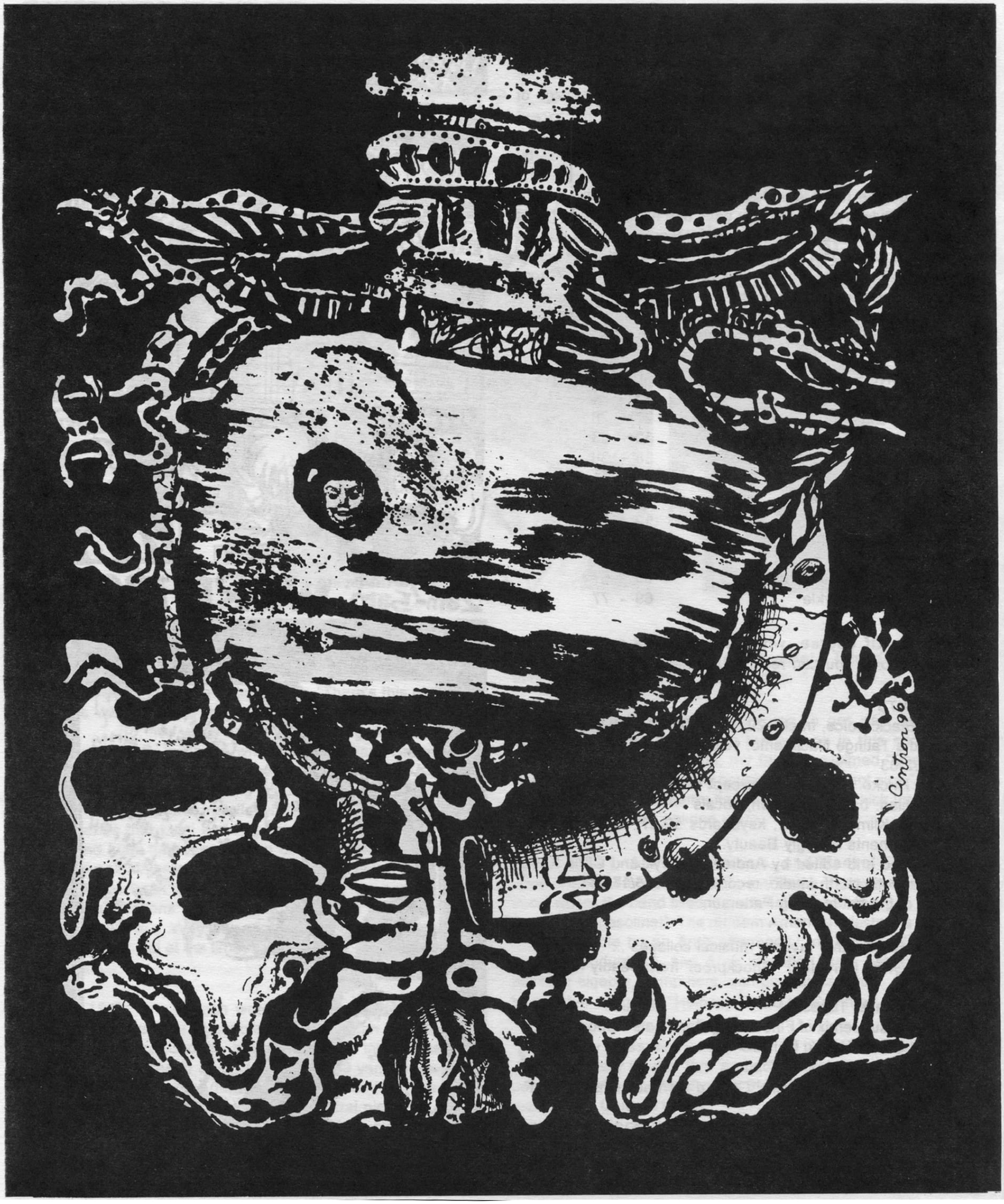

Cintron 96

r.i.p. dimbulb

Can it really be that the mighty 'bulb are no longer amongst us? No more Chuck Coffey up there on stage, his massive beer gut hanging *way* the fuck out, pumped up and high on nothing but pure rock-n-roll energy, unleashing riptides of riffs, while just a microphone over, ol' "dimbulb" Dave Cintron is hootin' and hollerin' like a demon possessed, going TOTALLY BEZERK on his bass as if there was no tomorrow?

Yes, sports fans, it's true. As we speak, drummer Ken Knish is busy with his new found hobby, building choppers. "King" Charles Coffey is settling down for a life of domestic bliss, and Cintron, ladies and gentlemen, is now playing in his new band The Downside Special, along with twin-sisters Barb and Caroline (both formerly of Sissy) and Frank from Quazimodo, who, incidently, Dave plays and records with every now and then. (Ken was also an original member of Quazimodo way back when.) But if this all sounds a bit too confusing, allow me to quickly elucidate:

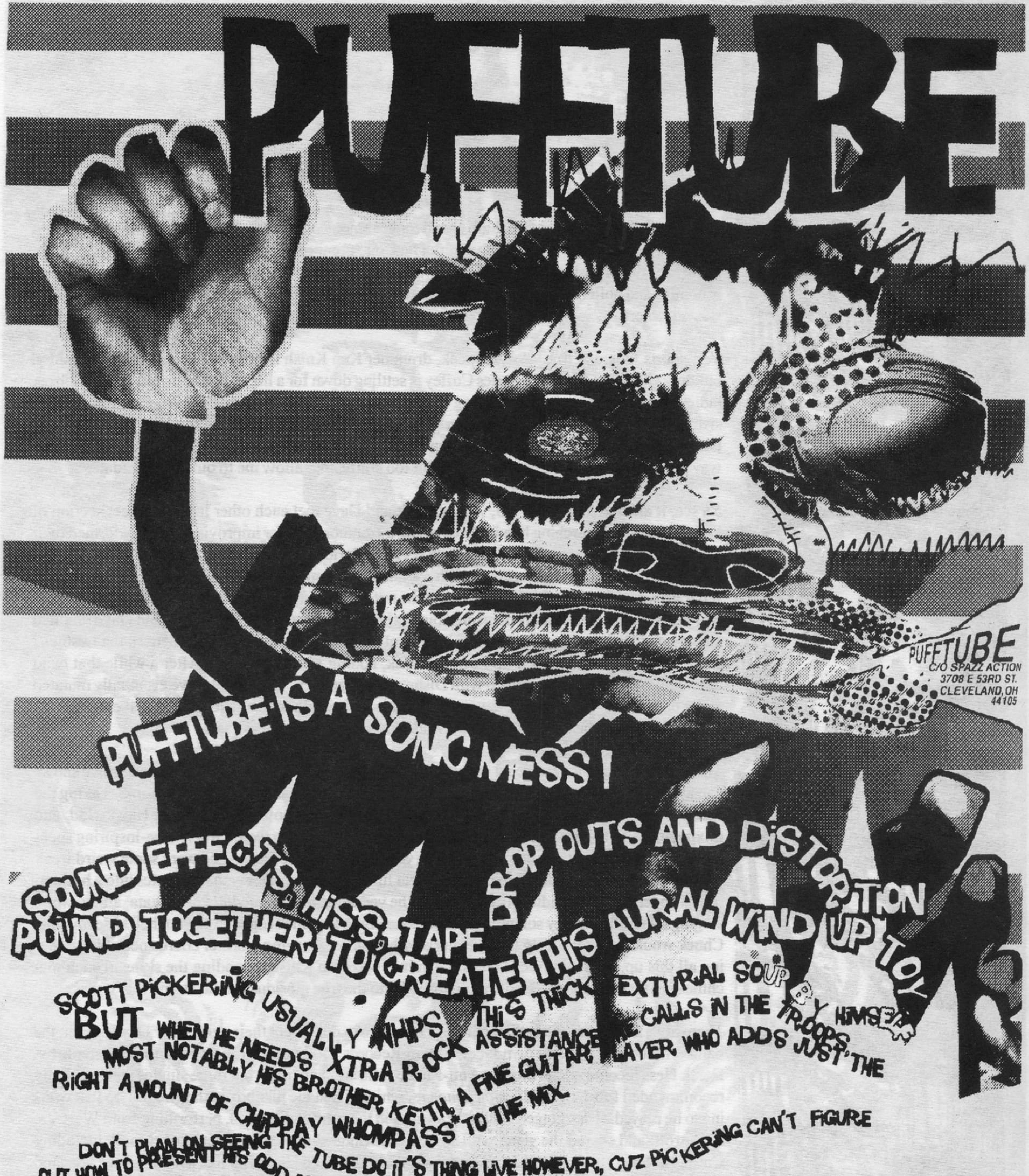
Ya see, it all started back in '83, when Chuck and Dave met each other in the trumpet section of their high-school marching band. Discovering a common love for improvisation, they formed their own band called Scrotum Hairs and wrote several hilarious punk rock classics that never managed to find their way out of the basement. Chuck and Dave went off to college and the Hairs went their separate ways. In Kent, Dave helped form the notorious Burning Lesbians, playing guitar for several years with that decidedly demented outfit. During these same years, Chuck and Dave reunited and created Dishey Crowbar, another basement improv recording project. Then, as the Lesbians sadly broke up, Dave started-up Feeling Crank, adding Ken to the fold. After a while that band gradually dissolved, so, combined with Dishey Crowbar, Ken, Chuck and Dave eventually mutated at the begining of '93 into—yep, you guesssed it—**dimbulb**, one of Cleveland most entertaining and, undoubtedly, heaviest bands of the mid-nineties.

To see dimbulb live was an event not to be missed, as anyone who witnessed any of their live shows can attest. They were insane. Scary. Powerful. Completely and totally off the hook. Taking the metal dirges of Sabbath, Mudhoney-style punk, the hard-groove space jams of Hawkwind, and mixing in a bit of Captain Beefheart delta-blues growl, the 'bulb were a truely awe-inspiring spectacle. For one thing, Cintron played leads (yes, *leads*) on his bass as if he were some weird freak brother of J. Mascis or something, bending and fuzzing those thick, resonating notes into a bottom-heavy undertow that insidiously sneaked up the vertabrae to your medulla oblongata, all the while singing incredibly catchy songs, sometimes screaming like an escaped troll from hell. Meanwhile, Chuck would be busy slicing thru the murk with the most amazing monster chords possible. Backing all this up, no doubt juiced out of his mind, was Ken Knish, pounding the skins in such machine-gun fashion that the whole thing turned into the true glorious primal stomp that it was.

There are a number of dimbulb recordings out there to document their existence. Dave put out the band's first release on his own label, Totem Records (500 copies.) Early fan/rock-poster artist Derek Hess recommended them to Anti-Music, who went on to put out three singles and the highly recommended full-length cd, *Trip Hammers*, which sits in the jukebox at the Grog Shop just waiting to be played. They gigged endlessly all around the surrounding area, performing from West Va. to Detroit, and shared the stage with some of the biggest names in underground rock, including Cows, Half-Japanese, Jesus Lizard, and the Reverend Horton Heat. But like a lot of great Cleveland bands before them, it was not meant to be, and now mighty dimbulb are no more.

David Polster

PUFFTUBE



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DON'T PLAN ON SEEING THE TUBE DO IT'S THING LIVE HOWEVER, CUZ PICKERING CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW TO PRESENT HIS ODD MUSICAL VISION TO THE MASSES. 'DON'T WORRY,' HE SNARLS, 'I'M WORKING ON IT.'

* TOTAL ROCK ACTION

New Bomb Turks

Jumbo Whammo! Bozo Hoedown

by Craig Regala

The first time I ran into Eric Davidson he was sloppin' around in a pair of Chuck Taylors and a long Black raincoat (like some F!ing Echo And the Bunnymen fan) tacking up "looking for guitarist influenced by Clash etc." posters. He looked at me very un-Echo-and-The-Bunnymen-fan-like and blapped out, "Hey, you play guitar?" "I'm a singer". You see, before Dave Grohls' old band hit it big if you stood around on High St. (Columbus, OH) and anyone heard you say the words "Rolling Stones", "Ramones", "Wire", "Cheap Trick", "Stooges", or "punk rock" inany order, someone would ask if you played guitar.

pic: Shawn Scallen

So 13 months later I'm in a record store talking to Matt Reber about a Fluid record and told him I was putting out a split 7" with Gaunt. Ron House (Moses "I've come to bring my people to the beer" Carry Out singer; later to front Thomas Jefferson Slave Apts.) kept telling me about the New Bomb Turks. I thought jeez . . . Ron doesn't *rock*, but he kinda has good taste. So I told Matt I was gonna ask the Turks, 'n' he goes "That's *my* band, I play bass!", and so they were. And still are.

Along with Jim Weber's guitar factory and Bill Randt's steady head slappin' drums they were good to go. Now these are all CLE boys, (I dunno if Col. had the ability at that time to generate a real rock band of natives, the camps were divided) coming from generally different rock and roll backgrounds but when they got it together: BOOM! American rama-lama. The big touch point is the GO! CAT GO! aspect of rock 'n' roll.

The New Bomb Turks are Jerry Lee Lewis, Motorhead, "Woolly Bully", the Pagans, any punk rock from any era, Big Joe Turner, the whole Cheeseburger/Beer yahoo thing, (Dictators!) and some non-yahoo material (Smiths!) pulled through an appreciation for hook and hammer. Check their hefty covers of Death Of Samantha (included herein), Stones, Anti-Nowhere League, Hawkwind and especially their half-speed Wire-as-Slade power-boot of "Mr.Suit".

Vinyl hounds all, you should hear 'em when they get going about Sir Lord Baltimore or Pack or some other damn thing they picked up hangin' around Dave "the Dominator" Diemer (ex-pro wrassler, hero) and Mike Repp (a sorta Mystic with an atom brain) at the Used Kids record annex.

That Eric sings much more like a smart-ass than a screamer and 'cause they have very few of the trappings of "hardcore" gives the Turks the room to broaden their palate and play to their strengths simultaneously. This is a full-on rock *unit* minus all the boring parts that lessen the impact. They've been developing organically, adding bits and pieces of what works and they feel are part of the Turk way.

About a year ago I had a conversation with Jim about relating to your instrument as a pure musical tool, not just to kinda write bits and pieces of what you like or remember, but to nail the feeling. I think they are getting to it, because nothing they do sounds out of place—'cause its not. Of their contemporaries, I'd say they belong with the Lazy Cowgirls, Supersuckers, and Cosmic Psychos.

I had the luck to witness a jam where they turned the monster "Suckerpunch" in on itself absorbing the Laughner-penned "Ain't It Fun" and the Dead Boys' "Sonic Reducer" for chorus and denouement. It was a helluva thing. Sometimes you wish the tape was always running, but that's just 20/20 hindsight 'cause they provide major live kicks on a regular basis and to be there, well, you have to BE there.

How many rock bands are better after two full lps, a double-lp singles collection, and a couple European tours, while retaining all the original members? Yeah? Well, get *their* records too.

Craig Regala is the founder of Datapanik Records and writes for MOO Magazine.

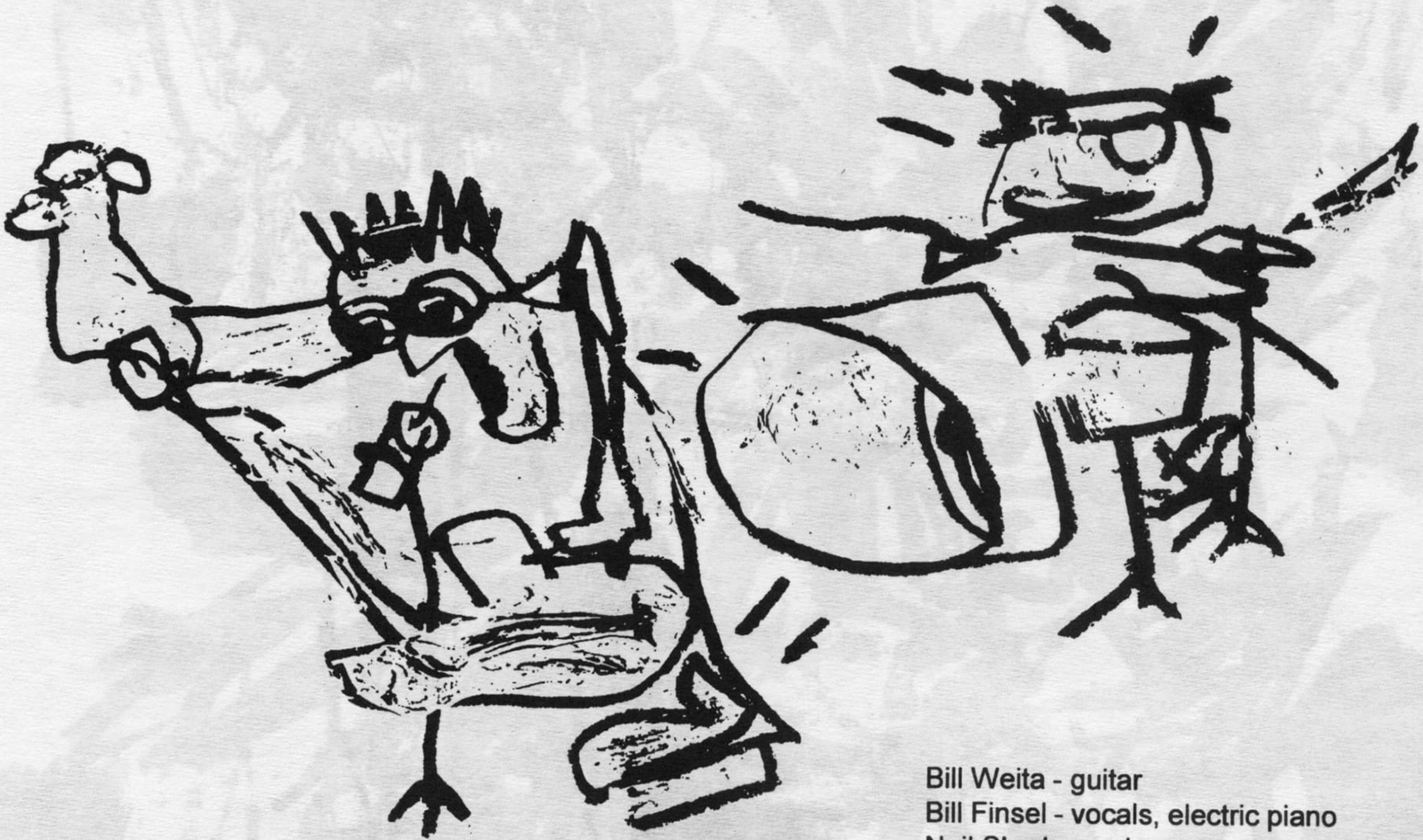
cruel, cruel moon

by Sera Ocko

(The moon
reflects the light of the sun . . .)
Have you ever stood out where the city melts
into the country, the sidewalks ripple & bridges shrug
their shoulders, and you can hear the overtones of leaves in
the trees? That's some of what I hear in "still Life"—Cruel, cruel
moon's first album. Alphabetically, some of the other things I think
of: Syd Barrett, Captain Beefheart, Can, the Everly Brothers, the Fall,
Velvet Underground, Neil Young. But that's just a list, and maybe has as
much meaning as the clothes on a beautiful boy or girl: they might be fine
designer or thrift-store floral, but what really matters is the person inside. (A
silver disc transforming the light of a laser into sound . . .) And on "still Life"
you can hear the people inside.
(like the furious flutterings of curious angels . . .)

alphabetically cruel:
Derek Erdman drums
Carolyn Getson voc, gtr, bass
Tim Gilbride gtr
Mark Keffer drums
Craig Martin voc, gtr, bass

FUZZHEAD

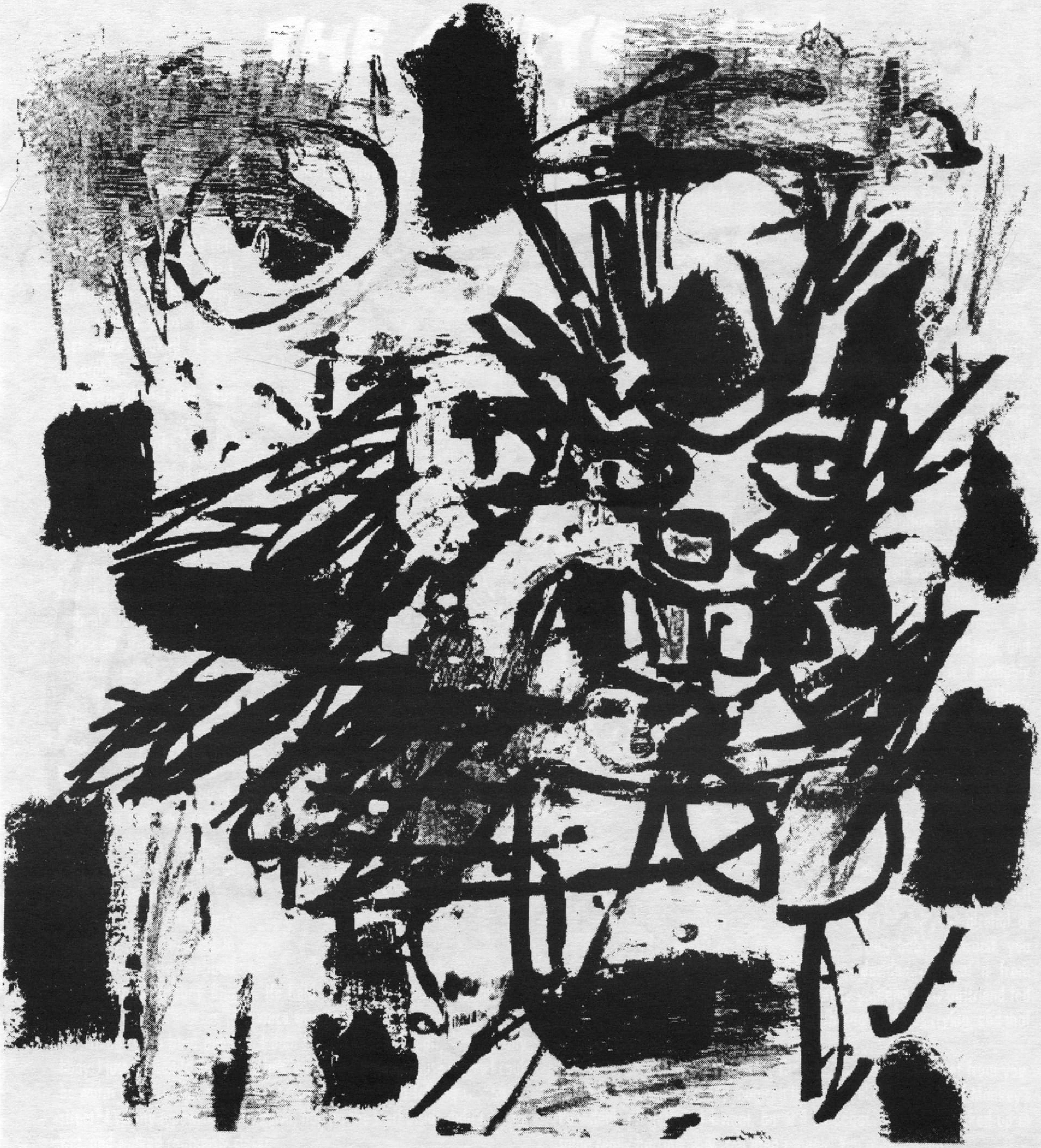


Bill Weita - guitar
Bill Finsel - vocals, electric piano
Neil Sherhag - drums
Scott Hosner - guitar
John Howitt - bass, vocals

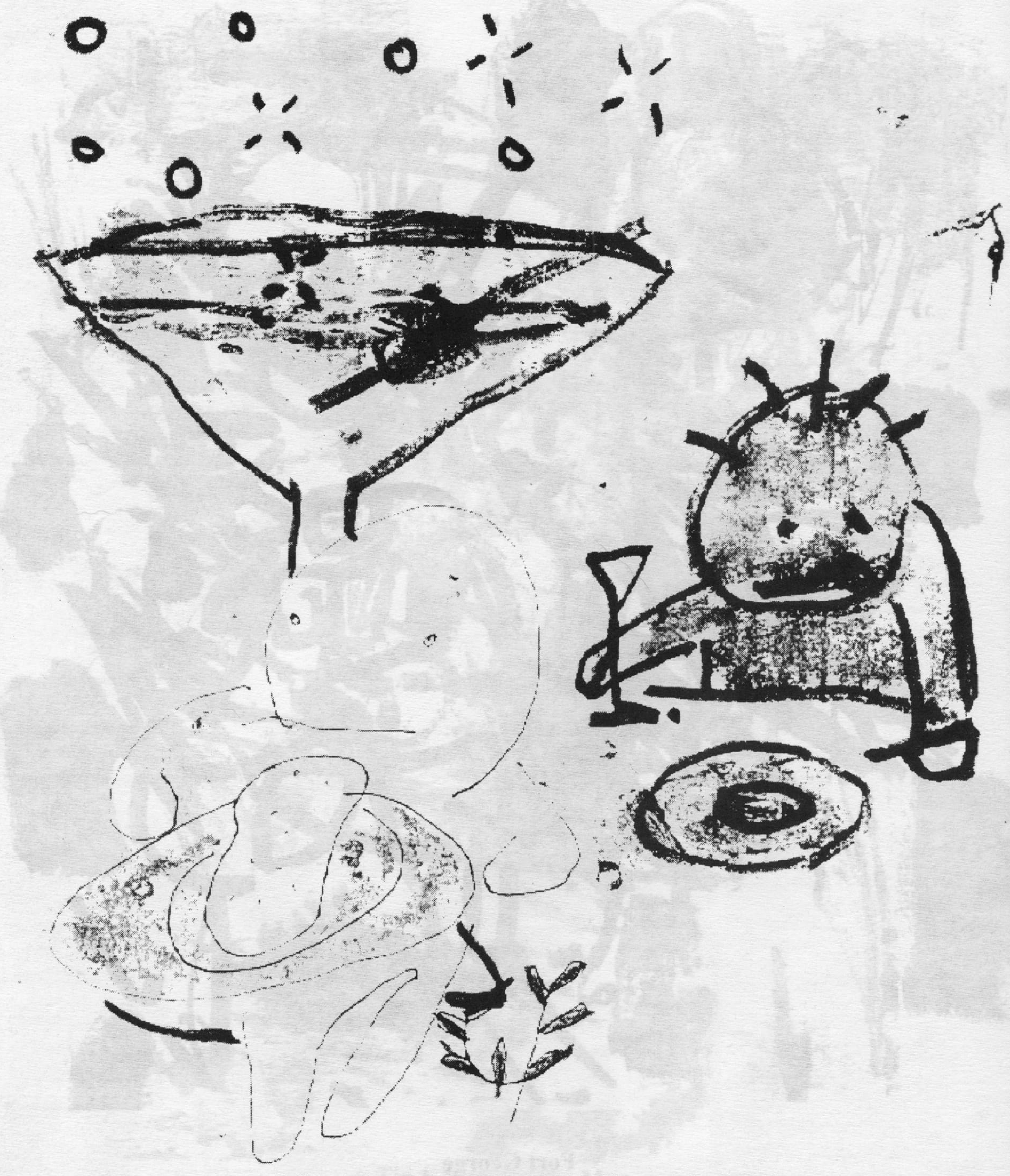
drawings by John Howitt to accompany the new Fuzzhead CD *I Saw The Best Minds Of My Generation Rock*.

Just Plug In

Tie A Man To The Man



Fort George

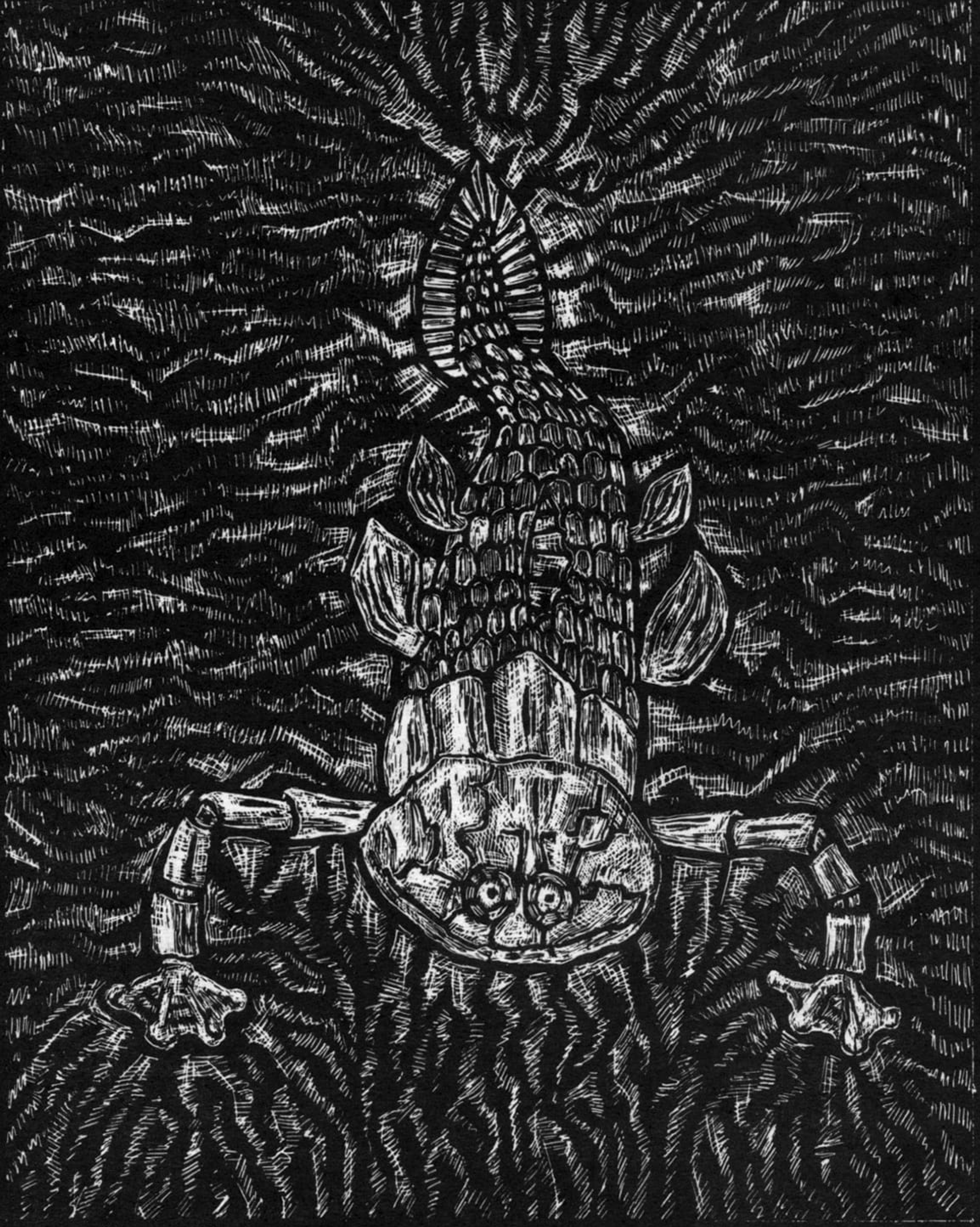


I Saw The Best Minds Of My Generation Rock

THE GUTTERFISH

by Chris Marec

It was misty and cold when I left the house that morning. The sky was low, the color of smoke. I walked down the street, my typewriter pulling on one arm, and a bag of dirty laundry pulling on the other. My hands went numb. My wrists and elbows ached, the cold cutting into them. My chest burned, the weight on my arms pulling across it. My feet were soaked. I was miserable.



I was almost at the bus station when I saw him. There was nobody else around. He was in the gutter, right by the storm sewer he had apparently crawled out of. Water streamed around his body and the along the pointed club of his tail. Bony, gray armor covered the front of his body, his gray, scaly tail sticking out behind. His pale, whitish blue eyes were encased in bony carapaces. They rolled this way and that, looking around. He was a fish, like one of those primitive armored ones you see in the Natural History Museum.

But he had arms; long, thin ones encased in bony shell, and webbed hands with long, bony fingers. He held one of his hands out to me and said, “Give me a quarter.” He voice was like a gurgling cough.

Things were hard enough. I didn’t want to stop for anything or anybody. I just wanted to get on the bus, and to my mom’s house where I could be warm and dry. But how many times do you pass a talking fish on the street? I set my typewriter case down, hoping the stuff inside didn’t get too wet, and walked cautiously closer.

“What will you give me, if I give you a quarter?” I asked.

“I’ll grant you three wishes.”

I stood there thinking things over, talking fish, three wishes, and all, while the rain fell on my head, and my hair fell into my eyes.

And I said to the gutterfish, “Look, man, I get the same feeling from you that I got from this panhandler once. He offered to sell me this toy mouse for a dollar. It had brown and white fur and a black metal plate, with three black, plastic wheels sticking through it, on the bottom. A silver on/off switch stuck out of the mouse’s side between it’s fur and the metal plate on the bottom. He told me that it ran good; that all it needed was new batteries.

“And I told the panhandler this: ‘Look, man, if I buy that thing off you, and I turn it on, it’ll probably crawl across the floor, puffing like a bag of microwave popcorn, and then it’ll burst open at the seams, blowing crawling maggots all over the place.

“‘At best, you found that on the sidewalk somewhere, and decided to sell it to feed your alcohol or drug habit. At worst, you decided to steal it from your girlfriend’s kid. At the very worst, maybe you and your girlfriend fed the kid alcohol or drugs to keep him quiet, because he was crying, and that was his favorite toy.’”

And I said to the gutterfish, “That’s the same feeling I get from you, only worse. If you’re really magic, it’ll turn out like some kind of Monkey’s Paw deal. I’ll get what I want, but it’ll be bogus. It’ll be all fucked-up in some really horrible way. You aren’t magic. You’re bad mojo.”

The gutterfish pulled itself around on it’s webbed hands, and squeezed itself through the storm sewer grate.

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The bus station walls were sooty white on top and industrial green on bottom. The stucco ceiling was stained orange along the cracks where the rain had soaked through. There were a few rows of dirty orange and blue fiberglass chairs.

I bought my ticket, and set my typewriter and laundry down in front of the gate where the Cleveland bus was leaving from. The gate was a smudged aluminum with scratched plexiglass windows.

An old lady came up beside me. She said, "You know, my niece ran away from home once, and she called Trailways to take her home. They have a special program for runaways. If you want to go home, you can call a special number and they'll take you home for free."

"That's nice for a big company to do," I said.

"After she went home to her mother," the old lady whispered, "she committed suicide."

"That's too bad." I didn't know what else to say. I just wondered why sad cases like the gutterfish and lonely old women picked me to talk to in lonely places like empty, foggy streets and bus stations.

My bus came, and the old lady drifted over to the gate for another bus.

The bus pulled out, heading onto the freeway. The trees along the road were blackish green outlines in white fog.

A little ways out, a girl near the front of the bus started laughing. She was fifteen or sixteen years old. She had short, reddish hair and faint freckles on her cheeks, a wide mouth and big green eyes. She was wearing a black shirt and pants under a dingy green coat. She laughed and laughed, from someplace deep in her gut, showing big, white teeth. She laughed until tears were starting to come from her eyes. She tried to pull the laughter in every now and then, closing her mouth and hugging her ribs, but then it got too big for her, and she let it out again, nearly falling into the aisle.

The people on the bus tried to ignore her and relax in their seats, but she was making everybody nervous. Everybody but me. Somehow, her laughing made me feel better. I didn't laugh myself, but I enjoyed watching her terrify everyone on the bus, just by laughing at some private joke.

Maybe her joke was a painful one, like she was leaving an abusive home with nowhere in particular to go, and only two dollars on her.

I wanted to kiss her. I wanted to sit down in the seat next to her and say, "Let's run away together. We'll skip Cleveland, and go all the way to the end of the line—wherever that is. We'll make some kind of life together, even if it's real hard at first."

"Hey," said a mucous-garbled voice near my feet. "Do you want to know what she's laughing at?"

I looked down. It was the gutterfish. He was beneath the seat next to me, the one I had my laundry and typewriter on, his clubby tail hanging out in the aisle. A bony, webbed hand stuck up at me.

"Give me a quarter and I'll tell you."

"No, I'm not giving you anything. Get the fuck away from me."

"She's laughing at something I told her. Give me a quarter and I'll tell you what it is?"

"She's not laughing at anything you said. Go away."

"Give me a quarter and I can make her yours. You can do whatever the fuck you want with her."

I grabbed my typewriter by the handle, and tried to smash it down as hard as I could on his head. The typewriter made a big sound when it hit the floor. The gutterfish was gone. He had seemed slow on the street, but he was probably pretty fast when he needed to be.

A few people in the seats around me were looking at me.

"Excuse me," I said. "My typewriter fell off the seat when we hit that last bump."

They looked at me like I was as crazy as the girl. There hadn't been any bumps in the road.

After that, it was quiet. The girl had quit laughing and settled into her seat so I couldn't see her. I didn't see her for the rest of the trip, which made me kind of sad. I looked for her when I got off the bus in Cleveland, but I didn't see her then either. It was like she had just disappeared. Maybe she had been the ghost of that old lady's niece.

It was Sunday, so there was hardly anyone downtown. I saw maybe five people as I walked down St. Clair, took a left at E. Ninth, and walked down Euclid Avenue to the Terminal Tower.

I went through one of the tower's front doors, and down to the floor beneath street level. All the stores down there were closed, making it look like some kind of subterranean ghost town. In the corner to the right was a stairwell with green plaster walls and a Rapid Transit sign hanging at the top of it. I went down the stairs, through two sets of black doors with wire-reinforced windows, to the concrete platform.

There were fluorescent lights hanging over the platform, but it was basically dark. There were electric space heaters hanging there, too. I moved under one to try to stay warm. It was quiet, except for the hum of an electrical box on the wall at the end of the platform. I looked at the rails, three feet below the platform. I looked across the tracks, at the concrete arches and sections of wall that helped support the tower. Slopes of raw earth seemed to be creeping in behind them.

I saw a shadow move behind one of the arches. Oh, Christ, I thought.

It was the gutterfish. He crawled through the arch, over the platform on the other side, then down and up through the concrete ditch the tracks were set in.

"So, you've come down to my level," he said in his curdled voice.

I stood my ground, hoping the orange light and warmth of the space-heater would somehow form a protective, magic rectangle around me.

"Get the hell away from me," I yelled.

But whatever magic I thought I might protect me didn't work. He crawled right up to me and pulled on the leg of my jeans.

"Give me a quarter and I'll give you whatever you want."

His hand let go of my pants and reached up to me.

Having him so close to me creeped me out, but that he had actually grabbed hold of me made me angry.

"Okay, okay. I'll give you a damned quarter."

I reached in my pocket, pulled out a quarter, and held it up to my face. It was a shiny, new coin. It glowed orange in the heater light. I reached down and pressed the coin into his hand. It was like pressing into a web of cold chicken bones. A feeling like cold, wet electricity went up my arm and down into my stomach and balls, making me feel nauseous.

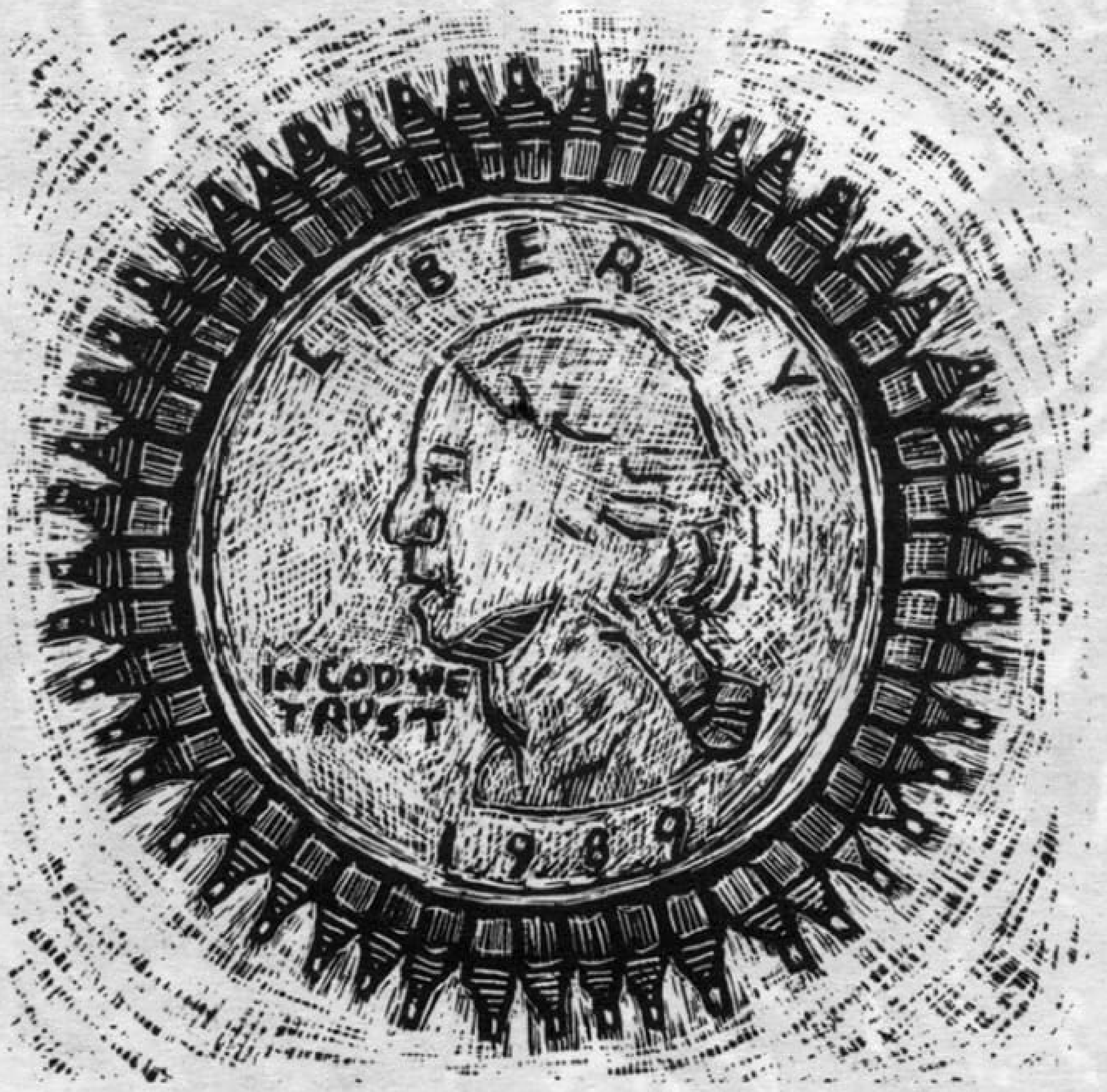
"My one and only wish is that you teleport yourself to the exact opposite end of the universe from here, and stay there forever, never to bother me again."

The gutterfish was gone, leaving me bent over with my hand hanging in the air. I looked for the quarter on the ground, but didn't see it.

The rapid came. I got on, paid my fare, and took a seat a few rows back from the driver. No one else got on, and after a few minutes the rapid pulled out, moving out of the tunnel into the ditch it traveled through for most of its course.

Only one other person got on the train between the Terminal and my stop, a middle-aged black man in a gray and green flannel jacket with brown corduroy pants. He kind of smiled at me as he walked by. He seemed nice and normal.

I began to relax a little—I was almost home—but I couldn't shake the feeling I had done something wrong. I had made the gutterfish go away, presumably, hopefully, forever, but I had made a deal with him. I couldn't help but wonder if there wouldn't be some kind of bad mojo fallout from the transaction. The creature was on the other side of the universe now, but mojo is a strange thing, not stuck to the regular rules of time and space. Mojo waves can probably move faster than the speed of light. But what if their source is at the other side of the universe? Hopefully, if I was going to catch any bad consequences from the deal, it wouldn't be for a long, long time.



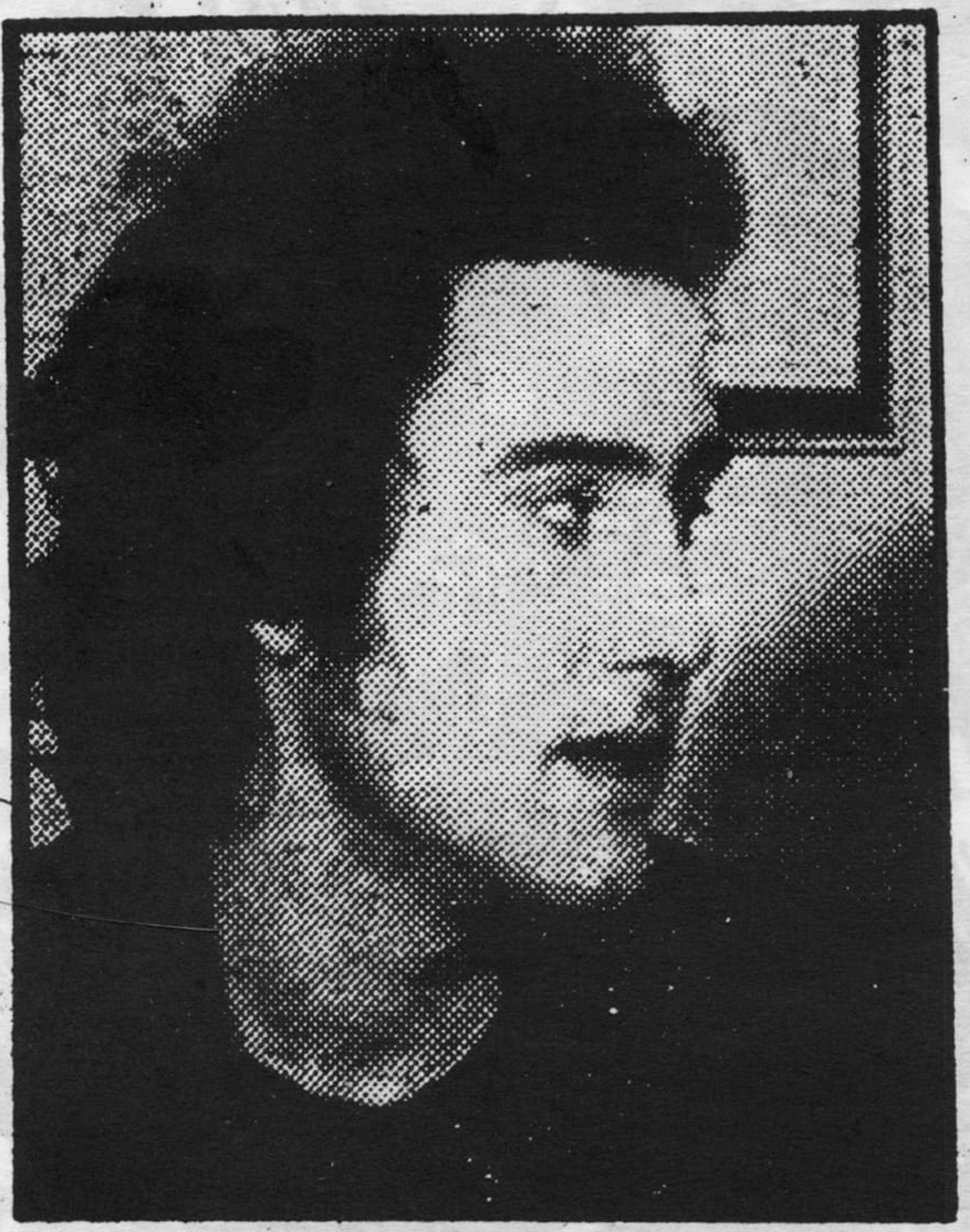
96 PARKER

Rock has lost a friend

Few people would have guessed that Peter Laughner was only 24. He might have liked that. He did a lot of living in his short span.

His death in his sleep at the home of his parents in Bay Village Wednesday morning leaves a big gap in the music scene.

Many knew that the lanky, curly-haired guitarist could play like a demon and write like an angel. He wrote articles for this section, for Zeppelin, for Exit and Creem. At his best he wrote with punch and color.



Peter Laughner turned many on to music.

But not many knew that he could write poetry as well as songs. Or that he was turned on by Ramblin' Jack Elliott and the Funkadelics as well as Telvision and Pere Ubu. He turned local rock writers on to Patti Smith five years before she hit here.

"Yet he only had three guitar lessons. We brought his piano back here so he could play," said his mother, Mrs. Luke R. Laughner.

The last few months were rough for him. He was in and out of hospitals for liver problems. Yet he didn't follow his doctor's orders.

The sad note is that he had the talent and the vision to write and produce his own albums. He could have been a national artist.

Services will be at 10 a.m. tomorrow at Jenkins Funeral Chapel, 2914 Dover Center Rd., Westlake. You can call there from 7 to 9 tonight.

I didn't know Peter as well as many of you did, but I, too, feel that I have lost a friend.

"WE'RE FIENDS"

Margaret Saadi
Cleveland, 1996

In October, 1986, I had the first in a continuing series of informal interviews about punk rock with members of the Dead Boys. After ten years, it seems that whether in New York or Miami, Paris or Cleveland, laughter has remained the one constant element to our conversations.

Rather than a heady memorial for Stiv, or a narrative lament for days-gone-by, I decided—in keeping with the spirit of the band—to excerpt our first conversation. Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea...

October 24, 1986
Ward Baking Co. Warehouse
Youngstown, Ohio

You said in 1979, because of Sire Records, that you had to fake a break-up of the band.

Bator: We lied.

Zero: We lie all the time. We're lying right now, and it's your job to figure out what is the lie and what is the truth. We don't even know anymore.

Bator: We did have a lot of record company problems, and we did split up for awhile, then we did a live album to get out of our management contract.

Zero: You don't have a cassette with Don Johnson on it do you? I punished myself all day today with Don Johnson's record.

• • •

What do you think of the writing that describes punk as the third generation in popular music's evolution?

Bator: You believe that?

Zero: It should have been, and it could have been, but for some reason [punk] scared a lot of people that were around at the time that were in power. It scared mainstream, popular, powerful radio stations. It scared a lot of record executives who didn't understand it and thought they could milk it for all it was worth moneywise. The radio stations didn't like the music to begin with, because they were so entrenched in this "Aqualung" Jethro-Tull-like-mind-thing, that they didn't like it at all. They felt at first like they *had* to play it, but they had built up such a mediocre taste level in American audiences that it never caught on commercially. Everyone wanted "Aqualung" or "Locomotive Breath."

Chrome: That was the big one.

Blitz: That was me this morning.

• • •

What were you trying to get across?

Zero: We weren't trying to prove anything. Nothing was planned. It was all spontaneous. Cheetah never sat down and said, "I'm going to write this kind of a song."

Bator: 'Cause he can't write.

Chrome: That's right.

Bator: He can print.

• • •

You were on tour during a time when it seemed that a lot of popes were dying. In front of you in line in the airport was a group of nuns. As the story goes, Stiv said, "How 'bout 'em (nudge, nudge). Sure dropping off like flies these days..."

Bator: Jimmy puked in front of them.

Zero: I really did, but it was a complete accident. I drank about four shots of Jack Daniels real fast at nine in the morning. Then we get in line to get on the plane, but the line is moving real slow. I'm thinking "Man, I'm gonna throw up." And I think, "No, I'll keep cool. I won't do it." I turned around and started running to the bathroom, and I just stop and I bend over and throw up. I look up and there's these two nuns standing right in front of me, looking at me, and they're all disgusted. It came gushing out of my nose. I came running down the concourse and I go into the bathroom and it's packed with these businessmen. They're standing there combing their hair and talking about, "corporate planning." Then, I let loose this big volley right into the sink, and I hear this guy next to me in his three-piece suit go, "Oh...My...God!" That made it all worth it. I wish it would've set off a chain reaction. If this guy would've thrown up on himself, it would have made my whole day. We like doing stuff like that. We did.

Chrome: Oh, we still do.

Zero: We're fiends.

• • •

Did the Dead Boys play with Iggy early on?

Chrome: No.

Bator: Cheetah did.

Zero: Then Iggy gave him twenty dollars.

• • •

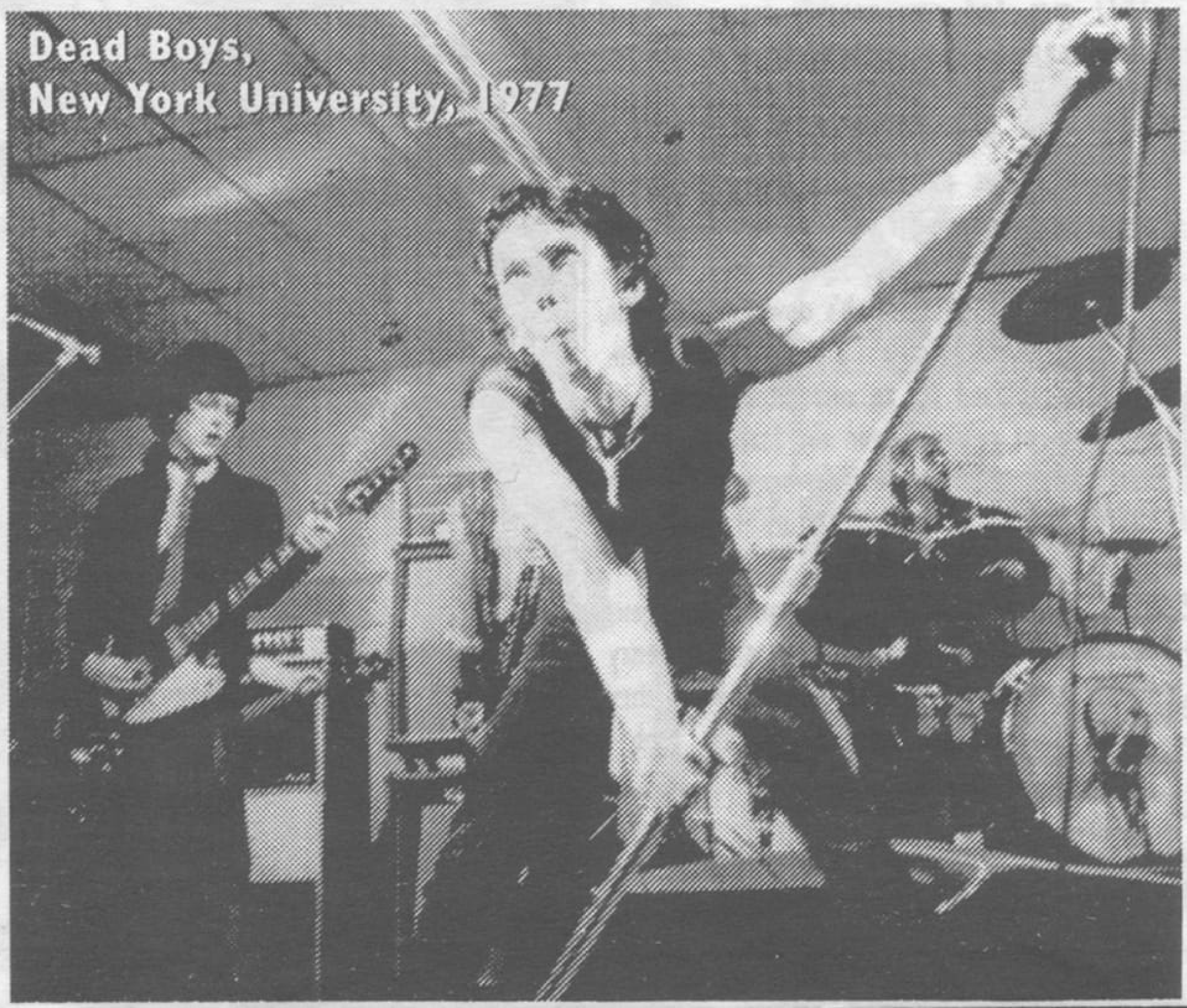
I'd better start thinking before I talk.

Bator: We did a tour with Iggy, though.

Zero: [Iggy] was the only thing we wouldn't argue about. There would be a certain band that Cheetah liked, that I didn't like; and vice versa, but everybody liked the Stooges.

Chrome: The Carpenters, man, that stuff still makes me sick.

Bator: Did you hear Richard Carpenter's latest single, "She Ain't Heavy, She's My Sister"?



Dead Boys,
New York University, 1977

GOD BLESS THE DAMNED AND DEMONIC DEAD BOYS

There were two kinds of people in Cleveland in the summer of '77: people who loved the Dead Boys and people who hated them. One night that August, a bunch of people who hated them showed up at the Looking Glass and started a riot. The owner turned off the electricity, ending the show mid-set, and the band had to be escorted out by their manager, who was carrying a snub-nosed .38.

A couple nights later, hundreds of people who loved the Dead Boys showed up at the Pirate's Cove. The place was so packed with sweaty bodies you could hardly breathe, and the band came back for encore after encore.

Even there though, there were the begrudgers. But instead of being mindless suburban disco cretins, these were supposedly "hip" musicians. They hated the Dead Boys because the Dead Boys weren't "important." Because the Dead Boys were signed to Sire. Because Stiv had his picture in Time magazine. Because they had Hilly Kristal for a manager and were the house band at CBGB. I remember them milling around outside the club. Grumbling. How come only 30 people came to see their bands when 300 came to see the Dead Boys?

The answer, of course, was simple. It was because the Dead Boys were great and their stupid bands sucked. But the animosity was so intense that the Dead Boys had a hard time finding a support act in their own hometown. Which was a lucky break for me.

My band, The Pagans, opened for them at both the Looking Glass and Pirate's Cove shows, even though we didn't yet have a record out. Those were some pretty fun shows.

Stiv Bator was the greatest rock and roll frontman I've ever seen. Better than his idol Iggy, better than Jagger even. The guy was everywhere. On top of the PA stacks, crashing into tables in the audience, cutting open his chest with a switchblade and then sealing the wound with candle wax. Just incredible.

Bator had the good fortune to team up with Cheetah Chrome, whose name frequently appears on those "100 Greatest Guitar Players of All Time" lists. When he's conscious, Cheetah can play guitar for six or eight hours at a time, never repeating a song. He knows the entire catalog of the Stones, Hendrix, Dylan and the Velvet Underground backwards and forwards. Every chop. Along with Johnny Thunders and Johnny Ramone, he is one of the few punk guitarists whose style is immediately identifiable, though it has been widely copied.

The excitement and energy generated by the Dead Boys onstage never completely translated onto vinyl. It's a shame there isn't a true "best of" collection available, Because—between the two studio LPs, various bootlegs and "Night of the living Dead Boys"—there's a great album there.

Genya Ravan did the best with what she had on "Young, Loud and Snotty," but Felix Pappalardi was absolutely clueless on "We Have Come For Your Children." And, the reason most often cited by critics in trashing the band, stems from the juvenile sexuality expressed in a few of their songs.

The nitwit British critic Clinton Heylin uses the lyrics from the Zero-penned "All This And More," along with Stiv's haircut, Cheetah's trousers, and Jimmy's jacket to diss the band. He can suck my dick. To hear this bastard tell it, second rate lounge acts like Styrene-Money and Chi Pig were the important Ohio groups of the late 70s. The reality is that only Devo rivaled the Dead Boys in terms of popularity and influence.

The ultimate test of an artist's importance is the influence their work exerts on the generations that follow. Guns 'n Roses, Pearl Jam, and a host of lesser outfits have openly acknowledged their debt to the Dead Boys. Nearly 20 years later, songs like "Sonic Reducer" and "Detention Home" are standards in the repertoires of many young bands.

But drugs and booze and egos combined to finally destroy the Dead Boys, as they did so many other '70s punk outfits. The Lower East Side of Manhattan is today littered with casualties from the period. They drink cheap beer and sleep on the benches at Tompkins Square Park. They'll tell you about the time Sid passed out in a plate of spaghetti or how Johnny shit himself once after he locked himself out of his hotel room.

The last time I saw Stiv was in 1986. He was touring with the Lords Of The New Church. Cheetah, along with Mick Metoff, Larry Lewis, and Duke Snyder, had formed the Ghetto Dogs, opening that night for the Lords in Cleveland. They asked me to sing a couple numbers. Jimmy Zero showed too, and there were hopes there'd be a reunion that night, but he never got on stage.

"I can't believe it's been ten years, man," Stiv said to me that night, referring to the 1977 gigs. And now another ten years are about passed. I was working at a newspaper in Pennsylvania when word of Stiv's death in Paris came over the Associated Press wire. I thought of his parents, who came to every show, and I thought of his beautiful wife Caroline.

As I write this, Cheetah's down in Nashville doing session work. He's a regular hired gun. The guy's played on an incredible number of independent releases over the last few years, and compiling a complete discography for him is going to present some future musicologist with significant problems.

The Dead Boys were real punks. The genuine article. They were what guys like Henry Rollins and Perry Farrell pretend to be. If they hadn't become rock stars they'd have probably been car thieves.

God bless 'em.

Mike Hudson
NYC, 1996

Zero: Do you know why they couldn't sell Karen Carpenter's house?

Bator: Why?

Zero: It didn't have a kitchen. Do you realize, too, that if Karen Carpenter would have eaten the sandwich that choked Mama Cass Elliott to death, they would both be alive today? Do you ever think about stuff like that? I do all the time.

Chrome: Did you know that George Washington's brother is the uncle of our country?

• • •

You have a reputation for being very opinionated...

Bator: I do not!

Chrome: Oh, don't start.

Zero: Don't tell me I'm paranoid. You're just out to get me!

• • •

You seemed to have invaded the artsy scene that was happening with CBGB's when you arrived.

Chrome: We've invaded every place we've ever been.

Zero: We've always been outsiders. We were outsiders in Cleveland, where we came from.

Bator: We even wrote the song "Time Won't Let Me".

Chrome: What are you talking about Stiv?

• • •

Are you aware of the impact you've had on music? There are people I know who are, say, twenty-two, who caught the tail-end of punk...

Zero: We were the tail end of punk! Look at it this way Margaret, after this, your job becomes easier. It's all downhill from here. Sooner or later it all comes to dupas.

Bator: When you're interviewing a bunch of asses, what do you expect?

Chrome: What does Star Trek and toilet paper have in common?

Bator: Everybody knows that one.

Chrome: They both circle the air looking for cling-ons.

Zero: You see? I'm telling you. It goes right to the butthole.

Jimmy Zero & Stiv Bator
Frankenstein (Dead Boys) live
Halloween 1975: Piccadilly Penthouse

X Everything is all right, it's Uptight, Outtasight X

From a 1977 interview:

Search & Destroy: Say something about the new band X----X.

John Morton: The name--you put any name between the two X's--

Jim Ellis: Fill in the blank.

From, like, now:

Andrew Klimeyk: Conceptually, for the song "Northland", I put in "Roscoe Mitchell and the Sound Ensemble."

From a 1994 review:

David Toop: The first time I saw AMM* in the early 70s, they shared an all night bill at London's Chalk Farm Roundhouse with Cream and Geno Washington's Ram Jam Band. Perhaps I was the only member of the audience to realise that there was music in progress, because the activities on stage were easily mistaken for technical procedures leading to the real thing.

Meanwhile, in 1996:

Klimeyk: So, the 1978 punks and new wavers were exactly as clued-in as the hippies and psychonauts in Swingin' England several years earlier, and pegged my touching little instrumental love song (think of Mars playing "Somethin' Else") as the band tuning up. And years later, I still get burly truck-driver type musicians coming up to me saying "That X----X stuff was a joke, right?" I'm not gonna say, man, but just remember, everytime you point a joke at someone, you've got three jokes pointing back at you.

* An English improv group with such a long history it's dynastic. And artastic. *--Totally-blank-down-to-the-bottom-he-sank Ed.*

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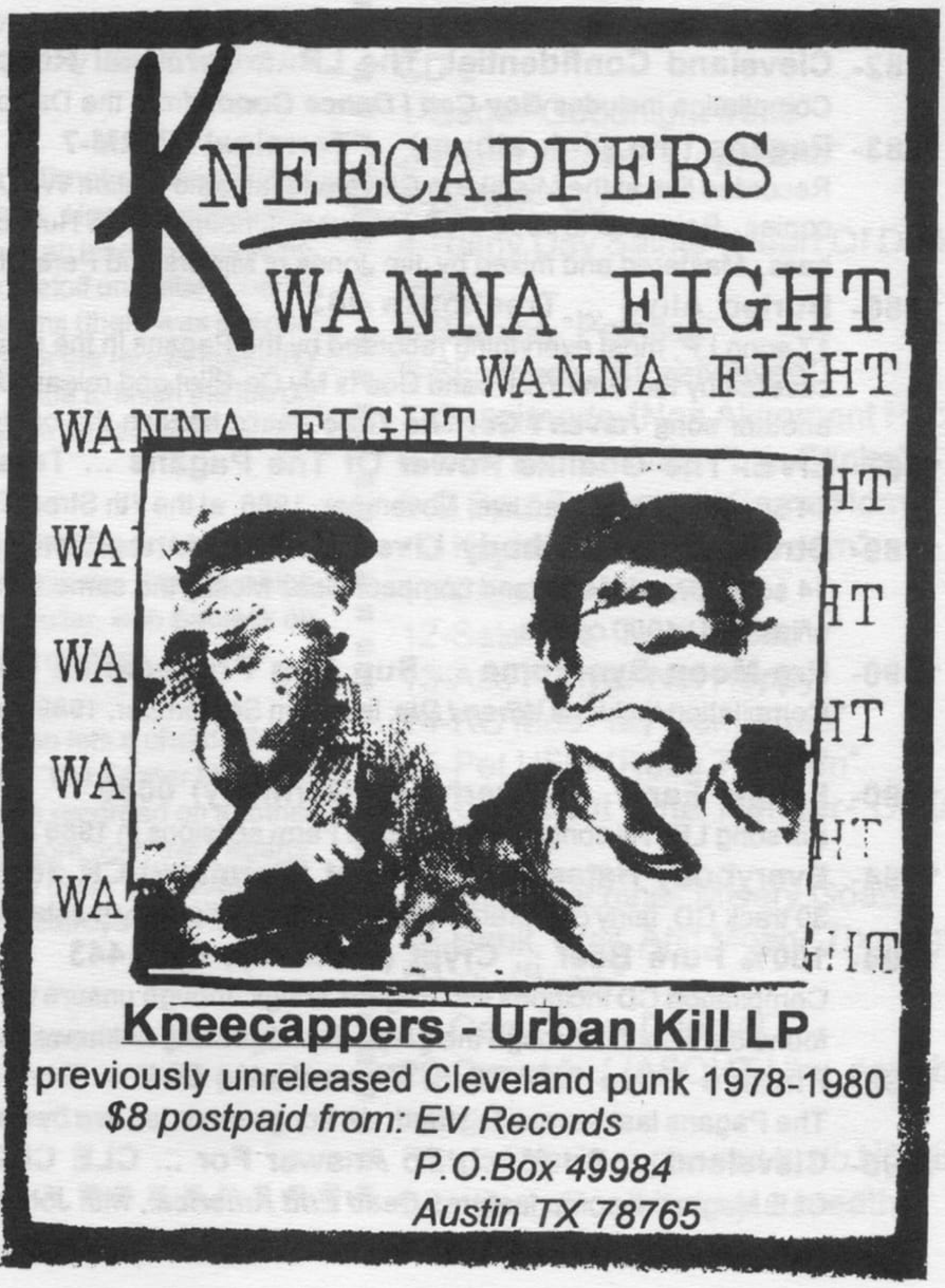

Kneecappers - Urban Kill LP
previously unreleased Cleveland punk 1978-1980
$8 postpaid from: EV Records
P.O.Box 49984
Austin TX 78765

WOW!

COMPLETE PAGANS DISCOGRAPHY

SINGLES

1977- Six and Change / Six and Change ... Neck 1143

Recorded live in October, 1977, at a guy named Lou Kolar's house in Madison, Ohio, on an old, broken reel-to-reel. Robert Conn sang, Tim Allee played bass, Mike Hudson played guitar and Brian Hudson played drums. Tom Mackie engineered the cut. Copies of this have sold to collectors for $200, but the band got 60 cents apiece for them at the time. 200 copies. In 1996, a band named Teengenerate (from Tokyo) released a cover of this. Real cool.

1978- Street Where Nobody Lives / What's This Shit Called Love? ... Drome DR 1

Recorded at Suma, March, 1978. Produced by John Thompson, engineered by Paul Hamann. Mike Metoff played guitar and Mike Hudson sang. Robert Conn was gone and Brian and Tim continued on their respective roles. Later, the Washington D.C. band Meatmen did cover versions of the B side on two different LP records. 1700 copies first pressing, 200 copies 1986 pressing (yellow label).

1979- Not Now No Way / I Juvenile ... Drome DR 5

Recorded Halloween, 1978, at Suma, Pere Ubu singer David Thomas producing. The A side was covered by the California group The Creamers and released as a single. 1000 copies first pressing, 600 copies 1987 pressing (yellow label).

1979- Dead End America / Little Black Egg ... Drome DR 7

Recorded late in 1978 at Mustard, produced by Thompson. 1000 copies first pressing, 600 copies 1987 pressing (yellow label).

1980- Michael Hudson's Cleveland Confidential EP ... Terminal Records

Compilation featuring ***1979***, soundboard recording from Pirate's Cove, Cleveland, 1979. 1000 copies.

1987- Dead End America '87 / Secret Agent Man ... Treehouse 003

A strong contender for the most unredeeming record on this list. Recorded live, November, 1986, at the 7th Street Entry in Minneapolis. Lineup is Mike Hudson, vocals, Mike Metoff, guitar, Tim Allee, bass, and Bob Richey, drums. 2000 copies.

1988- Don't Leave Me Alone / Real World ... Bonafide 7004

The A side is the only 70s studio track not included on the ***Buried Alive*** LP, while the B side is the same track, retitled, that appeared on the Cleveland Confidential EP in 1980. 2000 copies.

1988- (Us And) All Our Friends Are So Messed Up / Heart Of Stone ... Treehouse PR01

Bob Richey replaced by David Liston on drums for the A side, he's back for the B. Boys will be boys. B side from the same Minneapolis show, A side recorded in late spring 1988, at Al McGinty's Beat Farm Studio in Willoughby, Ohio. 500 copies.

1989- Scumbait EP ... Treehouse 019

Includes ***I Can't Explain***. Still more from that damned Minneapolis show. Red vinyl. 200 copies.

1990- Her Name Was Jane / I Do ... Treehouse 021

Recorded November, 1989, at Beat Farm. 2000 copies.

ALBUMS

1982- Cleveland Confidential, The LP ... Terminal Records TERM-6

Compilation includes ***Boy Can I Dance Good***, from the David Thomas session, 1978. Thomas plays guitar and sings backup. 1000 copies.

1983- Pagans (the pink album) ... Terminal TERM-7

Recorded live at the Mistake in Cleveland, at radio station WRUW, and Mike Hudson's basement in late '82 and early '83. First pressing 500 copies. Reissued in 1988 on Treehouse. Lineup is Mike Hudson, vocals, guitar, Mike Metoff, guitar, vocal, Bob Richey, drums, Robert Conn, bass. Mastered and mixed by Jim Jones of Mirrors and Pere Ubu fame.

1986- Buried Alive ... Treehouse 002

17 song LP, most everything recorded by the Pagans in the studio between 1977 and 1979. One song on this record, ***Eyes Of Satan,*** was covered by the New York band God Is My Co-Pilot and released in 1995. Also in '95, a band from Spain called the Pleasure Fuckers covered another song ***Haven't Got The Time*** that's better'n the original! 5000 copies, various color vinyl, cassette.

1987- LIVE: The Godlike Power Of The Pagans ... Treehouse 004

14-song LP. Recorded live, November, 1986, at the 7th Street Entry in Minneapolis. 2000 copies, two vinyl colors.

1989- Street Where Nobody Lives ... Resonance/Semaphore (US) 8908-1 (Holland) 8921

14 song LP, cassette, and compact disc. Mostly the same stuff as on ***Buried Alive***, with some live cuts and different (rough) mixes thrown on as well. 4000 copies.

1990- Pre-Moon Syndrome ... Sun Dog Propaganda 02

Compilation includes ***When I Die***, live from September, 1989 show at D.C. Space in Washington, D.C. Jacket incorrectly dated 1989. 1000 copies.

1990- Family Fare ... Glitterhaus (Germany) 0089

Six song LP. All songs from the Beat Farm sessions in 1988 and 1989. 2000 copies.

1994- Everybody Hates You ... Crypt (Germany) CR 38, EFA 11575

30 track CD, fairly comprehensive though questionably mastered overview of activities 1977-1989. 10,000 copies.

1994- 100% Pure Beef ... Crypt (Germany) CR 1443

Compilation CD includes two Pagans songs, though unsure which ones, because the band never received a copy and only found out about it through the grapevine. Pressing unknown but substantial.

1996- Pirate's Cove 9/24/79 ... Thermionic 001

The Pagans last seventies stand. 14 songs recorded live by Paul Marotta at the Pirate's Cove in Cleveland. For true fans only. 1000 copies.

1996- Cleveland ... So Much To Answer For ... CLE CD2B

CLE Magazine comp features ***Dead End America***., with Johnny Dromette intro, live at the Real World Nite Club, 1979, OK?

TERMINAL RECORDS DISCOGRAPHY

Way back in 1980, ex-Pagans Mike Hudson & Mick Metoff formed Terminal Records. After Drome Records had died, there were no CLE indie labels left. Terminal was started, basically, to put out their own records, and those of their friends, on the east side. All the releases had that Hi-Octane/Lo-Fi feel to them and production values as rock 'n' roll was meant to be heard. From 1980-83, they put out 5 seven-inchers and 2 elpees. ***Tommy Dark sifts thru the wreckage.***

TERM-1 THE CLOCKS - "Confidentially, Renee"/"Tick Toc Man" 7". The first release featured a bunch of Pagans, Chronics, and Invisible personnel (Mike Metoff, Dave DeLuca, Chas Smith, Titch, and Arnie) rocking out their own blend of Hey Daddy-O, Sunglasses After Dark, and a twelve pack. Mike Hudson co-wrote "Tick Toc," which is based on former-Clevelander Harlan Ellison's short story. Spooky rockasurfpsychedelia. Dig! Sex in another dimension. 'Nuff said.

TERM-2 CLEVELAND CONFIDENTIAL (THE E.P.) 7" Six bands, six songs, and a story (by Mike Hudson, on the inside sleeve.) The Clocks do a short, fast version of the Stones' "Time Is On My Side", all their own. Next, The Impalers, who were Charlie Ditteaux on bass (later member of Easter Monkeys and Knifedance), Scruffs Suicide (now Jimmy) on vocals and abuse, Guy on drums, and guitar? Your guess is as good as mine. They went through guitar players like six packs. "Hit & Run" lives up to its title with the band warming up the engine and you hanging on for dear life. The Invisibles aka Bernie And The Invisibles, a unique 3-pc, with a little live recording right off someone's boom box entitles "Eventually." Bernie (Joelson, guitar & vocals) and the boys (Titch on bass, and Peter Ball—best known for putting on a private 4th of July party in a Bratenahl mansion where The Cramps and Pere Ubu played—drums) give us the meaning of life. Side two begins with a soundboard recording of the Pagans doing "1979" (better known as "Real World" and "Cleveland Confidential") 'cuz remember The West Side Is The Best Side. The Broncos, who were really the Broncs, do a little pop punk number "TKO" based on the movie "Little Darlings," and then the AK47's, featuring original Pagans vocalist Robert Conn and then-Mogoloid mag editor Larry Lewis (guitar) hit us with "Accident", a classic right up there with the Eels' "Agitated."

TERM-3 THE BRONCS "Tele-K-Killing"/"Reason To Whine"/"Part Of The Problem" 7" E.P. After the Pagans called it quits, Tim Allee teamed up with Keith Matic (really Larry Lewis) to give us these two sockin' pop numbers and droning hangover.

TERM-4 LES RAVING SOUNDS "Earth Boy Dream Of April"/ "Angela"/ "Empty Bottles (Close The Door)"/ "Treat Her Right" 7" E.P. The most mysterious release on Terminal. Home-made newspaper sleeves with the letters LRS spray painted on them, no info at all, and just an insert of a drawing with the band's name on the label. The players: Mike Hudson on vocals, Mick Metoff on guitar, Charlie Ditteaux on bass, Chas Smith on keys, Pete Haskins on Sax, Nick Knox on drums (there was a report of Nick outside Bleeker Bob's record store in NY tearing up an advertisement for the reocrd featuring his name on it, plus he only played on "Earth Boy", leaving Mike's little sister Linda to finish the job on skins.) It's believed that they opened for the Easter Monkeys once. Probably the rarest release in the Terminal catalog.

TERM-5 THE DEFNICS "51%"/"Hello From Berlin" 7" Black boots, lether jackets, blue jeans, beer, the Defnics. Two smokin' tunes. Pure punk rock energy with plenty of attitude. Played a high school dance and countless Clevo dives. Robert Conn on vocals and rhythm guitar, Bob Sablack on Lead guitar, Johnny Korosec on drums (later in The Plague) and Brandon Zart on bass.

TERM-6 CLEVELAND CONFIDENTIAL (THE L.P.) 12" Mike Hudson hits a chord, clears his throat, and it all kicks in with his friends The Womanhaters on "Cry 816". The Easter Monkeys polish it off with "Cheap Heroin", an epic droned-out jam that sounds like it was recorded on another planet (even blew out the board at the end of this gem). In between, there's more from the Pagans, Defnics, Invisibles, Styrenes, Offbeats, a very young Dark, Keith Matic, Severe (feat. Tim Allee), Lab Rats, John Lovsin, even Dave E. came out of hiding for this with The Jazz Destroyers. The whole thing rocks!

TERM-7 THE PAGANS L.P. 12" Dubbed "The Pink Album" because of its color. The Pagans reform without Tim or Brian and add Robert Conn (bass), Bob Richey (drums) and Chas Smith (kybds). Recorded absolutely live in the Spring of 83. Reissued on Treehouse and now Crypt.

IF it ever emerges, here is the tracklist for "Ubu Dance Party," DATA5CD, the great lost Pere Ubu tribute collection.

CD 1
1-Oxymorons-"Honeymoon"
2-Gary Lou Pico-"We Have The Technology"
3-Puff Tube-"I Will Wait"
4-Revellers-"Heaven"
5-Blue-"30 Seconds Over Tokyo"
6-Cobra Verde-"Chinese Radiation"
7-Haynes Boys-"Kathleen"
8-Syrup-"On The Surface"
9-Vivians-"Codex"
10-Clay-"George Had A Hat"
11-Muzzle-"Bus Called Happiness"
12-Campfire Walkers-"Modern Dance"
13-Steamshovel-"Caligari's Mirror"
14-Sosumi-"Humor Me"
15-Flaming Telepath-"Non Alignment Pact"
16-Dock Ellis-"Laughing"
17-Supie T-"Jones" (ABOUT Ubu, not Ubu song.)

CD 2
1-Cage-"Goodnight Irene"
2-Wax Tadpole-"Turpentine"
3-Scrawl-"Go"
4-Rainy Day Saints-"Heart Of Darkness"
5-Braniac-"Petrified"
6-Skullbank-"Streetwaves"
7-Quazimodo-"Non Alignment Pact"
8-New Bomb Turks-"Life Stinks"
9-G Spot Tornados-"Come Home"
10-Kaj Mi Nuka-"New Broom"
11-Creature-"Heaven"
12-Satellites-"Real World"
13-Ass Ponys-"Not Happy"
14-RC Mob-"My Dark Ages"
15-Pet UFO-"Race The Sun"
16-One Riot One Ranger-"Cloud 149"
17-Girly Machine-"Misery Goats"
18-Honk, Wail, And Moan-"Thoughts Go By Steam"
19 Gem-"Blow Daddy-O"
20-Gaunt-"..." (ABOUT Ubu, not Ubu song.)

Dutch East is supposed to do US distribution. Don't hold yur breath.

CARCRASH!

CLEVELAND'S NEWEWST MONEY PIT

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Gem Sheep b/w Smiling All The While

Poem Rocket Into the Aether ep

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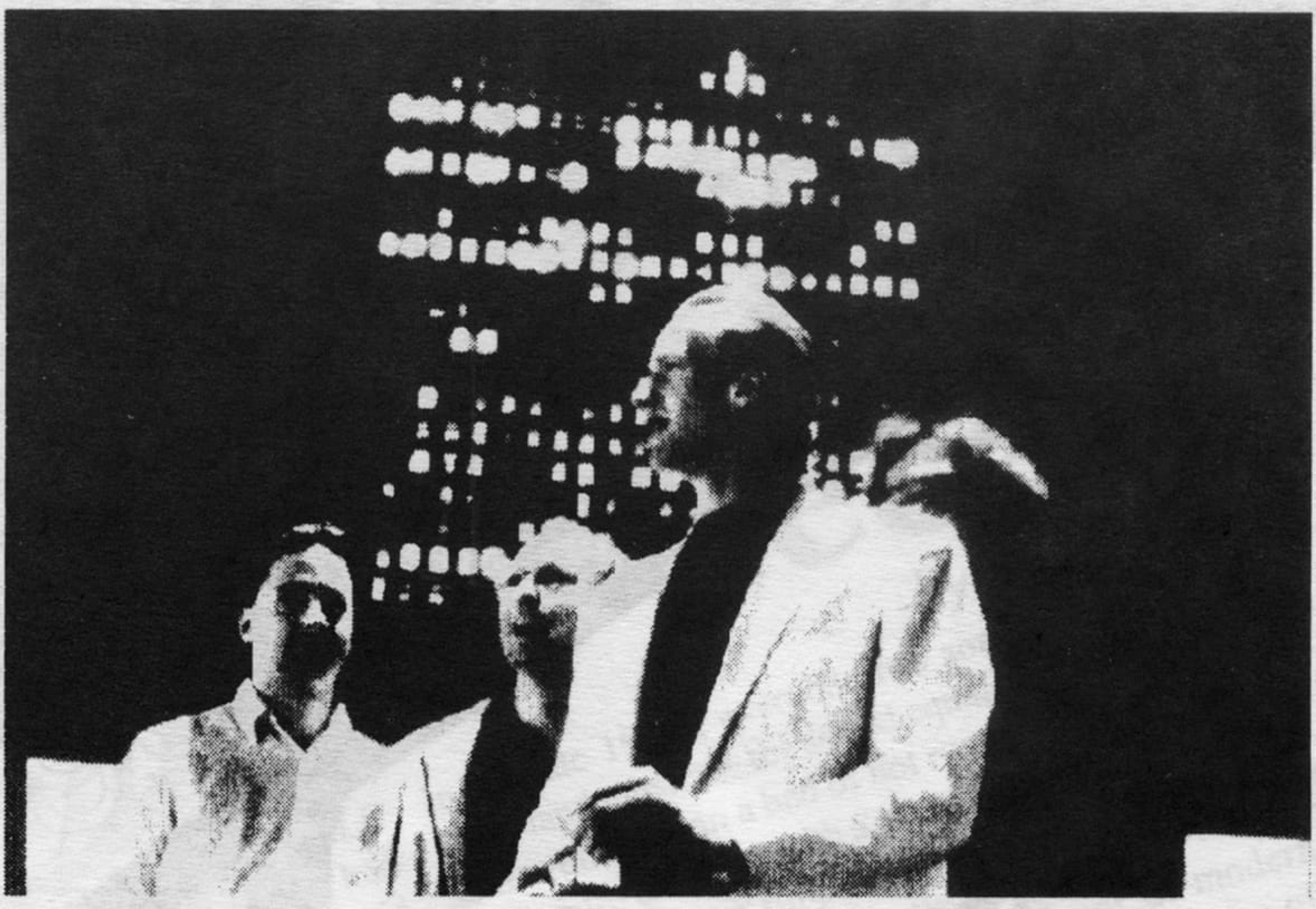
Music all of a sudden . . .

Jason Pettigrew released the latest single from Prisonshake, JimJimmyJimJim on his label Carcrashh. Some may perceive this printed conversation with 'shake majordomo Robert Griffin as a conflict of interest, but in a world where Bob Guccione Jr. can write the bio for the new Kiss album and slap them on the cover of SPIN, we figured this wouldn't harm civilization as we know it. Griffin has designed a lot of the artwork on the records he puts out, so CLE told Pettigrew to focus on the premises of Art vs. Rock and/or Rock as Art. Surprisingly, the obstinate bastard paid attention to us.

prisonshake



P-shake impersonating Cluster
© 1990 Candace Vickers

CLE: You've bought a lot of records in your life. Have you ever bought a record solely based on what the cover looked like?

Robert Griffin: Bought it? No. Examined it closely, yes. I remember fifteen years ago seeing Savage Republic records and being totally mystified by them. They looked really cool but I didn't know what the fuck it was so I didn't buy it. Once I found out Savage Republic were a good thing, then I bought it. Records are more of a consumer good now than they ever were, like lipstick or a pair of shoes, a video, whatever. I don't think there's the same sort of Valhalla associated with buying records these days. I think a lot of that has to do with the fact they aren't records anymore; they're CDs.

CLE: Say you were a guy working a straight job in a skyscraper. On the weekend, you go to the record store and plunk down your $15.98 for a disc. What should you, as a consumer, expect?

RG: I think you should get what's appropriate. People don't seem to see it that way. People get bummed out when they don't get an eight-page booklet in their CD, despite the fact that that the only time they open the booklet is when they've first bought it. It's like bitching about a 31-minute disc. I say it's better to have ten good songs than have to skip every fourth song. Limitations are good.

CLE: Has there been anything that you could endorse from a design point of view?

RG: Design in general is at an all time low in this country. Everything looks like shit. The only interesting things are the tiny labels releasing records in very small runs with handmade covers. At least there's some sort of texture there that's interesting. As for four color process, it's all crap.

CLE: Should the cover art reflect the content of the release? Does art imitate rock?

RG: It should be representative to some degree. It's nice to have the cover reflect what you are buying. It seems that there's this trend to ape the surface character of something that is completely nostalgic, whether it's Quentin Tarrentino being a clod with Pulp Fiction or everybody in the world aping every Blue Note sleeve ever designed. The reason the Blue Note sleeves are great is because they reflected the action and spontaneity in the music. I don't think that applies to Titanic Love Affair. I think that Cobra Verde's Sub Pop single is one of the greatest things they've done, but that Gary Panter artwork is complete garbage.

CLE: Yeah! I love Gary Panter but... yeah, it's pretty terrible.

RG I hate to be a curmudgeon about it, but it's a combination of the advent of the computer and people who don't think about what they are doing before they turn it on. He's gonna hate me for saying it but John Thompson did fucking awesome stuff on those early Pere Ubu covers and the Pagans singles. But that Pagans CD he designed on Crypt? Burn your copy of photoshop, guy! It's hideous!

CLE: Does your visual aesthetic apply to the music? Is there a connection?

RG: The thing I m trying to do visually with the band is this: We're a rock band and we tend to represent extremes within our music that are either off the wall or straight-ahead, nasty rock stuff, or whatever. And I think all our design stuff should be black and white. There's no room for colors in Prisonshake. Black and white is rock and roll. There's not a lot of softness in our music. It doesn t seem right for [the artwork] to be in color.

CLE: So what's the next Prisonshake record going to look like?

RG: We're all gonna wear glasses. All of us wear glasses except me, and Enkler refuses to wear his in public.

CLE: So you're going to look like the back of the last Blur album?

RG: No, we re gonna look like the back cover of *No New York*.

Jason Pettigrew is senior editor at Alternative Press and runs Carcrashh Records.

HOTEL
GRAND
BAR
LOUNGE
O'MALL

Here's an image that many Clevelanders might relate to. Alcohol-bloated Jack Kerouac spent his last years sprawled on mom's couch, gettin' up only to piss, get beer, change channels, or paint. Daddy-o of the beats, king of the subterraneans, Kerouac abandoned all but journal-entry prose and personal poetry to paint. Weirder than this was the gallery macabre strewn throughout his house — portraits of puffy dead popes and maudlin saints. Mom's dead, mere est mort, I'm gonna die, some asshole drove all the way from fucking Cleveland to wake me up for an autograph! Contemptuous of the movements and pop bards he spawned, the recluse sank deeper into his French Canadian Catholic roots, and married the twin ghouls of booze and the confessional—guilt and remorse. Poor Jack, alas, poor Kerouac.

the forgotten decade

by Dave DeLuca

Slow death was what most of the countless original CLE bands suffered through in the 1980s. But if Jack K had spent his creative prime in Cleveland back then, he would have shot drano in his veins. Original Cleveland music was ignored by all but a few. The big indie-label (Sire, Stiff, etc.) infrastructure had collapsed after Ubu, Devo, the Dead Boys and a few others got their fifteen minutes of fame. But the bands of the eighties had a panache for survival, and the forgotten decade created its own turf and venues. They pioneered college radio and live studio broadcasts, almost-personal labels, and a tour network created cold from dire necessity. There was even a scene in cool old bars like Otto Moser's and the 2300 Club, shared by disparaging but interconnected cliques. So a few of us prima donnas blew ourselves to death on mom's couch. Most of us kept keepin' on, one way or another, for our own reasons.

Many of us who endured the 1980s whup ourselves for not playing that important gig, not following through with the next recording—even when the previous ones lost money. Our walls are covered with BIG SUCK raves from around the world, not dead popes, like Jack's. Still the 1980s were Cleveland's 'near occasion of sin', leaving us with only an almost undocumented, undiscovered mother lode of uniquely Cleveland bands. There are too many genres, too much eclecto to duck march. I'm not going to even touch on Metal—save that for a future CLE. The trait that the bands presented here shared was an ability to make you sit up and say 'Yeah! That's it!' And that 'that' was--the performance was as important as the material, and the material often blended humor with scary atmospherics.

In the late 1990s, everyone has some misconception of Cleveland music — the sound equals the town, industrial sonics/phonics on a bed of hot rustbelt decay. I was going to intro this story with a quote from German industro-gothic band Die Krupps, after a show at the Phantasy, on Cleveland cable access tv. "Ja, it's great to be in Cleeflant, home of Pere Ubu, creator of modern industro musick." Jawohl. I also had a scene of Kevin Seconds of the band 7 Seconds, in his trailer in Reno, a very hick musicale, listening to Ubu, the Dead Boys, and the Pagans, telling me how it saved him. Dead End America for goal-motivation therapy.

But nobody bought into Cleveland's mythos more than her own homies, the bands that came after the 'first wave.' And nobody was more naive when it came to believing the mythos was an ongoing reality.

The 80s were a definitive decade for the music BIZ. The late 70s had exploded with quirky, unique homemade music, geared to like-minded weirdos. Regional sounds appeared/disappeared. It was like jazz, or blues, or rock even exploding into mass cultcha. But for monolithic commercial radio and The BIZ, rock is a disposable commodity. As disposable as "bubblegum" music was to 60s a.m. listeners, "progressive" f.m. radio by the late seventies had become An Industry, and they were firmly ignoring the threat of 'new wave.' Playlists were never going to feature the cultural dark side of Pere Ubu, as surely as they had stonewalled the Stooges or the Velvets before them. The BIZ may like to give the impression that it seeks diversity, but too genuine a product is tough to market. And this myopic M.O.—pushing the tried and true (tired and false) keeps the corporate chicanery running smoothly. Pay no attention to that man behind the curtain.

Bands want contracts because it means more exposure and money. Usually, neither materialize. In the early 80s, the BIZ seemed like the only way, but the most important market force, the big indie label, that bastion of progressive and esoteric sounds, was smashed like a Lucky Strike on a urinal cake. Sorry. Anyway, all those distributorships and production entities were hist.

But all that happened at the tail-end of the 70s, when according to the BIZ, the (original, local) punk/new wave craze had peaked. In reality it had barely begun.

Because of the 'first wave,' 80s CLE bands faced the world with some notoriety, but no real platform to move things from. That structure had vaporized. Whether what happened fits with some '1984 is real' scenario, or just another depressing development in American business trends doesn't matter. The early 80s left Cleveland's underground bands wondering what they could do to become successful in original music. If they were going to break out and be heard, they were going to have to take indie-ness even further than punk did.

In 1980, I was in a band called the Clocks (aka Radio Alarm Clocks). I had previously been in a band called The Chronics. All of the members' former bands would have been called punk, for convenience. All would now be considered punk, via steeped, crusty ignorance. But "punk" was more an attitude than a style of music. Of the bands residing in Cleveland at that time, only the Pagans, endlessly rediscovered by generations from Shinjiku to Smolensk to Santiago De ... sounded it. And they were certainly among the best "punk." But, in 1980, The BIZ hadn't developed their "alternative" marketing strategy. The Clocks, like many other Cleveland bands of that time, were eclectic as hell. The 'alt' clans mixed; sure, poser/artsy/winners/weiners made ya gag, but the base was broadening. New sounds were bubbling in the pot. The Clocks borrowed sensibilities from the Cramps, Ubu, Devo, even Dead Boys (local heroes), but we weren't derivative, we just paid homage to our regional roots. Most critics who heard us said we reminded them of the Chocolate Watch Band. Stylistically, we were all over the place.

The Clocks, 1981: Dave DeLuca, Chas Smith, Titch, & Mike Metoff/Les Raving.

If you were a Cleveland musician at the beginning of the eighties, you were either in a bar band—making money playing covers (though the Wild Giraffes seemed to be doing it with original retro-pop; and Lucky Pierre was winning fans over by infusing British weirdness into catchy songs), or you were in an 'art band'; ie meticulous with performance details but lax on chops, and unable to do anything but record and release 'interesting' stuff.

Generally speaking, Cleveland's a very mainstream town. The status of Ubu and Devo hadn't made it any easier to gig regularly. The trads in Cleveland were Raspberries/Choir-ish Anglophiles and the rehearsal 'Rock and roll, yeah!' grinder *Light Of Day* types. We weirdos relied on clubs that invented themselves to keep pace with the new originals.

Venues like the Pirate's Cove (now Peabody's Downunder), The Warehouse (now a Flats strip club), the Agora (for opening slots) and its basement venue, The Pop Shop, The Phantasy (the re-inherited first wave's Real World), and Tucky's (in the pre-gentrified Warehouse District) made it easy for early-80s bands to keep on gigging. Along with those clubs taking risks, and the historical backdrop of Ubu and others, a different way of listening and interpreting helped create the 'second wave.' There was suddenly an awareness of our own sonic atmosphere.

Creaky, Cleveland sounds of tugboats pulling freighters up river, big blast furnaces (the Flats was still an industrial wasteland in those days), a Polish wedding spilling onto the street, people selling fruit barking unitel crypto lingo against the canvas of stacks and mills ... the stuff we saw, heard, smelled every day. These were, no doubt, the same touchstones many of the 'first wave' of Cleveland experimentalists took with them to New York, where they were being incorporated into the expressive musical architectures of bands like DNA, Teenage Jesus, the Contortions, Bush Tetras, and others. To hell with whiteboy next-Liverpool posing! This is m-m-m-my t-t-town. Even more American revolutionary, when we looked back, we looked to Beefheart, Frank and the Mothers, the Velvets, Dolls, Stooges, Hank Williams SR, Dick Dale, Charlie Feathers, Howlin' Wolf, Roky Erickson. Them's all 'merican, buddy!

By 1980, the business of music had come a long way from the days of Buddy Holly, when you could walk into a radio studio and get instant feedback, even instant fame. While the 70s saw a minor interest in new local originals, even among some WMMS types, when the 80s started, most had gone back to being locked into marketing scams. All we heard on network radio was a return to second gen fartings from old windbags. Who wanted to hear Pete Townsend's limp white blues before bic-flicking morons? Our heroes were on college radio. Maybe, we thought, we should be, too.

When Larry Collins put together the first Studio-A-Rama for WRUW, the Clocks were there. We also did other live broadcasts, and the cassettes from these few shows became underground gold. It was novel as hell to be able to hear one of your local fave groups and tape them On Air. Cleveland had been doing this occasionally early-on, but now this trend escalated, at various points turning into weekly broadcasts.

The Clocks put out an album, *Wake Me When It's Over* on Randy Meggitt's After Hours Records. The three most important Cleveland indie labels of the 80s were After Hours, St. Valentine's, and Herb Jackson.

By the time the Clocks album was in the can, I was gone. I decided I was going to follow the underground railroad (Cleveland exodus) to New York, to sell my science-fiction/satire, and play with newer, nicer friends. I played one gig. I didn't sell the book, though I learned how to write one, maybe. Mostly I worried about getting scrap wood from the vacant lot across 266 Bowery, Blondie's old loft, where I lived in squalor. Still, I didn't want to go back. Once I hosted some Pagans, when one of their incarnations played CBGB, right across the street. Meanwhile, the Easter Monkeys were crunching out "Underpants" in an old downstairs apartment, below the home of Char Rao and Les Ravings, in CLE.

Easter Monkeys

It was 1981. Chris and I were sitting around my apartment, pounding a few beers, but other than that, without all that much to do. At the point of boredom, I remembered that a friend of mine, as a souvenir of a recent trip to Baltimore, had gotten me Edith Massey's home phone number. She was fronting a punk band at this time. We thought it would be a good idea to call her and see if she was coming to Cleveland and if we could get Chris' new band a slot on the bill. During the course of a rambling, yet pleasant conversation with the old girl ("You know me, hon, I'm just a regular chatterbox!") I got around to asking her about Chris' band. "They're called the Easter Monkeys", I told her. "What was that, son?" she asked. "Easter Monkeys", I repeated. She cackled softly under her breath and exclaimed in her inimitable Ballmerr drawl, "That's a *good* one, hon!"

The core of the Monkeysound was Jimmy Jones. Jimmy's got a real Cleveland pedigree, having been associated with both the Mirrors and Electric Eels during the mid 70s pre-punk watershed years, as well as sound man and roadie during the Ubu tours when the spit really hit the fan. I knew Jimmy mostly, though, as the guy who worked at Record Rendezvous on Prospect, who nearly never steered me wrong on a buy, whether it was new vinyl or a nickel bag. Jimmy's encyclopedic knowledge of music is, I believe, the greatest

Band On A Haunted Hill

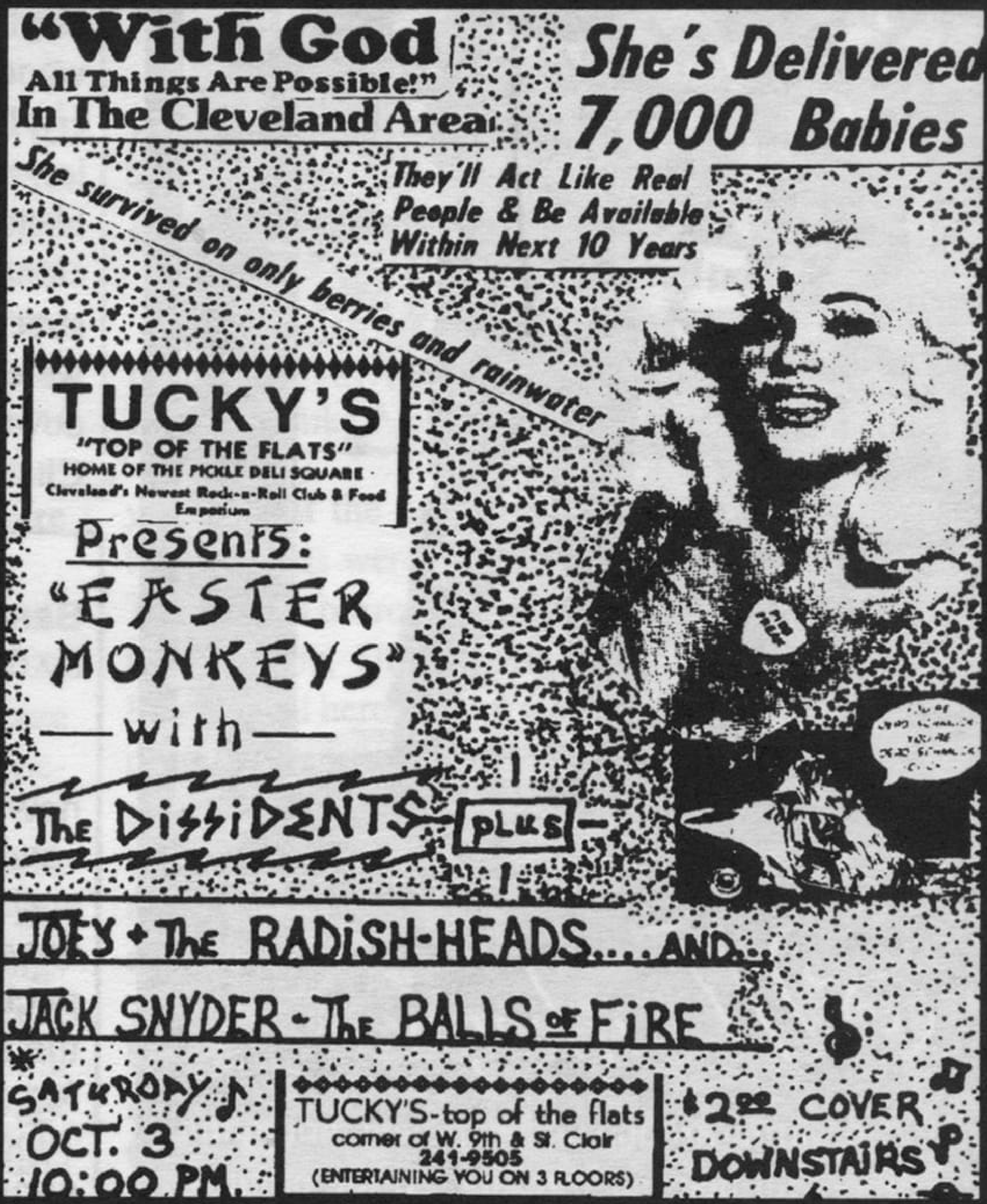
by Christopher Yarmock

Clouds circled the planet ... a new moon held up the night ... a black velvet room ... Cats peeked from behind walls ... Beers were opened ... Fire in the basement ... Quaaludes crumbled in my pocket ... Marijuana/cigarette laughs in the air ... amps on full force ... Feedback fed on feedback ... Pills were popped ... Jungle drums pulled us together ... First song: Zip Me Up ... Mike Hudson's drunken laughter ... second song: Newspaper Mouth ... Monster bass lines ... Swallowing glass vocals ... Neighbors cringe in terror ... Third song: I Ain't You/ I Hate You ... Jayne Mansfield's corpse turns to dust ... Aimless noise jams ... Beers are spilled ... Fourth song: Camera Fo' ... Turn Blue ... Stay sick ... Smash glass ... Ghoulardi's on and he's waitin' up for you ... It all ends in chaos and laughter ... Oh yeah, the Easter Monkeys had their first practice.

Chris Yarmock was a founding member of the Kneecappers, the Easter Monkeys, and author of two books of poetry — Reflections Through A Shot Glass and Prospect Avenue Mofo And Other Works.

contributing factor to his skronk. He can filter Richard Thompson thru Blue Cheer or vice versa, and wring out a completely new sound; a high-end elegance with sawteeth. At the bottom of it all were Charlie Ditto and Linda Hudson, he of the three string minimalism, she of the four on the floor animalism and, as sibling to Mike and Brian Hudson, a dubious pedigree all her own.

I saw nearly every show the Monkeys played around that time, but to tell you the truth, I'm a little foggy on most of the individual performances. What I remember better are certain moments, that when strung together, etch sort of a "Best Of The Easter Monkeys *LIVE*" into my acid-ravaged memory. Mr. Chris on his knees at the Pop Shop, surrounded by wadded up Scene magazines, voraciously stuffing handfuls of the beer-sotted skankozine into his mouth. Turning shades of red, he's trying to spit out: "*YOU AIN'T NUFFIN BA A NESFAFER MOUF!*" Meanwhile, little plastic angels sit on his shoulders and pray that no harm or crappy drugs befall him. I'm at the bar around the corner now and can't even see them, but Jimmy's left hand becomes elastic and reaches around the partition and squeezes my head between his fingers and the fretboard while his right hand performs a masterful whangbar incision around my cranium. I am *cranked*. My friend Becky whispers in my ear, "Take two, *I* did."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I do, and suddenly it's Halloween. Maybe at Tucky's. Maybe not. The reason I *think* it's Halloween is because Charlie is singing "My Baby Digs Graveyards" and his face seems to be painted like a skull and his bones are glowing through his skin. This is a test on my grip of the here and now because Charlie looks like that anyhow. Little miss Hudson melts before me in a pool of sweat, her drumsticks ruby red slippers in an Oz-like puddle of goo at the back of the stage. I think I'm gonna heave, but a familiar voice brings me back to the bondage seats at the bar. "Take twelve, *I* did." *Dow* dow dow *dow* dow dow *NAILED TO THE CROSS!!*

Next thing I remember is the Polish Library Hall on the South Side. A lot of yer art geeks and gentrifiers call it Tremont these days, but back then the South Side was drippin'; real streets for real people, and harder to find than now. Mr. Chris. was sporting one of those famous doos that had earned him the moniker of "Mr." Not quite a mo*hawk*, more of a mo*fo*, but, at any rate, the best darned haircut a guy on acid and phenobarbital could give himself. Anyway, the band is calling it a short set tonite. After an electrifying performance featuring numerous gators and rare full Yarmocks, Mr. Chris is buns-up kneeling in the middle of the stage, passed-out mid-moon, still sucking up beer and stage slop through his nose, seemingly oblivious to the wash of feedback crashing down upon him as the rest of the Monkeys leave the building. As I help Chris off the stage, I tell him he's done good and pour him onto a folding chair next to the bar. He'll sit there the rest of the night with a beautiful shit-eatin' grin, secure in the knowledge that tonight he *Entertained*. Everyone, except for the guy whose amp he's fucked up, is amused. "Take thirty six .... "*DOW* DOW DOW*DOW*DOWDOW!!

Finally, I'm sitting in a comfy chair in the living room of a house at 32nd and Perkins. This is where the Monkeys lived, well, two of 'em anyway. They also rehearsed there, and folks were welcome to stop by and observe the proceedings. I'd hang for a little while and then book for the bowling alley if things got too noisy or we ran out of beer. There was no substitute for being in the same room with these guys. Perkins or the Agora, it didn't matter. As good a document as the *Splendor Of Sorrow* is, it never really captures the power and electricity of the *true* Monkeyshines on a good LOUD night, a ramshackle stumble through "Ball and Chain" or the *real* horror of the Chris-O-Phone just as the drugs kick in.

The house is gone now, so's the Agora, bulldozed years ago along with a couple other places where Chris has lived or worked, as well as the hospital he was born in. Structural urban decay: it's something the Monkeys spoke to. In the archaeology of rock and roll, Monkeyfossils remain to reveal at least a few hints at some of the shining moments of a time, a city, a *civilization*, whose greatest salutation was "Stay Sick".

Gary Lupico

Immediately after the break-up of the Clocks, Chas Smith (our keyboard player), and Mike Metoff (our guitarist) had started Les Raving Sounds, with lots of surfy, psychedelic, chunky, hooky choons. Mike Hudson, of Pagans fame, handled the vocals. The Les Ravings project, however, was a far stretch from the blasting punk rock days of The Pagans. This was a return to the early feel of their pre-Pagans roots, a rhythm and blues core, influenced by all the forms they'd been working in. Sometimes fast and raucous (Earth Boy, Treat Her Right), sometimes slow and bluesy ballads (Angela), a four song EP capturing all of Les Ravings' whiteboy blues-based ethos came out on Terminal (their rarest release.)

Chas Smith: "It was one of those states of flux — 1982. A time between bands when you start pick-up projects like kids pick-up baseball teams on Sunday. I had just put The Clocks away. Mike Metoff had been in The Clocks with me. Mike Hudson was itching to work with Metoff (a/k/a Tommy Gun, now carrying the moniker Les Ravings) again after their experience in the Pagans. I played my encrusted Farfisa on this project, along with one of the best hardwired noisemakers ever—a Maxi Korg analog synth. Mike M. played guitar and Hudson--with his buzz-saw rasp--sang, and may have even laid in some guitar. Some, if not all, of the Les Raving EP was recorded in my basement apartment on an 8-track reel-to-reel. Cases strewn on the bed, we set up wherever we could, careful not to strangle or injure ourselves on all the booms and stands and amps. It all got mixed later at a friend's studio on E. 185th. Basically, we just sat-up, started the tape, and off we went ... 1,2,3,4. It was all very crude, but cool ... just like the days when I was getting thrown out of bars for playing Velvet Underground and NY Dolls songs when I wasn't old enough to be in there in the first place. Rock 'n Roll."

Les Ravings was a very short-lived project, dissipating almost instantly. Hudson and Metoff revived the Pagans for a little while, and Chas even joined in for a bit, but the Pagans split up again when Mike Metoff got a call from his cousin, Nick Knox, to join The Cramps in LA.

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Poverty in New York is hard, and though I liked being New York tough, I was getting too desensitized, too gotham-brained. Around '83, I headed for home. Despite good reviews and distribution (I'd seen it in NY), The Clocks album had barely sold.

The Cleveland scene had changed. Some of the old 80s crew were still a force, but the crowds had gotten younger. "Hardcore" was on the rise. California bands like Black Flag were stopping in Cleveland at the Pop Shop, and their influence was being felt in new bands that were cropping up. Punk was being replaced by a more violent American translation of this Brit-oid form. Now, instead of pogoing up

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Cruisin' On The Cutting Edge Of Cool

Forgotten Decade?/Frustrated Decade

Dave DeLuca called me up and asked me to write something about the Forgotten Decade, because I used to go see his band The Clocks and had fond memories of them. It's now 1996 and 'punk rock' and 'alternative rock' are everywhere, yet many of the bands who pioneered that sound are nowhere to be found. If you were in a band ten years ago, or used to make the "scene", I suppose it's easy to get pissed when you see some lame-assed band on MTV playing some silly rock, a goofy three chord tune like the ones you used to write, only all your songs ever got you were a Tuesday night gig at Diversions.

Sure, it's easy to get pissed, but why bother? There are some fun alternative rock bands, and they make a great diversion from Michael Jackson. Yes, Rancid are the Clash, but the Clash haven't wanted to be the Clash for a long time now, and somebody needs to do the job. It's easy to get pissed-off, but let's remember the real reason your band/fanzine/label went nowhere. It's because you stopped trying. Alcohol, drugs, and marriage—the three curses of any rock band. Oh yeah, that rock star attitude didn't help either.

In the eighties, everyone loved to bitch about WMMS, and especially Kid Leo. He was the antichrist of Cleveland underground rock. An easy way to start a conversation at the Pop Shop was to say something the equivalent of "WMMS sucks." Well, it did, but WMMS's lame playlist alienated a lot of people and helped steer them to a different medium. That was new-music oriented, local-band friendly, college radio.

Cleveland college radio picked up a lot of steam in the eighties, thanks in part to the Buzzards' bad taste. Thanks to them, you had a chance of being heard by potential club goers, because these people were going out of their way to tune in college radio.

I can't help but think that today's music scene is way more interesting than the early eighties. While it's true that there are a lot of derivative bands out there, there are also some pretty cool combos; you just have to shop around for good entertainment values. The seventies/eighties gave us bands like Pere Ubu, Devo, and The Clocks, who were highly entertaining and unique. There were also some pretty sad groups like Berlin and the Wild Giraffes. Proto punkers the Monitors were just as derivative 15 years ago as Green Day is today.

In the eighties, if you wanted to go out and make the scene, you had your choice of a handful of bars. There was no alternative disco, there was no Blockbuster, there were only 4 or 5 quasi-cool bars to congregate at. There were also a lot fewer bands, so if you had a decent band playing original music, you could attract a nice crowd. People would come to your gig, though not necessarily to see your band. That meant bands like The Wild Giraffes and Lucky Pierre were actually making more money than the bands on the circuit today. The Adults could make $600 to $800 on a Saturday night. It wasn't until 1987 that the drinking age was raised, so it was easier to get kids to go to your gigs. To summarize my point, bands had it easier in the eighties, did less, and complained more. I don't want to read Steve Wainstead lionizing the Electric Eels and somehow equating that those were the good old days. I have a copy of the Electric Eels CD and it sounds like crap. I know they didn't have any money when they recorded it, but it was released in the mid-eighties. Whoever put it out was too lazy to re-record it. I'm sure that individual somehow managed to blame Kid Leo for the piss poor sound quality. Blaming the corporate powers that be was and is a poor excuse for putting out shoddy stuff.

Thinking back to the early eighties brings out a flood of frustrating memories, but there are some good ones as well. Going to see the Ramones and watching people pogo. A far cry from the dope smoking, sedated stadium-concerts of the seventies. Listening to college radio, especially WRUW's live broadcasts of local and national bands. It was cool to have a tape of a local band back then. I have other fond memories of that timeframe, but they seem tame by today's comparisons. It's hard to convey the excitement of seeing people dressed in old suits and cheesy leopardskin tops, you'd think I was talking about a Pat Benatar concert. Mostly, I was impressed to hear rock music that was alive and vital, angry and noisy and totally irreverent.

Malcolm Ryder

pic: Wainstead

☝ Malcolm Ryder is the founder of Synthetic Records, a late-80s/early-90s Cle independent label, and the singer for Sosumi. He now hosts "the Psychic Shopping Club" on Cleveland public access cable television.

and down, you slammed into each other. These were the beginning days of "the pit". My dear, how these modern dances change so quickly.

Friday nights at the Pop Shop were becoming hardcore events, though non-hc bands were still playing there regularly, too, often sharing the bill. Saturdays were METAL, and the two camps had begun spilling over into each other. The home of the local hardcore following, however, was a tiny dive perched at the top edge of the Flats--called the Lakefront. Sharing a blighted strip with two gay bars, a bathhouse, and abandoned warehouse space that the previous generation of Cleveland bands had used for rehearsal studios, a new contingent of young, raw bands were were flocking there ... kids who'd discovered the LA punk scene and were busy creating their Cleveland translation of it. By late '83, a seemingly endless supply of bands were playing the Lakefront, sometimes four or five night. Bands like the Offbeats, Idiot Humans, The Guns, Zero Defex, Agitated, Defnics,

Tom Dark: The Dark Side Of The Eighties

"My first band, The Decapitators, practiced five months to play a church rec center. We went wild at that gig, dove into folding chairs, the stadium-rock Shaker kids never saw anything like it. We did Crime, Germs, Pagans, Ramones covers, some originals. Naturally, we broke up after the gig. I was just entering 10th grade. It was 1980.

All our after school job money went into records and fanzines, down at the Drome or Record Rendezvous. It was exciting to blow a hundred bucks on singles; everyone was playing out, it felt like something was really happening. We went to see free bands, sneaked into bars. I always managed to get into the Real World and the Phantasy shows. About a year after that first gig, I ran into Robert Griffin—a former Decapitator—on the rapid, and we decided to do it again. So we got my brother Scott and the late, great David Araca to form the Dark. We heard Mike Hudson was putting out the Cleveland Confidential compilation album, and we wanted to get in on it.

pic: Steve Wainstead

Tommy Dark in action.

We met Hudson and Cat City Bobby. The Pagans were like gods to us. Hudson was amazed that we were so young. We recorded at Cat City but rerecorded it at Mike Crossen's studio on E. 185th. Hudson decided to manage us. Our first show was the Cleveland Confidential benefit at Tucky's. (Tucky's, a former gay club turned "New Wave," still had Li'l Bo Poop decor, like flocked wallpaper, swings for barstools, disco lights, mirrors, etc.)

At the Cleveland Confidential gig, Linda Hudson punched me, Dave E. was fuming about his Jazz Destroyers track being on the album and punched Mike Hudson. Hudson, far too wasted, also fell down the steps while carrying amps. What sticks out most is a joyride to Perkins with the Pagans, to get equipment for the Roma Brothers, who didn't play anyway. Tim had a shot glass in one hand and was passing trucks. I was in the back seat, thinking I was going to die with The Pagans! Hudson got us gigs around northeast Ohio, but we were 12 to 15 years old and too young for most clubs. Mike was like a pimp for these exploited prostitute children, and we got a taste of what rock was really about. Our thing with Terminal Records just kind of fizzled out. That was 1981.

In '82, we were checking out hardcore gigs in Akron. Records from Black Flag, Negative Approach, and Minor Threat were getting attention. Locally, bands like the Clocks and Easter Monkeys created interest in the live music scene. But hardcore was kicking in—lots of gigs, big crowds, and lots of demo tapes from local hardcore bands. There were so many hardcore bands here, and comp albums were coming out of Boston, DC, . . . so I decided to do an album. We put together the bands, material, some benefits, raided my bank account. We called it 'The New Hope', on my own New Hope label. When it came out in '83, hardcore was mutating, and by then some of the New Hope bands were already gone. But people around the world loved 'The New Hope', and suddenly Cleveland was part of the hardcore scene. After a limited release by the band Outerwear featuring a bag of prizes, the label disappeared.

By '84, the Easter Monkeys were on their last legs. Charlie Ditto, Dave, and I started jamming, which evolved into Knifedance. Sean Sealy (Guns) was with us for awhile, then went to DC with Government Issue. I got my brother to play guitar. An album on After Hours fell through, so we released a 12" EP on our own Hit 'n Run Records, called Who Then Is Sane? (1985). We did a three week tour of the south and midwest, based on cold calls, sending promo packets to clubs in the towns we liked—no agent. Some nights we made a hundred bucks a man. We didn't like zigzagging off route, but we'd go out of the way if there was a club guarantee. Hit and Run was doing everything that agents and publicists do, for most of the late 80s.

In 1989, we did an album, Wolf Tour. I got jumped after a gig in Youngstown, and was in a walking amnesia/coma thing for awhile. I still don't remember the hospital. Even recording was weird. Jim Jones produced us. We did a tour of the south and midwest again, but a rip-off agent who was supposed to book the west left us stranded. After Sante Fe, we decided to pack it in, but did play one last gig with Nirvana, just after their Bleach album came out. Then things collapsed, even Charlie quit. We got some new guys, and practiced five nights a week, did mailings and bookings to back a tour for a new release, keeping day gigs, for eight months. When they quit, I realized I didn't want to front Knifedance with a changing parade of faces forever. My brother and I went out and got drunk.

The 1980s? Rock musicians burn out after five years if they haven't made it. The novelty wears off. Cleveland's pace is slow, bands often wait on other bands to release things. But, I've always felt, if you have a vision, why not take it to the people? Nobody's gonna come knockin' on your door. Now a lot of bands get 'deals', but their tours are to Pittsburgh and back. They get nothing. Back then, we knew it was all up to us.

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In 1994, Tom Dark founded Step Sister, with ex-members of Spike In Vain. Tom's label Hit 'n Run also released two books by Chris Yarmock, and records by the The Vivians, Easter Monkeys, and Craw.

Urban Mutants, and The Plague were busy thrashing the house.

This scene was providing an intersection for a variety of distinctly different cliques—hardcore kids from the affluent Shaker Heights area, old-school Cleveland punkers drawn to the energy, and a new force from the south-west Parma 'burbs, who began reporting/documenting what was happening on a monthly basis, through their xerox zine Negative Print.

By late '84, the onslaught of new bands had continued with Children's Crusade, Zombie Nun, Shadow Of Fear, terrible parade, The Reactions, Diffi Cult, Jippo, Pestilence, Oral Authority, Riot Architecture, Suburban Decay, Blue Elevators, Faith Academy, Clinical Brain Death, Lurid, and others all playing either the Lakefront or the Pop Shop (though not all of these bands were "hardcore").

There was a lot of interaction between Cleveland, Akron, and Kent musicians during this phase. By 1984, Kent's Ragged Bags could be seen in Cleveland as much—if not more—than their own home town. Death Of Samantha, Spike In Vain, and others were heading down to JB's in Kent on a regular basis. The most notable Cleveland releases of this period are the compilation albums The New Hope ('83) and They Pelted Us With Rocks And Garbage ('85).

While some of these new bands, like The Dark, had embraced the lineage of Cleveland bands before them, a new generation, drawn to the scene though the California hardcore trend, rejected their ancestors outright. Much of this movement became insular, derivative, and downright narrow-minded when it came to our local boils who actually did their musical homework. But listening to the New Hope and Rocks And Garbage comps, there's no denying the local originality in this derivative form. Right in the middle of some thrash riff, you'll hear Les Paul, or echoes of the Pagans, or even some Ubu weirdness, or Tin Huey. The Guns, The Dark (later Knifedance), and Starvation Army were arguably some of the best bands of the genre—anywhere. Still, dey got no respect, like the rest, in a scene growing ever more fragmented.

***

LAKEFRONT

THE LAKEFRONT

by Jim Krane

It's a steamy summer night in 1983, and I'm at the Lakefront bar. It's a long, cavernous place with a high tin ceiling, a musty beer-and-butt smell, and a jukebox that alternates between Junior Walker's "Shotgun" and the Gap Band's "You Dropped The Bomb On Me." There's a row of drunks lined up on stools at the front, and Pete, the bald-headed tender, is trading Stroh's longnecks for dollar bills.

The stage sits in back, hemmed in by three walls covered in graffiti, a good portion of which I painted—including the name and tongue-in-cheek handsign of my band Jippo. (Actually, that's a year later.)

It's a roasting night down in the empty warehouse district, and the Lakefront's front and side doors are open to let in the outside air. There's a hardcore punk band on stage, blazing away with the mechanized fury of a jackhammer. The cacophony tumbles into West 9th Street. Nobody cares, because there ain't shit happening in the warehouse district—or downtown Cleveland—and nobody with any sense belongs here.

Tim Kelly and I are leaning up against an inside door and eyeing the band, one of Cleveland's legion of mediocre 80s punk cranker-outters, with our usual jaded disgust. We're both 19, members of the band Starvation Army, and living on food stamps. Neither of us has the cash for a cold beer to make the night more palatable.

Luckily, Nora, the Lakefront's band booker and door watcher, always lets us in free—usually with a gaggle of friends in tow. Tim and I manage to feed our thirst through charity: cadging change and beer from other patrons, or picking up half-full beers when their owners aren't looking.

On this night, a blast of opportunity slaps our bored mugs. The door we're leaning on gives backward a bit, letting us know it's unlocked. What the heck? Let's see what's in here. We push inside without anyone noticing. I shut the door behind us. It's pitch dark; an apparently undiscovered inner chamber of the Lakefront. I grope for a match and light it. Stacked before us is pure treasure: Beer. Cases and cases of it.

Tim flips open a lid on one cardboard case, revealing four neat rows of Stroh's longnecks, gold caps gleaming under the matchlight. "They're full." We laugh greedily. I feel an inner excitement the Conquistadores must have known.

Holding matches until they burn my fingertips, we poke our way around this mysterious room, looking for a way to smuggle the beer out. What's this? A door? Tim lifts the barricade and I twist the deadbolt. It swings inward. I poke my head out. The alley behind the Lakefront lays empty and dark. The laughter of gay revelers spills over from the outdoor garden at Traxx, next door. The coast is clear.

Wordlessly, I start heaving cases of beer to Tim. He stacks them in the alley. We grab five—Stroh's and Rolling Rock. I hand him my car keys, and tell him to load up. Then, I shut the alley door and sneak back into the Lakefront, heart pounding. The band onstage blares away, the semicircle of watchers pays me no heed. I find Tom Miller and Fraser, and tell them to meet us for a "surprise party."

I dash outside and there's Tim, careening jerkily toward me in my junky yellow Toyota, a stack of boxes rising behind him in the back seat. We zoom off, shouting and laughing and guzzling warm longnecks all the way to the West Side ghetto home of Tim, Tom, Fraser, and Carl Miller—a disheveled upstairs apartment overlooking West 130th Street.

I cram the fridge full of beer. Tim fires up some Hendrix. We pop tops and kick back, waiting for the fun to start.

"This is fuckin' great," he says, plopping down into an easy chair.

"Yeah, I love this shit," says me, laying on the floor. We snicker.

An hour passes. Nobody shows up. It's only midnight. We drink more beer. I'm beginning to wish that I was back at the Lakefront.

Finally, Tom and Fraser arrive. Tim and I whoop it up a bit, opening the fridge and showing off our haul. Neither seems impressed. Tom is ornery. He yells at us for playing his stereo. He turns it off and goes to bed. Fraser, with a tattoo on his arm that reads "Straight-X Edge," doesn't drink.

Shit. This ain't no fun...

***

For a couple years, I spent almost every weekend at the Lakefront, staying till Pete threw me out at closing time. I figured-out how to play guitar at the Lakefront, and got comfortable bantering to a crowd. I learned, to my surprise (and dismay), that it's customary to tip the bartender. And, in the women's room, I learned that it's impossible to screw a girl standing up, if she keeps her pants on.

Memorable nights at the Lakefront came in intervals of three. I'd be up there rockin' away on my red Guild with, say, Jippo, and Bob Sablack would start chucking full bottles of beer at us. The bottles would smash on the back wall and we'd get sprayed with foam and shards of glass.

There was the Pink Holes gig where Cheese Borger paused to eat a dozen whole, raw eggs on stage. Cheese started picking eggs out of the carton and popping them into his mouth and crunching on the shells, bits of shell and egg slime running out his mouth and down his neck. After about four or five, Cheese stopped swallowing them and filled his maw with about six or seven crunched-up eggs. I guessed what would happen next and backed away. Sure enough, Cheese spewed the giant mouthful of egg detritus on the crowd. It looked exactly like he vomited. I was thoroughly nauseated.

Fraser "Suicide" Sims, Starvation Army's singer, was one of the true talents of the Lakefront era. As part of his frenzied stage routine, Fraser stared relentlessly into the eyes of audience members. If he noticed a group that paid no attention, he'd dive onto their table, scattering drinks and ashtrays everywhere. He terrorized many into fleeing the bar.

One legendary night in '83 he scared the whole audience—except for Bob Sablack. It was another steamy night, perfect for another over-the-top Starvation Army gig. We got to the Lakefront early, set up, and ran through our set for practice, even though Fraser hadn't arrived. After walking all the way from his dump on West 61st Street, Fraser stepped into the Lakefront to us blazing away on stage without him.

He later said he was scared we were going to kick him out of the band, and apparently had saved his energy for the show. Midway into our formal set, Fraser took out a boxcutter and sliced half-inch-deep cuts into his upper arms. Then he climbed a pipe on the wall and hung from the ceiling like a gory version of Christ crucified, blood pouring out the gashes on his arms, soaking his clothes, running down his legs, dripping from the toes of his boots.

Blood puddles covered the floor and soaked into the stage. Fraser dropped to the ground, and we finished the song to a silent audience; no applause, just Sablack howling "IGGY!"

Steve, Carl Miller's collie, lapped blood from the floor. A group of girls hustled the shell-shocked Fraser into the bathroom, cleaned his wounds and wrapped his arms in shredded T-shirts. We rocked on without him.

In the early 80s, there was one other bar in Cleveland that consistently booked punk bands—the Pop Shop—downstairs from the old Cleveland Agora on East 24th Street. The Pop Shop snagged the bigger names, like G.B.H., the Circle Jerks, and Black Flag, usually looking for a modicum of talent before allowing a band to play. Anyone, however, could play the Lakefront. If you had a band, all you had to do was ask Nora. She'd find an empty square in her datebook and pencil you in. For this reason, the Lakefront became the loam that allowed Cleveland's hardcore scene to take root.

The Lakefront hosted a long list of local acts, most of them short-lived and long forgotten; often for good reason. Cleveland, at the time, wasn't exactly a whirlpool of talent. There were, of course, groups like Pere Ubu, the Pagans, and the Dead Boys that came before us. Structured, more talented bands that had broken up by the 80s.

Bands that played the Lakefront were usually loose alliances of drinking friends in their teens and 20s, most with no previous musical experience. We learned by watching each other. Some groups improved with age. Most fell apart after a few months.

Some of the bands that gigged the Lakefront were: Neptune's Car, The Dark, Urban Mutants, Spike in Vain, The Pink Holes, a reformed version of the Pagans, the Offbeats, The Guns, Riot Architecture, Outerwear, Zero Defex, Pestilence, Positive Violence, Soylent Green, The Plague, Half-Life, Zombie Nun, The Wombats, and Faith Academy.

There were the Idiot Savants, the only band, as Scott Lasch pointed out, that *actually* sounded like a washing machine. Other groups had the washing machine label foisted upon them, but only the Savants deserved it. The Idiot Humanz became a force toward the end of one summer, (after their bassist emerged from prison). The Easter Monkeys never played there, but the Ramrods, Death of Samantha, Queer Piss (listed in the paper as Blue Flowers, later called Paris in the Spring), and my bands—Starvation

Army, Jippo and Agitated—all did. Jippo managed to play nowhere but the Lakefront,including Nora and Steve's wedding reception.

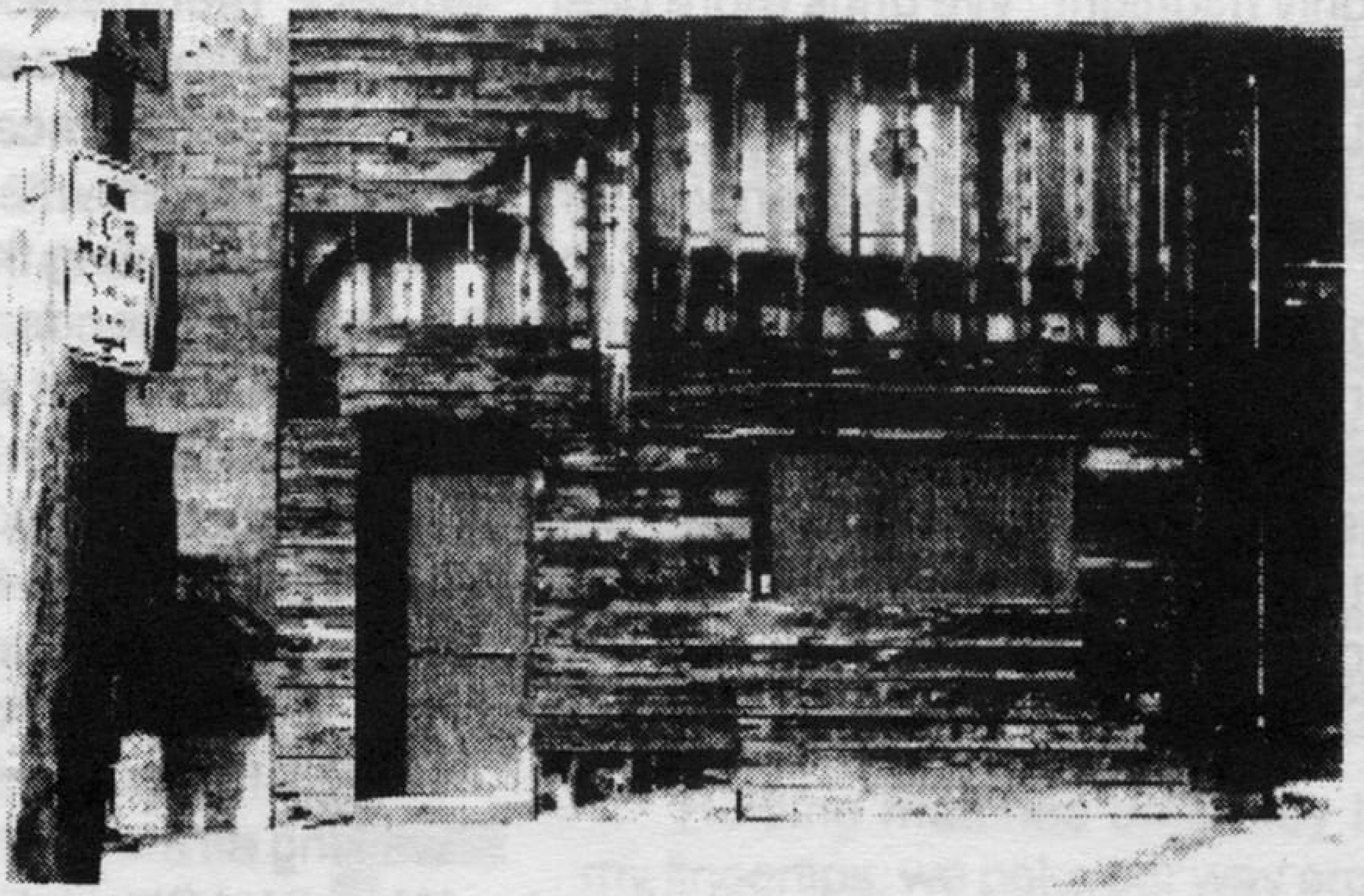
The local press hated the Lakefront and the bands that played there. Public sentiment still weighed strongly against "punk rock." Scene Magazine and The Plain Dealer studiously ignored the budding 'front for new music, preferring to concentrate on mainstream locals like The Michael Stanley Band and a Doors tribute-band, Moonlight Drive. I'm convinced that a certain weekly entertainment paper even went so far as to purposefully misspell names of the punk bands in its listings.

It was their loss. While the Lakefront bands may not have had a lot of musical talent, the scene in Cleveland was as creative as any other US city's at the time. The spark eventually caught fire, and ten years later, groups like Nirvana and the Stone Temple Pilots made fortunes aping us.

One night in the fall of 1984, The Lakefront closed down, causing the Butthole Surfers to cancel their gig. Neighbors in the newly discovered Warehouse District had grown more and more vexed by the raucous crowds and grafitti. Neighborhood pressure eventually suceeded in shutting the Lakefront down.

Tim, Floyd, and Tim Shaw walked in one afternoon, as Pete was cleaning the place out. He handed them a box of the bar's leftover liquor. A few weeks later, a souvenir hunter had peeled the sign off the alley-way wall, baring the clapboard and tarpaper underneath.

The last time I drove through the old alley running between West 6th and 9th, the Lakefront looked the same:



The Lakefront, 1996. pic: Jim Jones

THE GUNS

by Scott Rutherford
editor, Speed Kills

For many in and out of Cleveland, *They Pelted Us With Rocks & Garbage* probably stands as the clearest mirror of what was happening in town during the early/mid-80s. On that record, tucked near the end of side one, is a song by the Guns; a two-minute blast of punk rock called "Your Mistake." (Check it out—the *CLE* folks have seen fit to include it on the disques included with this issue.)

Their sound was loud and simple ... the way music made by kids out to be; the anger in the lyrics ("fucked me over for the last time ... ") made me dream of getting even. With whom, I didn't really know, but wanted to hear nonetheless. And even though I only got to see them once, the Guns were soon my favorite local band; today the stuff of righteous memory. Being a semi-dorky kid from North Ridgeville, these young city punks seemed from another planet—a planet inhabited by the DOS guys and Spike In Vain and Children's Crusade—a planet I wished to fly off to. The songs from *They Pelted Us* ... repeated over and over in my bedroom—the metallic lurch of the Guns garnering the loudest volume.

With news of a new *CLE* in the works, I began a search for the inside story. Talk to the Guns about the Guns. Mainman Scott Eakin turns out to be, shall we say, a rather shy dude, so hooking up with him wasn't going to happen. His brother filled me in on some of the basics, but without first-person anecdotes, you're likely not to care. Perhaps we'll get the full scoop in a future *CLE*.

Eakin and friend David Araca were probably only ten years old or so when they started joking around with their guitars and bongos, coming up with classics Robert Griffin remembered having titles like "Pimples On My Butt." Griffin, who was doing triple-duty in three bands at the time, recalls that "they were always grounded so they couldn't play out much."

Flash forward a year or two and the band had jelled into the Guns, playing out, doing zine interviews, dealing with personnel changes, the usual. Except their usual was pretty cool.

They had some other releases prior to the Negative Print comp, but it was their highest profile to date. The session that produced "Your Mistake" also produced an album's worth of material the band hoped to get out soon thereafter. Depending on who you talk to, the album was never properly released. It *was* released, that much is inarguable. A few years ago, the Guns album was tagged at the end of a Dark Empire/Homestead cd by a group called Bowel. No other information was given, and from all exterior packaging clues, it was not a split effort. Without stirring the debate further, members of the Guns contingent are just a bit less than happy with the way things were handled. This imbroglio is a shame as the album is a decent collection of pre-metal punk action, served up with enough flair to have stood out from all the cookie-cutter shit of its time.

After growing into a twin-guitar four-piece, the Guns did finally break up. Dates are sketchy, teary remembrances of their last show non-existent, but hey, another issue, ok? Scott's gone on to play in other bands (Knifedance, Step Sister), while bassist Sean Sealy is probably better known as a member of Starvation Army. Sean Wright, Bob Reese, and Scott Silverman are all astronauts these days. Sadly, David Araca died of an aneurysm a few years ago. I caught wind of an unofficial Guns reunion that took place in a rehearsal space in Cleveland. Spies report the Guns sounded as good as ever.

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the forgotten decade *(con'd)*

1982-1985

During this same period, besides the humorous power de-mersh sounds of the Easter Monkeys and the advent of "straight-edge", from the other end of the spectrum there came Home And Garden's album History And Geography-- full of bizarre mindscapes created from Jeff Morrison's poetry, Scott Krauss's drum experiments, Tony Maimone's undulating bass lines, and Jim Jones' guitar/mellotron mastery. Much poppier, but trying to be interesting, was Exotic Birds, with a guy named Trent Reznor, and The Amazing Pink Holes, featuring Les Black, were perfecting their totally crazy punk/joke/performance thang.

THE GUNS OPEN FOR CIRCLE JERKS • PHANTASY

HoME & GaRdEN

It was 1982. Scott Krauss and Tony Maimone were working on a follow up to their soon-to-be-released EP "How I Spent My Vacation". The EP was a popular vinyl format to be found between LPs and singles. It was an ideal format for spin-offs, or one-offs, or bastards, which is what HOME & GARDEN was in relation to mega-group Pere Ubu. This was the fall of '82 now as I recall. I happened to be an acquaintance of CLE legend Jim Jones because we worked on the same street, Prospect Avenue, downtown. He was in records. I was in books. I knew Scotty in a similar way but I always thought of him as between European tours. But Scotty was the original Bailing Man and his days in UBU had come to an end. One Sunday afternoon I was invited to visit the boys in their rehearsal loft on W. 25th St. They were about to record a spontaneous composition in an 8-track studio, newly installed in an old dance studio just across the hall. It was run by a beanpole version of a guy named Charlie Watts and his beergutted incompetent sidekick whose name I don't remember. Then there was Tony Maimone, bass guitar star of the Ubu Dance Party days. Along with this cast of characters must be added a Mellotron, a strange instrument that seemed to work in mysterious ways, but is responsible for a synthesizer chorus of sound that turns one note into an ensemble of thousands. This was Jimmy Jones' baby. Not that he owned it. I don't know who did. But he was the one who knew how to play it, and was capable of actually creating something with it. So here comes this big tune which became 'The Bells Of Ever And Never." Concocted on a Sunday afternoon, recorded and fussed over, Scotty pounding out his statements in between Jim gothic alleyway wandering. I convinced them they should let me read a poem over the top of this soundtrack in search of a picture show. I read "Candles In Babylon." the title poem from a book, current at the time, by Denise Levertov. Almost anything would have worked.

The Blues had a baby and they named it Rock 'n Roll. Rock 'n Roll lived too close to the high-tension power lines and had a mutated twisted baby and they named it Punk Rock. One night, Punk Rock raped a homeless vagrant Cuyahoga Riverwater-drinking inbred second cousin of the Blues, who had a baby, and she named this little feller ...

RAGGED
BAGS
STEVE P
ROCKSO
THE
LAKE
REST

Ragged Bags at The Lakefront. pic: Steve Wainstead

by Grey Gardens

In the murky days of the early '80's Kent underground/punk music scene, there was a certain something brewing ... something seething, if not outright festering within the music and the people who made it. It was a sense of isolation, a separateness from the faceless majority of the population of the town—the "townies" and the ubiquitous "college students". Back in the days before *alternative* was a marketing ploy, the lifestyle—as well as the music—of the Kent underground scene was kinda scary to most of the people outside it.

The 'Bags were the quintessential 80's Kent band. They, more than any other band of the time, seemed to distill the sense of place of Kent, Ohio, and the tension of the times,without resorting to the imitation of the then-currently popular bands, or succumbing to the various so-called "underground" trends. They pursued a unique vision of midwestern angst, with precision and expressiveness. If there ever was a white punk version of the deep blues, these guys were it.

When I first saw the Ragged Bags play, I was struck by the impact of their music. Familiar with their members as a regular visitor to the "Garbage Store" (Spin Dizzy Records in downtown Kent), I had only ever seen Tom (Strange) and

John (Phlegm) in more typical hardcore punk bands, which was not a music I ever had much use for; Its stylized and codified anger/politics seemed too preconfigured, lacking room for individual expression. I'd seen Keith (Busch) perform as the one-man band BAK 2^2 1 ("Back to square one"), and some other odd bands—most notably a noisy avant-improv-multimedia band The Juice—so I was aware of his insane, expressionistic, experimental, psychedelic guitar style ... but seeing the Bags for the first time really was one of those revelatory moments. Everyone in the band was sitting on chairs (except for John, playing bass). This alone was unusual. But then their slow, pulsing, propulsive bluesy bass & drums started up—then joined by Keith's clangy, nervous/serious guitar—then Tom's gruff, brooding vocals over it, which sounded to my ears as if they could have been coming from an 50-yr old Delta bluesman, rather than some disaffected Ohio punk in his mid-20's. His hunched-over form,sitting in the chair on stage, only seemed to intensify the seriousness of their songs and their music.

A really odd thing about the Bags was how actually popular they became. Somehow, their music appealed to nearly every sector of the "underground" scene: hardcore punk fans liked them despite the relative slowness of their songs; "new wave" kids liked them in spite of the general negative, downer feeling of their music; and the art students liked them despite their anti-rich-college-student stance and their kind of self-effacing sarcastic humor that one doesn't normally associate with self-important "art" bands. They found an intersection somewherethat was not the lowest common denominator, but more like a highest common aspirator, some kind of zenith that could be seen from wherever you were at the time. They also possessed that rare commodity lacking from so many bands, both then and now . . . charisma.

The two songs that sum up the Ragged Bags experience were "Kent, Ohio" and "Lost." Both songs deal with feelings of angst and isolation, the underlying currents running through the Kent punk community at the time—feelings which nearly everyone feels at some point in their life... those of an outcast threatened by the status quo, the greater forces beyond their command.

"My friends say I'm not / capable of murder / ... I don't carry this 6" blade to cut my toenails," blurts out the threatened punk in "Kent, Ohio", outnumbered 3-1 by rowdy, drunken frat boys. He's trying to avoid a fight, but most likely has found one instead.

In "Lost," it's the protagonist's realization that he just may be on his way to joining the ranks of the small-town crazies that the students make fun of on their bar-hopping jaunts downtown. Where once he may have been part of some creative venture, doing something that set him apart from the worlds of the campus and townsfolk, he's slowly giving up all but the illusion of being someone special. It seems like such an admission of defeat.

The song itself, a slow, dirge-like drone, somehow became a kind of signature tune for them, and—amazingly—a popular dance number, if you can call a slow pacing/circling back and forth across the dancefloor a "dance." Something about it almost makes you feel you have nothing left to do but head down to the liquor store yourself. "I'm going down to the pits tonight ..."

Although they did quite a bit of playing out, touring, and even some recording (even making a video or two), until now, none of the Ragged Bags music was ever released on anything better than self-released cassettes. What you hear on this CLE CD is merely the tip of the iceberg.

HoME & GaRdEN

I think I had the right approach and proper intonation to pull it off. Everyone seemed pleased as though something had been accomplished. Now comes the funny part. It was mostly Scott, but there was some real encouragement from Tony, and they asked me if I might write some lyrics for a future session. I am positive it was Scott who suggested Marco Polo as a suitable subject. "Marco Polo is my name. Chinese Checkers is my game." For a week I felt the spirit and came up with five vignettes from the life and times of Marco Polo to be set to music by the likes of two stars, one legend, and me, a complete nobody with questionable vocal abilities. That was September. By December we had recorded the album that became HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY. We played out three times. For our first show, we opened for 'nobody missed them then, nobody misses them now' Lucky Pierre. These were my red sweater and ponytail days, shouting my lyrics in front of this supergroup of dysfunctional purposes. It was not meant to last. We played two more shows at the Pop Shop which was the downstairs club at the Cleveland Agora, back when it was over by CSU. Our three performances were well attended, but we had fortunate co-billing, including French rock band (mais c'est impossible) Etron Fou Lou Le Ban. By December it was all over. Tony was the first to split. There was a half-hearted attempt to continue, and the three of us remaining wrote "From The Life Of King John" which found renewed life in the second coming of Home and Garden, which didn't happen until November '84. It was then that History and Geography was finally released. By that time, "Candles In Babylon" had a new lyric, and two of the Marco Polo songs introduced the album. There is a childhood autobiography called "Holiday," a stupid song called "Monkeytown," a song about penguins, and of course "Big Winter," which really got a second life when we did it in the future as the opening song before "Hideout." But it was those last four months of '82 that was the beginning

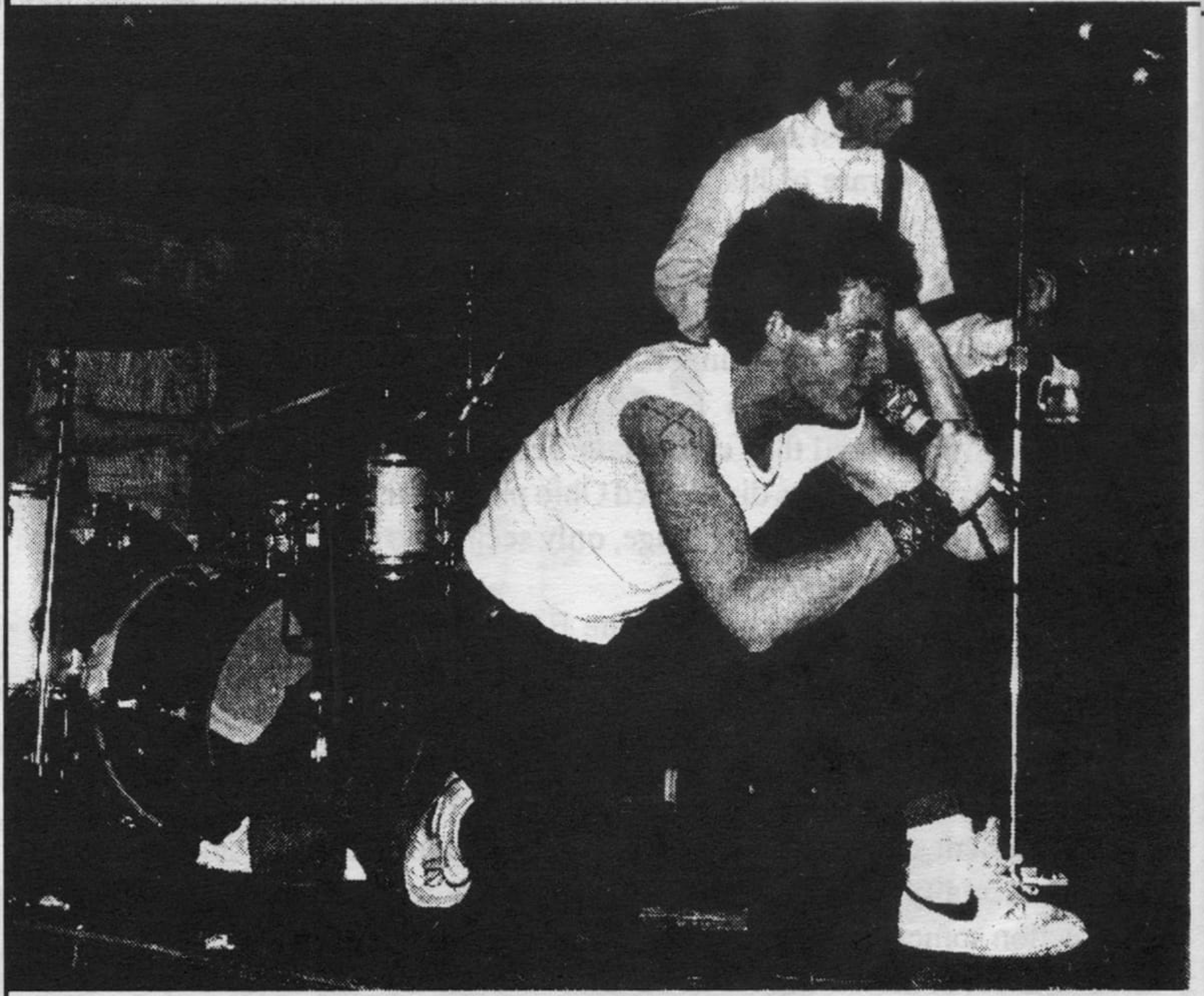
HoME & GaRdEN

and the end of Home and Garden as some bastard UBU projex. The real rock 'n' roll didn't happen until little sister Michele Temple made the scene, and little brother Wheeler came aboard, and we actually played around for a few years, although no one seemed to notice. Must have looked like refugees from Walton's Mountain in a rented church-going van. We should have fucked-up more and been nasty. Oh what the hell.

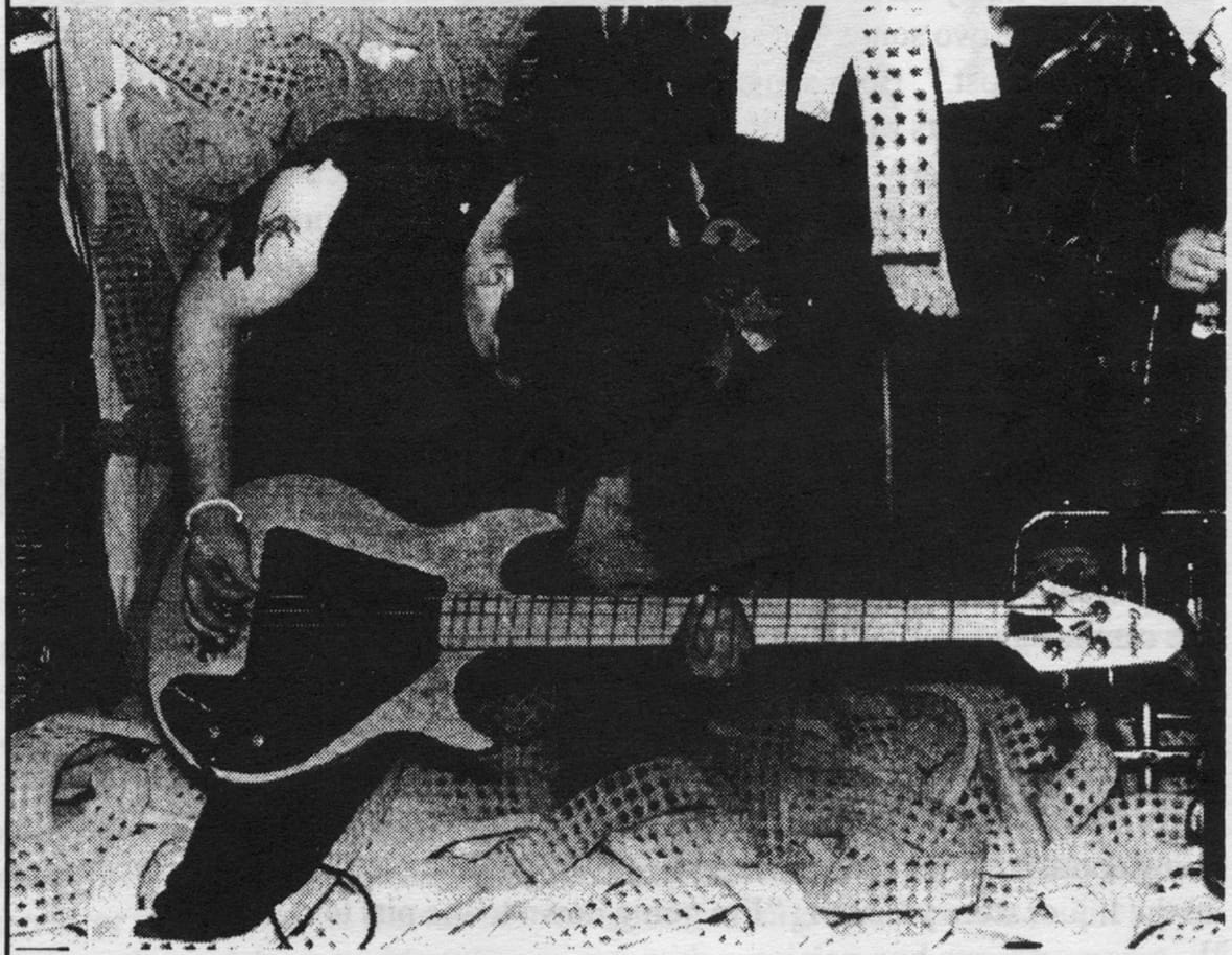
***

Forgive my sloppy and irreverant memories. Scott Krauss has the historical ones. I have the hystrical ones. Home and Garden reformed in Nov. '84 with new talent mixed with old. I recognized Robert Wheeler and Michele from Easter Monkey shows at the Pop Shop. That was Jim Jones' other band. Now we were a fivesome and our direction became focused on live performances. This is the group that wrote "Lighthouse", "Madstone", "Greenland", and "Hideout"; epic songs like "Killjoy" and "Melville" were also written at this time. We played a handful of songs from the History and Geography album. "The Voyage Home" for instance had a new life when Robert played his theremin and Michele's tiny hands pummeled her bass guitar. We managed to play in Boston and Washington. We played the New Music Seminar a couple of years. We were one of the best unknown bands of the eighties. What did not come easily and spontaneously we did not bother with. Our songs were æall over the map, but stylistically coherent. It was always rock and roll. I sang about being lost, and how to enjoy it. I told lies because we all know the truth is too shocking to tell. We had black shows and white shows. Our black shows were celebrations. Our white shows were about the force of needs, and as a group we had plenty of unfulfilled needs. Our shows did not turn gray until the end, when Ubu, Pere cast its big gray shadow over our hopes and fears (I'm talking Philadelphia here, and

Pix: by Steve Wainstead



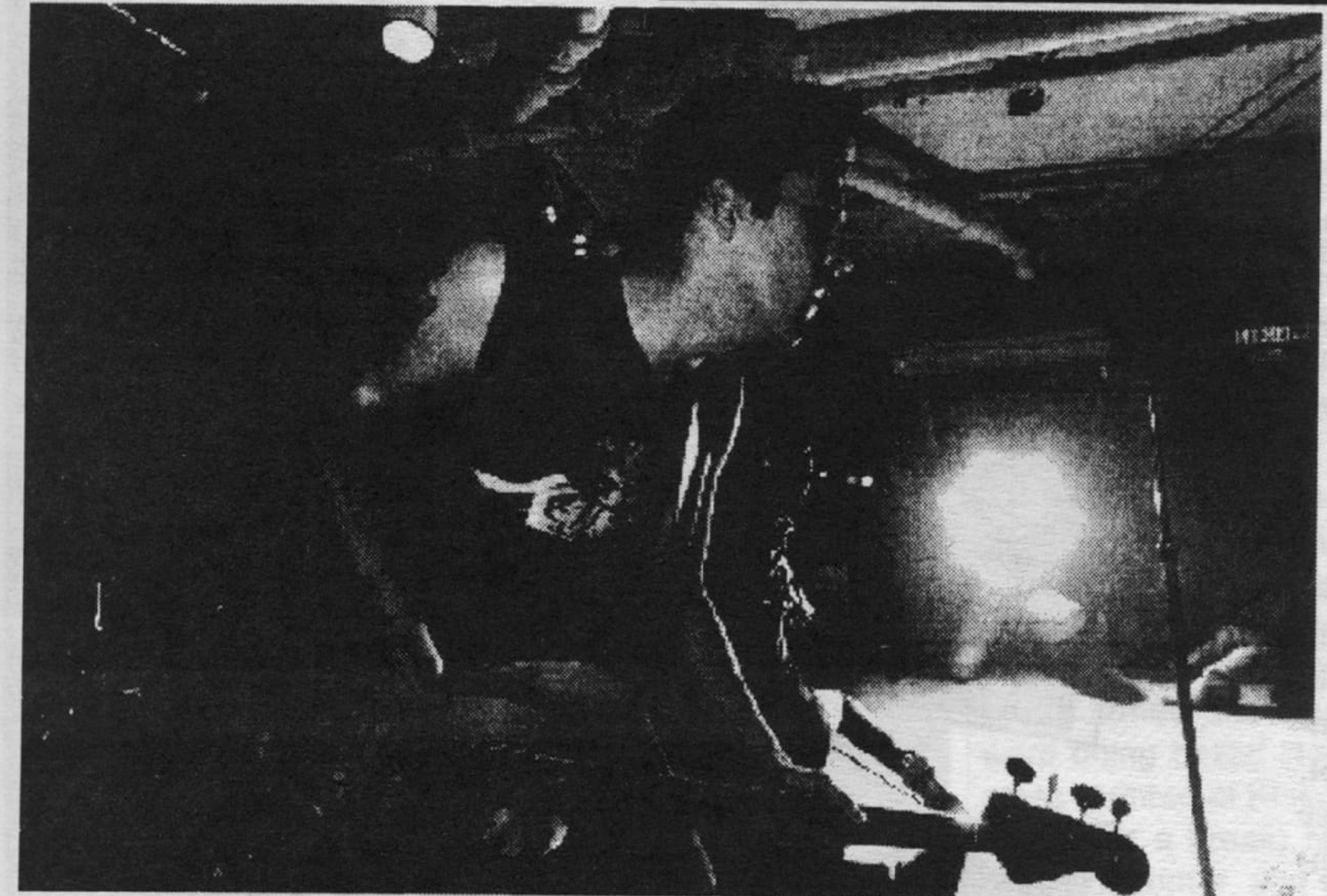
Fraser Sims, vocals; Doug Gillard, guitar
Children's Crusade, Cleveland Underground, 1985



Cheese Borger of the Pink Holes playing bass at the Cle Underground. The stuff all over the stage was pink foam packaging material that Cheese got from work. They used this at a couple of shows. This would be around 1985.

☞ *Pink Holes, Old Brooklyn Tavern*

There were a lot of shows at the OBT. Fridays were "punk" night and Saturdays were "metal" night. On metal nights people were fucking in their cars, urinating on the lawns and siphoning gas out of people's cars (or so the local residents claimed.) So the residents got together and voted to ban the sale of alcohol in the ward, and the OBT went out of business.



☜ *Starvation Army at The Jungle, 1986*

The Subterranean Jungle was in the basement of an ice cream shop at the intersection of Mayfield and Euclid. The ventilation was really awful and it would get so smoky in there your eyes would burn terribly. I remember a Pink Holes show where Robert Ritchie placed clear plastic cups on all the tables and each had a little live fish in it. Some professor from Case raised a huge ruckus over animal abuse for that, and I think he called the police.

HoME & GaRdEN

Boston; lonesome and disconnected.) "New Moon" had a verse written for every show. They are called the New Moon Verses and there are 172 of them. Those are real tears in the chorus of "Tiger Balm Gardens". It was our most hopeful song. I know "Birdbath" is not a real polka, but we fervently wished for one at the time. Our Homes away from Home were The Electric Banana in Pittsburgh, The Underground in Morgantown, Cedars in Youngstown. We booked one August of Thursdays at Club Rage next to the downtown cemetary and called it August Deathwish. As an opener one of those nights filmmaker Richard Myers showed his early classic AKRAN. Jim Jones was the first to be swallowed up by the Ubu monster. Scott was next, and that's when Home and Garden ended for me. I regret to say that my sense of personal disheartening is unavoidable. I do not fall into the rock or antirock star mold, which probably meant I was boring. I tried every night with Home and Garden to fully inhabit each song with all my being. They were the best trips I could take. I had a place in a world we all helped to create. I was powerless to stop the Ubu Machine and we stopped writing songs. I could never swap it for powerchords or country rock so I ran away from Home. Things had gotten twisted. For a brief moment, it seemed like David Thomas was singing for Home and Garden and calling it you know what. Now when I see Robert Wheeler playing his Theremin in Pere Ubu, I think, that was us, that Theremin. The rest has vanished. *Jeff Morrison*

Stinson Beach, CA

Spring 1996

the forgotten decade *(con'd)*

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VENUES

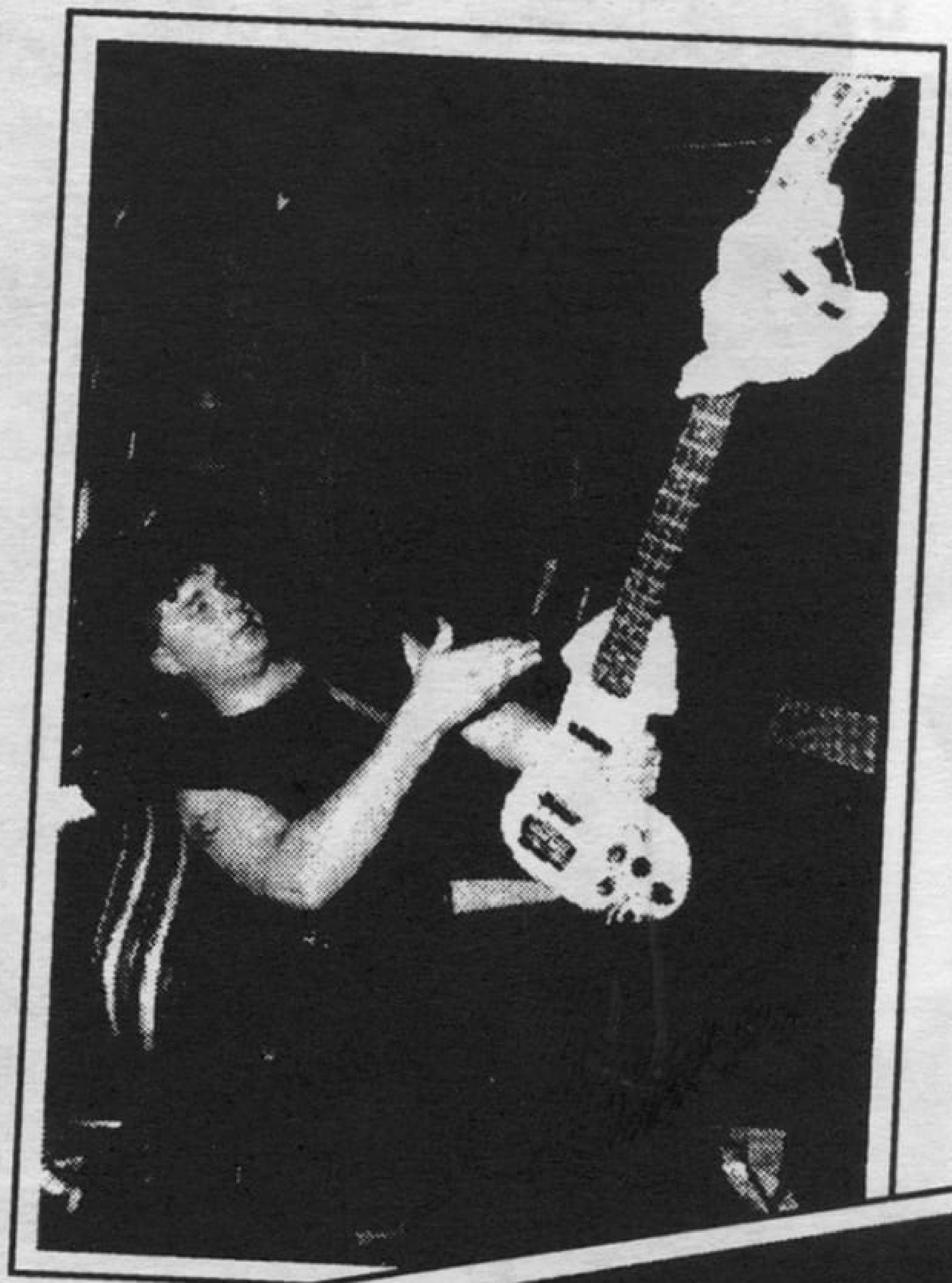
In September 1984, the Pop Shop was closed by the Agora management, who had decided that the hardcore and metal crowds with their leather, boots, and spikes, were scaring away the upstairs patrons. Chris Andrews, who was handling the booking at the time, remembers being told by an Agora staff member that the downstairs had become “a fungus on the foot of the Agora.” In October, the building was gutted by fire. Some years later, the Agora eventually reopened in the old WHK Theater, one-time home of Johnny Dromette’s famous Disasto concerts.

But new clubs sprang up to answer the call. A strange, triangular-shaped ex-showbar in a forgotten corner of the Flats, The Cleveland Underground became a flash point one winter. Opening immediately after the Pop Shop’s demise, this club was plagued by all the worst elements of the burgeoning scene. After too many incidents of fighting and vandalism, this club was also closed as a result of pressure from neighboring businesses.

The Old Brooklyn Tavern hosted a number of hardcore/metal shows before the neighbors pulled the plug, but probably the best room to surface during Orwell’s year was the Variety Theater. An old movie house, it became home to a number of heavy metal/hardcore shows. St. Valentine's Records did their showcase there, as did other concert promoters, until the plaster was literally shaken off the ceiling, closing it to concerts for good.

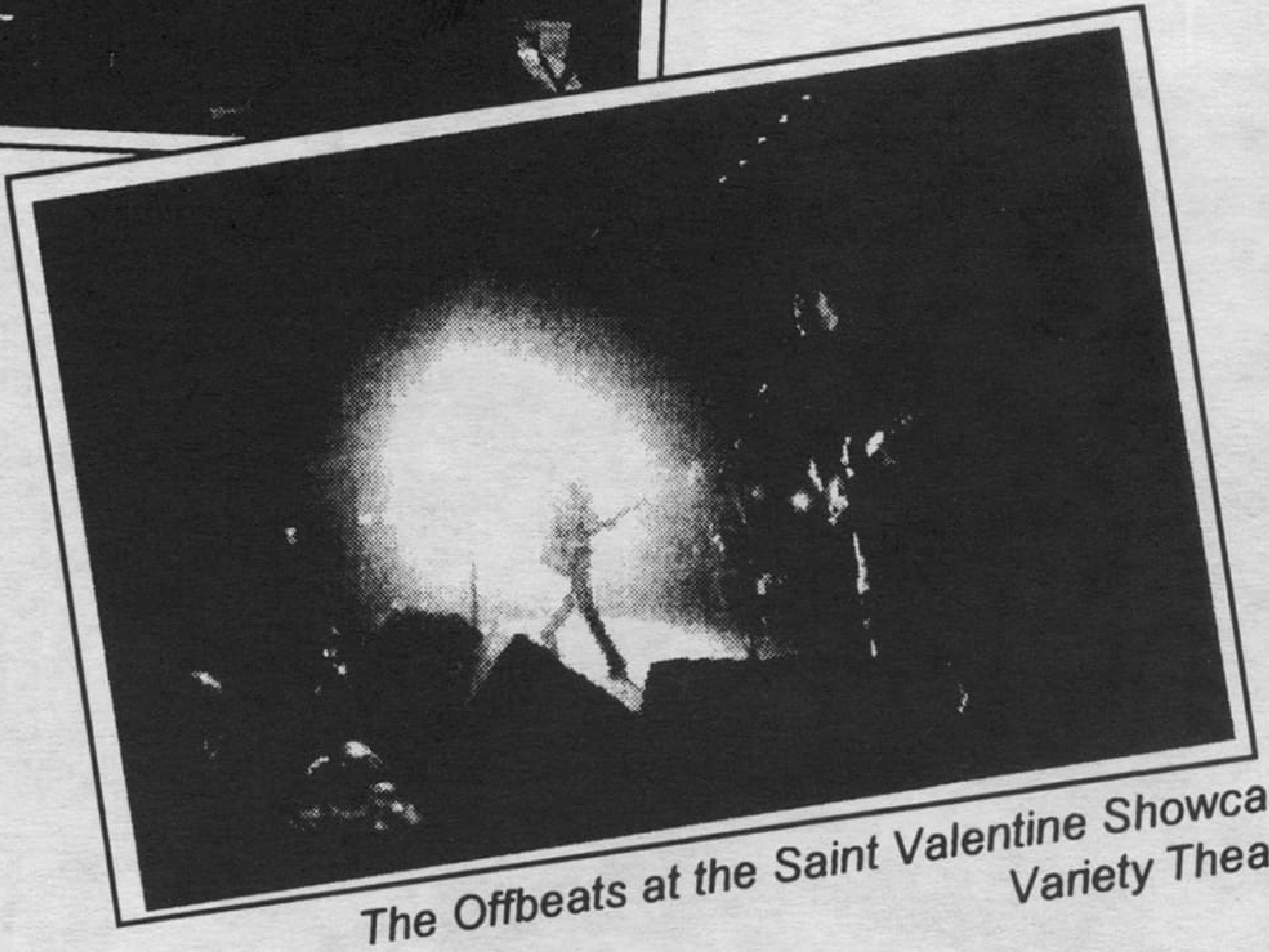
Throughout the late eighties, clubs came and went. Biggies in the Flats was another short-lived venue, hosting the New Salem Witch Hunters and the Pink Holes. The Jungle, a tiny basement hangout on the East Cleveland border hosted Numbskull, the Pink Holes, and others. By the tail-end of the 80s, Pats In The Flats (perched on the south-west edge) became home to a series of intense shows by Starvation Army and others. And another club, across the street from the West Side Market, appeared: Babylon A Go Go. But that's another artiCLE.

continued ☞



☜ *Cheese and the penis bass*

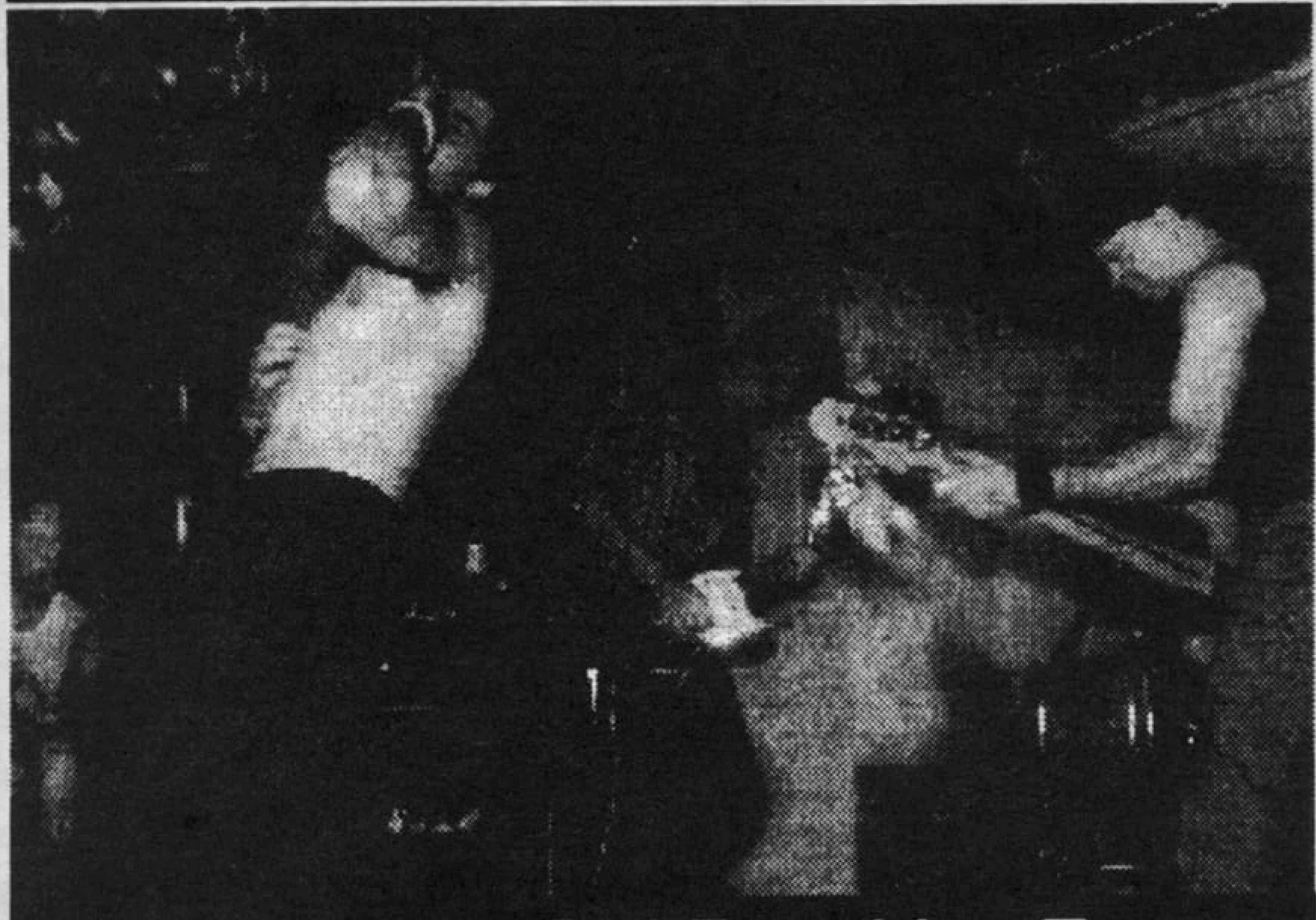
I think a friend of the band made it for him. He probably smashed it too. Cheese broke more guitars than anybody in the scene period. He would smash a bass even when he had no other to use, and couldn't afford to buy another. Later he would use the same bass Tim Allee used in the Pagans, but I don't think he ever broke that one.



The Offbeats at the Saint Valentine Showcase, Variety Theater.

Spike In Vain, opening for the Dead Kennedys, 1986, at the Variety Theater.

• Shadow of Fear •



Knifedance at Old Brooklyn Tavern

• The Reactions •

THE CLEVELAND 80'S

by John Petkovic

Despite the tendency of most punk alumni to reminisce about their 'good old days' ("when music meant something") ala some new wave Big Chill movie[1], Cleveland's early 80s offers no such illusions. Coming after the mid to late 70s CLE rock scene (a scene that had either moved out of town or gone on to dabble in the esoteric), early 80s Cleveland meant wearing a biker jacket and drinking beer in the parking lot adjacent to the Lakefront. And its rise and fall lies in the one thing that unified the scene: opposition to the "hip establishment" of WMMS, Scene Magazine, and Brian Adams & Co. Simply put, if you weren't going down to the Mining Company (local cheeseball top-40 dance joint) for Michael Stanley Band t-shirt giveaway nite, you had nowhere to go in Cleveland but the Lakefront or the Pop Shop.

Consisting of a core of fifty people spreading from Elyria to Mentor with Parma and Shaker Heights in between, the Lakefront was less a scene than the result of having nowhere else to hang out. The musical fault line was still mainly divided between the cover circuit and bands that played their own material. For bands playing their own material, it was either the Lakefront, the Pop Shop, or nothing.

For this reason, hardcore, though the dominant music of the time, became compatible with noise, rock, and psychedelic. Hence, you could have a bill whereby the psyche-pop Reactions would precede the metallic hardcore of Idiot Humanz, and no rumbles would break out.

To someone with delusions that a night at the Lakefront would transform to the Cleveland equivalent of CBGB with John Cale joining Television onstage to cover Patti Smith's "Gloria", this scene would have been a major letdown. (An exception being the Easter Monkeys.) But where else was there to go? The Agora, to see some cover band play Top 40 hits? The way out then was to start a band.

In 1983, I met original Death Of Samantha bassist Dave James and drummer Steve-o through a fanzine they were doing called Negative Print. Your basic copy machine press (printed at Kinko's downtown, when a friend there would give them a break) Negative Print came out monthly, had a sense of humor, and wasn't afraid to cover all kinds of music.

They were doing a hardcore group at the time, Suburban Decay, with Negative Print 'staffer' Eric Barth (aka Eruk Barf). James (aka Dave Filth) was playing guitar, and Steve-o, whose idea of punk revolved around Hamburg-era Beatles or Sun-era Elvis[2], played a "Frankenstein" drum kit consisting of drums slapped together from various sources.

Both Dave (who'd picked up a bass) and Steve-o were willing to go along with a scheme of mine to play the Ground Round restaurant I was working at in August 1983. A gag (that resulted in me getting fired), we got together to jam and figured we might as well do a show at the Lakefront—because it was an easy club to get booked into (and the atmosphere allowed for a free-form 'show').[3] A number of DOS Lakefront shows followed, with even more shows at JB's Down in Kent, where the scene was more influenced by X, Gun Club, and Dream Syndicate, revolving around bands like the Ragged Bags and Difficult.

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[1] Opening scene: some overweight dude in overalls with grease and a beard all over his face rolls out from under a car he's working on, and says, "Yup, now I make a livin' workin' on cars, but I remember the good ol' days when I was punkin' around to 'Cars.' The screen flashes. The same dude twenty years younger and fifty pounds lighter, is dancing around with his chick, wearing a skinny tie and spilling a Long Island Iced Tea all over his suit, while Gary Numan plays in the background.

[2] When Death Of Samantha opened for Gun Club, Steve-o approached the group's frontman, Jeffrey Lee Pierce, and said "I've always been a big fan of Gun Control."

During 1984, a Kent-Cleveland axis developed between the Lakefront/Pop Shop/JB's. At the same time, a growing national independent scene centered around college radio allowed for an expanding and musically-diverse scene. In '84, Death Of Samantha played more than twenty times, with Doug Gillard (ex-Suspect Device) joining on guitar.

Then in September of '84, the Lakefront was closed. A month later, a fire claimed the Pop Shop. The opening of a Flats club known as the Cleveland Underground a few weeks later tried to fill the niche, but was closed within months due to pressure from neighboring businesses.

A growing scene, both in terms of diversity and size, had a downside: band bills started to get narrowly micro-genre specific. What had been the unifier of the scene earlier in the decade had given way to a sub-sect subculture. Nationally, the increasing presence of independently-released records gave rise to a new ambition for local bands: to take the show on the road. For DOS, and bands like the Difficult, Offbeats, Reactions, and Shadow Of Fear, it was in the form of a co-op label called St. Valentine's Records.

ST. VALENTINE'S RECORDS: The Cheap Whore Of Independents

Promo shot for St. Valentine's Records showcase.

Amazingly there's only one person missing from the five bands here, Bud, the drummer of the Offbeats. SVR was a collective effort founded by John Petkovic, Chris Andrews and Dave Swanson. Location: the second half of Warped Records on Madison. Chris Andrews doubled the size of the store, eventually closed down the old side, and now I think they are back in the old side!

Anyhow, five SVR bands played a show at the Variety, DOS, Offbeats, Shadow of Fear, Knifedance, and the Reactions. Knifedance never released anything on SVR though. Tom Dark (singer) released his stuff on his own Hit-n-Run label. The show drew about 200 kids as I recall, and broke even. The reason the bands were gathered was not just to take the promo but how to promote the show to people around town (I remember them discussing area high schools.)

by Steve Wainstead

In retrospect, St. Valentine's Records would be more appropriately named Flying Dutchman Records. Little more evidences the existence of the label than a post office box (still active) and the mysterious logo on a smattering of records released in Cleveland, and primarily staying there.

Having witnessed its incarnation five years ago, I was astounded recently when I happened to notice that the new Rainy Day Saints EP was SVR 030. Surely, I thought, there must be some mistake. How did the label accumulate enough records to reach the thirties in its catalog numbers? So I did some research to track down this sizable (by indie standards) back catalog.

In the end, I found only three numbers that couldn't be accounted for. You may wonder who's minding the store at SVR—let me explain why SVR should really be called Flying Dutchman Records.

Leading up to March of 1985, a number of groups were set to release their own records upon the Cleveland area and beyond. These bands typically went to each other's gigs (something seriously lacking in today's Cleveland scene), a tribute to the inclusiveness of the then-scene despite the in styles represented (from the pop-thrash of the Offbeats to the retro-pop of the Reactions, the new garage sound of Death Of Samantha and doomsday gloom of Shadow Of Fear, SVR has quite a stable of sounds). As release dates approached, the idea of a common label name clicked somewhere between Chris Andrews of Shadow Of Fear, Dave Swanson of the Reactions, and John Petkovic of DOS. The climate was there: most bands recorded solely at the Beat Farm recording studio, they followed each other's gigs, and generally hung out together. Another catalyst cited by John Petkovic was the compilation LP *They Pelted Us With Rocks And Garbage*. This was a Cleveland sampler with many of the city's then-happening groups, and was coordinated by a fanzine called Negative Print (indeed, most of the bands on the LP released stuff later on). Meetings were organized to discuss terms, cost sharing, and organization of the benefit shows to fund the LP's creation, which was released in November of 1985 through After Hours Records, a now defunct Cle label.

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[3] The Pop Shop, on the other hand, offered a more diverse calendar, booking national and touring acts on Fridays, sometimes Thursday nights. Meanwhile, Saturdays were Heavy Metal. As far as local bands, the Easter Monkeys (the best drawing band in town at the time) played the Pop Shop exclusively, as well as The Dark and Spike In Vain.

So in this fairly loose-knit but well-acquainted scene, the common label name approach was easily accepted. St. Valentine's Records, named after the Chicago massacre, would be a self-help label, and also a help-yourself label to a certain extent. Rather than have four groups on four different labels out of Cleveland, as the initial releases would have been, the bands could get more exposure through a common name. Certain costs could be saved through this collective, such as mailing and advertising. Chris Andrews of Shadow Of Fear, as it happened, wound up being the main promulgator of the label in those days. Credibility for the Cleveland scene was also on some people's minds, and no doubt was a result to some extent. This should not be confused with scene unity, for the bands were only unified for the result they sought: exposure. 'Scene unity' has always been a myth, for to unify a collection of interests there must be some goal the collection wants to attain. The SVR groups were unified only in the sense that they wanted to further their own gains through SVR. It was understood from the beginning that anyone could use the name. Petkovic tells me, "The only groups that never put out on SVR were the ones that didn't have the money." This egalitarian approach has resulted in a totally unpredictable, and sometimes spotty, release record, not to mention a few skipped catalog numbers—or rather some projects that never saw the light, and have long since been forgotten. Let's take a look at the catalog itself.

In March of 1985, SVR 001 was released—the now collectable debut Death Of Samantha single, "Amphetamine" b/w "Simple As That." Then the Offbeats released their second 7" EP two months later, I Can See Your House From Here (as a note of interest, the first Offbeats EP came out sometime in 1983, titled Why Do You Hang Out?, and was released on the band's own Oops! Records.) These were soon followed by SOF's 12" (7/85), the first Reactions single (9/85), and the second DOS single (11/85). At this point, we reach SVR 006, for which there is no release.

There are seven known records which were never put out, but were assigned catalog numbers. The most likely to be SVR 006 is the Knifedance LP, which the band never seemed satisfied with their recordings for, as the rumors went, and so Knifedance didn't release anything until May of 1988, the Who Then Is Sane? 12" on the band's own Hit and Run Records.

Continuing through this early period was the Difficult single, they being an Akron/Kent based band that played the Pop Shop (one Cle locus for most u-grnd bands at the time) frequently. It should be noted that it was far more common for Cleveland bands to play Kent, and vice-versa, in those days. Then the Shadow Of Fear single (008), and the New Salem Witch Hunters first single (009), the A-side of which eventually appeared on the Unsigned Vol II comp on Epic Records after their second single came out, which resulted in a contract that prevented the band from releasing anything for something like two years.

To round out the first period of SVR circa 3/85 to 7/86 was the first My Dad Is Dead LP (011, re-released by EFA in Europe, on CD to boot) the third Offbeats single (013, a teaser from their Relativity Records LP, Evolution of the Stickman) and the second Reactions single (014, probably not a teaser for their Homestead Records 12", Cracked Marbles, which featured a different version of the A-side).

At this point, we find two more missing catalog numbers in SVR 010 and 012. Also, the next three catalog numbers, 015-017 are blank. Presumably 010 and 012 were assigned; likely candidates are the unreleased Shadow Of Fear LP, and the unreleased Easter Monkeys LP, *The Splendor Of Sorrow*, which Chris Andrews and Petkovic had planned to finance, and is today a possible release on Hit and Run Records. However, there is a release that did in fact come out—the only cassette release on SVR, the Fungus on the Foot compilation This was released by Andrews

SPIKE IN VAIN
. . . an appreciation

A jangle in the jungle where we run thru the underbrush: in the thin air we mop sweat from our foreheads with graying kerchiefs, Spike In Vain, under unfinished Panama hats, eyes sunken into sockets, cheeks hollowing, Spike In Vain, the humid air filling with the scent of cheap cigars cheap petrol Wray rum, almost-forgotten brands of cigarettes: Viceroys, Old Gold ... Spike In Vain guitars, bass, drums, cymbals, swirling from hand to hand like spades & rifles, crosses made of sugar-cane and twine ... deep in horizonless desert of Slavic-Irish mescaline craze ... playing the punk that is jazz ... Spike In Vain in the distance ... or the smooth, even other side of the world: a silo covered with varied hues of broken glass shards ... broken cliffs overlaid on the Eastern suburbs like a threadbare blanket over E.A. Poe's shivering little frame ... Spike In Vain screams and the dragon claque shouts down the hill ... astronauts, archaeologists, vampire-killers clad in the drag of waiter, taxi driver, blacktopper ... a cheap beer spills in the bottomless desert, a can of 25-cent generic pop ... Spike In Vain ... throwing rocks thru the dust ... skidding and flipping

3 choruses Body and Soul
2 choruses Cherokee
1 chorus Caravan
1 chorus Love It To Death

Unleashing all secrets of taxidermy in the Mars restaurant. Do you love me ... or is your Spike In Vain?

-Rosa Del Monte

Spike In Vain was: Robert Griffin, Andrew Marec, Chris Marec, Scott Pickering, Bruce Allen

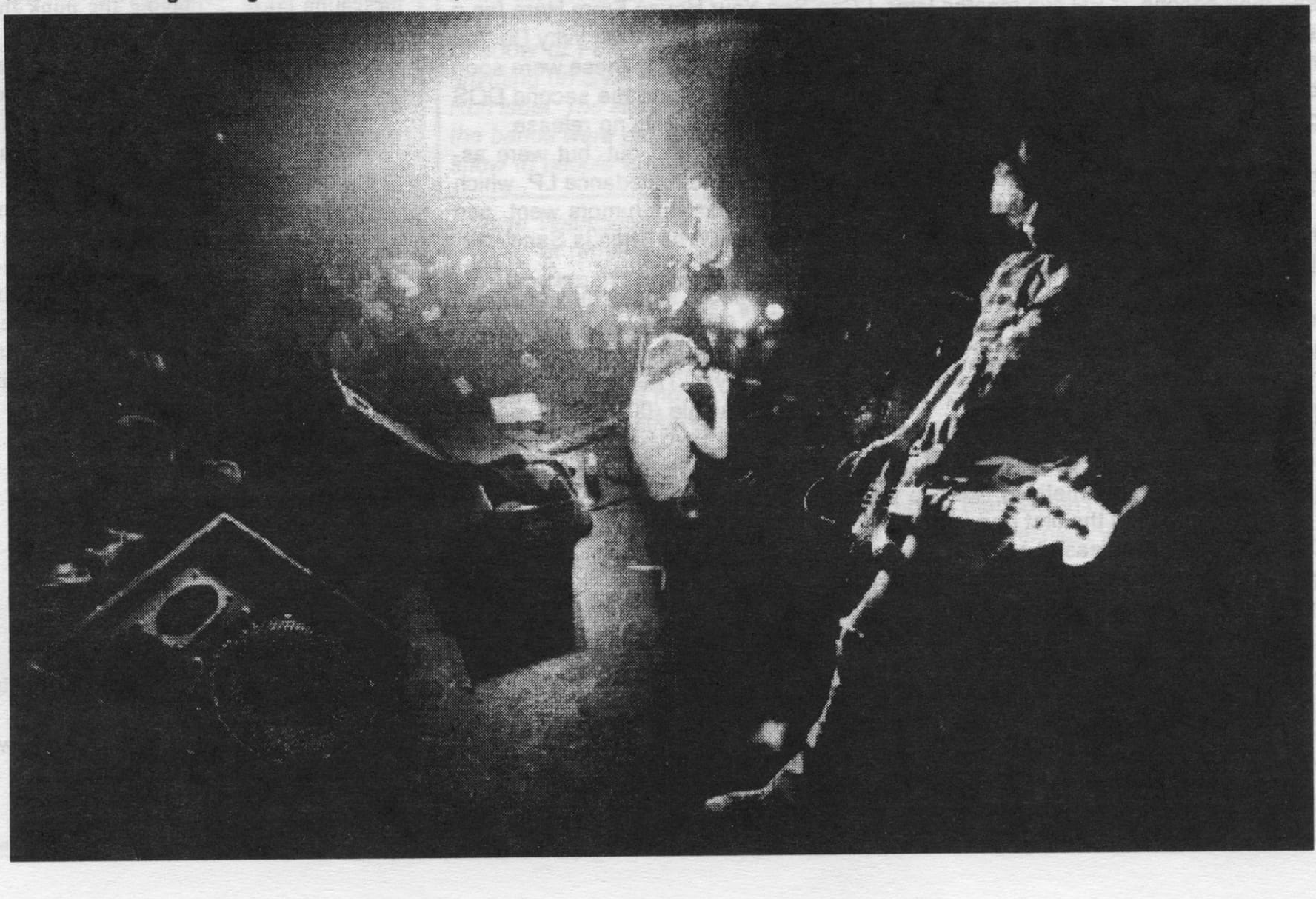
NUMBSKULL

Daryl Whalen Xmas Party, 1987

Numbskull played. I remember this was at Daryl's house, somewhere near Colinwood. I also remember they used a floor tom as a kick drum, a concoction John Henry Skully came up with. This is the "three piece" version of Numbskull. We can really divide Numbskull's existence into three phases: the three piece, then the four piece, then a long period where they didn't exist at all, then the Berea Triangle era. The four piece had some truly great songs, "I Feel Like Shit" being about all I can remember now, oh "Dale is My Guru" was another favorite. The four piece had two bass players, one high end and the other low (Mike Zubal high, Kevin low). I don't think any quality recordings exist of thefour piece. They had a really great unique sound.

Numbskull, Variety Theater, 1987?

The four piece. This was the beginnings of the dramatic increase of crowds at punk shows, when Alternative Press did shows at the Variety and there were large shows at the Phantasy Theater. I remember when the Circle Jerks played the Pop Shop and less than a couple hundred people showed up. By the late 80's they could draw three or four times as much (they played the Phantasy Theater a few times). I remember Daryl throwing out handfuls of stickers and the crowd grabbing for them like crazy; he had a whole box of junk that he would occasionally throw out.



svr *(con'd)*

and the guys at Negative Print, featuring live cuts of bands playing the now-defunct Pop Shop, which Andrews handled bookings for at the time. Sporting a high-biased cassette and booklet in plastic bag, a careful examination reveals no catalog number, though the SVR address is listed.

These two LPs and the cassette perhaps explain 010, 012, and 015. After this there are only four other unreleased recordings known: a Faith Academy record, the intended format of which I don't know, the Spike In Vain LP titled Death Drives A Cadillac, and a God Squad single (SVR 025) for which I actually saw the camera-ready artwork for the sleeve. The Spike In Vain LP was originally to be released on Trans Dada Records, the label of the group's first LP, Disease Is Relative. The fourth, SVR 019, would have been My Dad Is Dead's three song The Pow EP, which eventually appeared on the leftovers LP on Homestead Records titled The Best Defense.

I should also like to point out the St. Valentine's Records show at the Variety Theater. This show had an attendance of 300, an unheard-of number for those days, considering this was an all-local bill. The line-up consisted of Shadow Of Fear, the Reactions, the Offbeats, Knifedance, and Death Of Samantha. The five groups got together at Chris Andrews' Warped Records store for a five-band group photo, which even ran in the ever-conservative local music paper Scene Magazine. Since all of those involved contributed their footwork, the show did quite well.

The blank spot resulting from 015-017 makes for a convenient dividing place. The fairly active first phase was the result of the cooperation and activity of the period. After this point, the label became less active, with only four releases in the space of nearly three years. The reasons are simple: after 1986, both the Reactions and DOS were signed to Homestead Records; the Offbeats to Relativity, MDID was on Birth Records, and eventually moved to Homestead. Shadow Of Fear had dissolved, and though the Difficult still play Akron/Kent today, they remain inactive vinyl-wise. The Witch Hunters would be contractually screwed, temporarily.

The semi-dormant period of 7/86 to 2/89 saw two Starvation Army releases, New Way To Burn and In The Red. I haven't found out who gave them their catalog numbers, and it is possible that they arbitrarily took them, not that it matters—though this would help explain some of the blank slots. The Mice released a fine LP, *Scooter*, before their notorious break-up the day they were supposed to leave for a European tour. Portions of the LP were released in Europe by much-hated Shigaku Distribution's in-house label What Goes On, combined with a few songs from their first EP on Herb Jackson, another defunct Cleveland label. The New Salem Witch Hunters also released their second single, and that would be the last activity that the label would see for a while.

Petkovic relates a fine story about Plain White Toast. One day he was walking with Brad Hackley, the guitar wrecker of the group, on a lunch break from work. Brad asked him, "What about this St. Valentine's Records? Could we get signed to it?" To which Petkovic replied, "Why bother when you can just use the name?" So in February of 1989 PWT released their first three-song 7", which would also be the format of their next two releases. Dave Swanson, who is currently handing out the catalog numbers and creating ads, had been working on his own material after leaving DOS, and released the first Rainy Day Saints 7", on which he plays all the instruments and sings. Following quite quickly are the Psychobilly Cadillac debut 7" EP, another Rainy Day Saints single featuring members of other bands as well, the Revelers 7", and the Beatnick Termites 12" EP, with former Reactions bassist Brian McCaferty. Currently, there are two more St. Valentine's pieces in the works, another Psychobilly Cadillac EP and a record from Kent's Twist Offs. Petkovic attributes the resurgence of the label to Plain White Toast, who got the ball rolling again.

SVR was born out of a DIY attitude that many bands held back in the early eighties, inspired by such releases as Tom Dark's New Hope compilation LP of 11 Cleveland HC groups, versus the yes-we-suck-cock attitude many area bands hold today. It is ironic that most of the SVR bands did get signed to larger independent labels through their own hard work and cooperation, while today's bands generally follow the approach of getting signed to indies like bands of yesteryear tried to get signed to major labels, with significantly less success.

Cleveland bands that are in the general parameters of the musical styles already established by SVR can still make use of the name today. In that context, St. Valentines is the cheap whore of the independents.

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the [illegible] decade : continued

*** 1985-1990 may not be a long time in epochal history, but in the whimsical music-culture/boho scene, it's ages. From around 1985 or so, my favorite watering hole became the 2300 Club, an old bar with ceilings ornate and high, lots of wood, a roots jukebox, and feisty but inscrutable Rita the barmaid. This was where the musicians, artists, and underground lit/poetry schmoozers and movers got blind and drooled to Patsy Cline. As far as publications like Cheese Borger's Hey Daddyo! were concerned, forget the address on the zine—this is where the mid-to-late 80's CLE lit crowd most often crawled out of the bottle. The 2300 Club was even home to an early group of young computer hackers who hung out there, earning a famous cyber-rep.

From '86 on, the local music scene bored me. I wasn't into hardcore, and I wasn't gigging. Once, I recorded music for a hair-care video at the Beat Farm—a cool studio (or two) run by Chris Burgess and Al McGinty. The Farms' Herb Jackson label, though only releasing a handful of projects, helped keep inspiration afloat during this time of diminishing returns.

There were still few places to play, although some old trads like the Euclid Tavern started letting originals and weirdos have a shot. So along with some help from the inmates at the Plaza apartments (dubbed Dub Housing since so many were musicians or Ubu members), a tour network evolved. Mini-tours included places like Erie, Pittsburgh, Detroit, Columbus, easy drives. And New York; there were always a lot of Cleveland expatriates and E-Z cheesy gigs at Hilly's inferno, er, CBGB (ie. play for free

dead decade : the conclusion

to three guys from Jersey.)

I remember one cool New Salem Witch Hunters show [*still around after album #5—ed*], at the original Otto Moser's , a 100+ year old theatrical deli/bar with sandwiches named 'The Slapsie Maxie' and 'The Al Joelson' from Cleveland's vaudeville past. Surrounded by ancient posters, show cards, and old promo photos (daguerreotypes?), moose heads and other stuffed animals, the Witch Hunters blasted out their distinctive blend of psychedelic fun. The Moser gigs were closer in spirit to the early '80s shows; different cliques coexisting, people spilling onto the streets happier than when they came in, hoarse bartenders and happy guv'nors counting dough. This was between '86 and '89, when most of the good CLE bands had opted for the road or strictly-studio projects. By the time club Babylon A Go Go opened toward the end of the 80s, our music scene had become a corpse.

Since 1988, I've done live-radio music/comedy theater, but I still think about the days with the Clocks; my brushes with underground fame, funky halls, burning down The Warehouse on Saturday nights.

My most vivid memory, though, isn't of the scene, but one odd incident, one night after rehearsal. We were all in the kitchen; larbing and jorking, puffing and globbering beers. Our bass player, Titch—known for his acrobatics and physical comedy—is trying to make us laugh, jumping and flapping his arms in this small space, doing silly voices, some Daffy Duck meets the Stooges schtick. He gets some laughs, and then some grand gesture trips him, sending him into the wall. He slams back first, slumping to his butt. Then ... like Curly getting bonked, this potted plant dangling above him fell on his head exploding into shards, leaving the flower and fake dirt on top of his head. All that was missing were the bird tweets. We called it the Slapstick Miracle, and it became a rallying moment, like our Alamo. It defined us, and—I think—the decade.

After playing an ESO/Subgenius gig at Peabody's Downunder (once called the Pirate's Cove) earlier this year, I was thinking how little the stage area, and especially back-stage had changed, with band graffiti, 20 years old . Then I looked out the window. The Flats below was jammed with tourists, looking like that alcoholic's urban park, Bourbon Street in New Orleans. When I played the Flats regularly, now over a decade ago, the place stank of dead alewives, seagull shit, freighter fuel, and various forms of industrial pollution. We dreamt of nightclub paradises like this. But these clubs hire mostly name acts now. Ain't it a shame how it all stays the same? Play yo' harp, son.

The SVR Discography

001: DEATH OF SAMANTHA "Amphetamine" b/w "Simple As That" 7" 45 (3/85)
002: OFFBEATS I Can See Your House From Here 7" EP (5/85)
003: SHADOW OF FEAR 12" EP (7/85)
004: REACTIONS "Tommorow's Time Today" b/w "Blue Beyond" 7" 45 (9/85)
005: DEATH OF SAMANTHA "Porn In The USA" 7" 45 (11/85)
006: KNIFEDANCE Who Then Is Sane LP, unreleased, though same title used on a later release
007: DIFFICULT "Day Of St. Christopher" b/w "Lowrider" 7" 45 (5/86)
008: SHADOW OF FEAR "In The Flesh" b/w "Heartbreak Hotel" 7" 45 (5/86)
009: NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS "Falling" b/w "I Wanna Be Your Lover" 7" 45 (5/86)
010: unreleased Shadow Of Fear LP?
011: MY DAD IS DEAD ...And He's Not Gonna Take It Anymore LP (5/86)
012: unreleased Easter Monkeys LP?
013: OFFBEATS "Out Of Breath" b/w "Don't Take My Advice" 7" 45 (7/86)
014: REACTIONS "I Want You" b/w "Frenzied" 7" 45 (7/86)
015: Fungus on the Foot comp cassette?
016: ?
017: ?
018: STARVATION ARMY New Way To Burn 7" EP (86)
019: MY DAD IS DEAD The Pow EP 7", not released on SVR
020: ?
021: STARVATION ARMY In The Red 7" EP, unreleased on SVR
022: THE MICE Scooter LP (4/87)
023: NEW SALEM WITCH HUNTERS "She's Got Wheels" b/w "Quinn The Eskimo" (7/88)
024: ?
025: GOD SQUAD 7", unreleased
026: PLAIN WHITE TOAST Temptations Of Driving 7" EP (2/89)
027: PLAIN WHITE TOAST Styles and Distortion 7" EP (3/90)
028: RAINY DAY SAINTS "Then She Turns Away" b/w "Nowhere" 7" 45 (5/90)
029: PSYCHOBILLY CADILLAC 7" EP (8/90)
030: RAINY DAY SAINTS "All So Unbelievable" +3 7" EP (10/90)
031: REVELERS "Set Myself Up" b/w "Warning Sign" 7" 45 (11/90)
032: BEATNICK TERMITES 12" EP (11/90)
033: PLAIN WHITE TOAST November Twister 7" EP (11/90)
034: PSYCHOBILLY CADILLAC 7"
035: TWIST OFFS 7"

not listed: Faith Acadamy record (format unknown), Spike In Vain Death Drives A Cadillac LP.

All titles in bold print have actually been released. Due to a mixup, the Revelers single shows SVR 032 on the cover.

DEATH OF SAMANTHA:

THE DREAM OF RIPPED TROUSERS

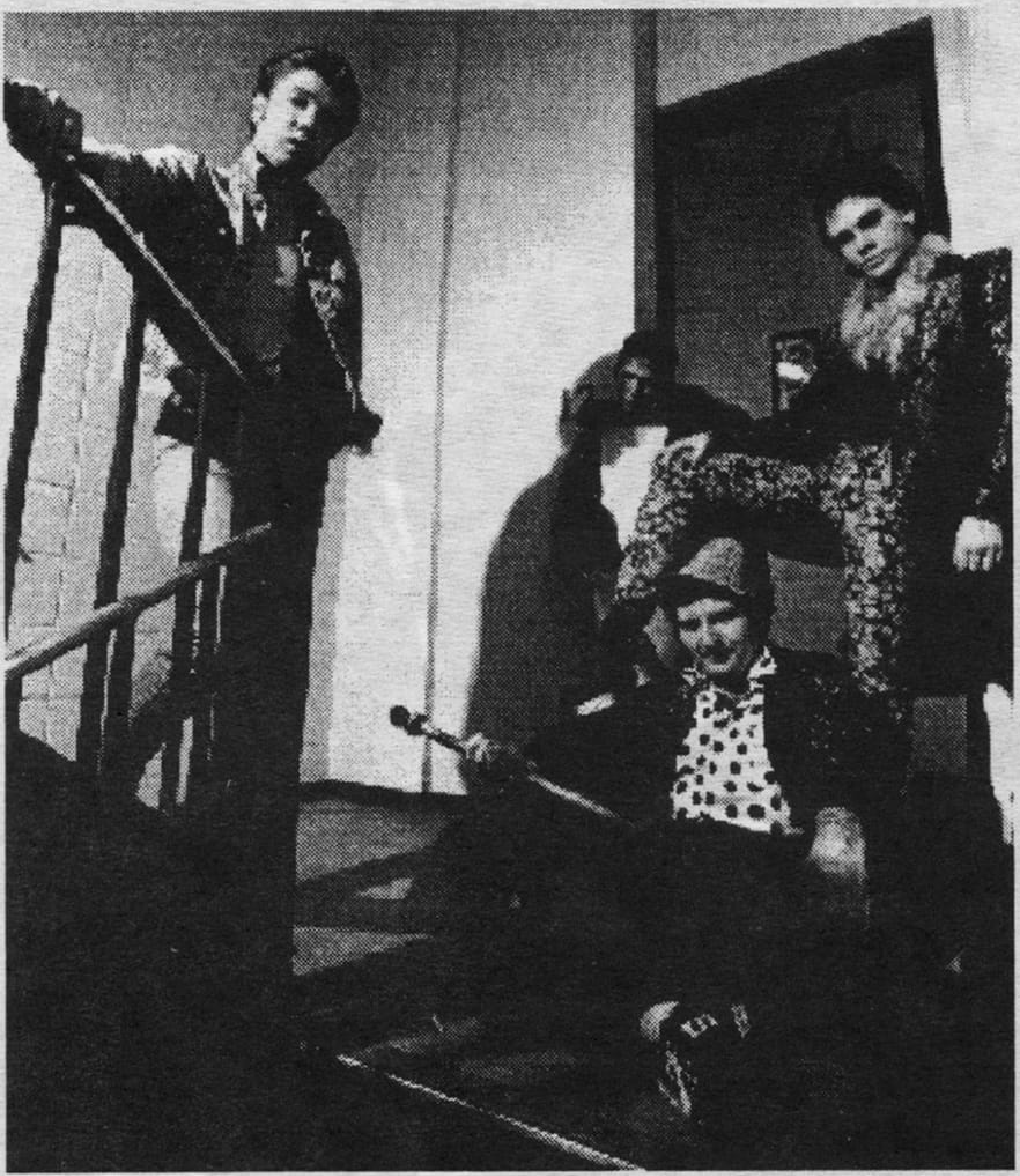
by Byron Coley

Death of Samantha are no longer w/ us, but it probably won't be too long until revisionist crit-dips begin to embrace the sounds and culture of the 1980s. When this happens, D.O.S.'s star will surely re-ascend to the foppy heavens in which it once shone so brightly.

Although the decade's music has been derided by many peeps who know less than a shoe, there is little doubt that the 1980s were a period of singularly interesting musical activity in the United States. Beginning w/ the cola-fueled boom of pre-core punks and ending w/ the quiet thimble-tapping of four-eyed shoe-gazers, the sounds of the 1980s encompassed an enormous range of cool and almost-cool action. But for all that, there were few underground bands who were interested in making a spectacle of themselves. Some combos deigned to "put on a show" ('70s holdovers the Cramps and Misfits spring to mind), but there were precious few combos birthed in the '80s to whom THE SHOW was the thing. Paramount amongst this anti-hip elite was Cleveland's own Death of Samantha.

The band was formed, almost as a bad joke, by singer/guitarist John Petkovic in the summer of '83. Getting a gig at John's workplace (a Ground Round restaurant) whilst the manager was on vacation, Death of Samantha first performed as a trio with bassist Dave James and drummer/Elvis imitator Steve Eierdam. Conceived as a Yugoslavian amalgam of Alice Cooper, David Bowie, Lou Reed and the Sex Pistols, the band proved to be such a moving live experience that John's restaurant career was terminated on the spot.

Undaunted, Death of Samantha continued, solidifying their line-up in the spring of '85 when they roped in the glitter-heavy guitarist, Doug Gillard (late of Children's Crusade & Starvation Army). With Gillard in place as a visual foil and constantly riffing guitar PRESENCE, Petkovic was freed to spurt around the stage like a big pock of metallic jiz in a



low-gravity environment. His mouth jammed full of red licorice, his cheap suit soiled by un-named liquids, Petkovic power-oozed like a Vegas lounge singer on Benzedrine, while the band flared around him. Dave James was a non-presence visually, but his bass had enough bite to get the boys dancing. Doug Gillard tottered on sky-high platform heels, spuzzing out thick chords of raunch and craning his head around as though someone had told him that the Sensational Alex Harvey had just walked into the room. Steve Eierdam (aka Steve-o) pounded the tubs like a big game hunter, and appeared to be something like an unholy cross between Ubu's Crocus Behemoth and the Meatmen's Tesco Vee — gushing philosophy, jokes, magic tricks and an untaggable brand of bad-vibe weirdness, looking all the while like one of his bandmates' tubby uncles in dire need of electroshock treatment.

This is the line-up that recorded the band's early classics. First were a pair of incredible singles, "Amphetamine" (initially misreported as a cover of the Laughner song) and "Coca Cola & Licorice", both of which were released on St. Valentine Records — a label that Petkovic formed w/ Dave Swanson of the Reactions and Chris Andrews from Shadow of Fear, to document Cleveland's non-hardcore underground. These singles garnered enough press that the band was signed to the then-hot Homestead label, where they issued a superb LP, *Strungout on Jargon*, and a 12" EP, *Laughing in the Face of a Dead Man*. These records were unprecedented pieces of underground ROCK, filled w/ Petkovic's snide, ceaseless blabber and music that truly did seem to be based on the absolutely moribund role models that John revered. And because they were so fucking strange, D.O.S. took a segment of the American underground by storm.

The band changed a bit in 1987 when Dave James followed his snoot into the hell of synth-pop and was replaced by Dave Swanson. Swanny's mod-star approach to dressing and aggressive bass moves added another dimension to the band. Looking like some guy who'd wandered out of a Small Faces rehearsal, Dave also added a conceptual depth to the band's material. His historical fanboy bent grounded the band more firmly in the Cleveland tradition, resulting in stuff like the cover of Laughner's "Sylvia Plath" on their next LP, *Where the Women Wear the Glory and the Men Wear the Pants*.

The late '80s were Death of Samantha's apex. They were popular in Cleveland and around the states, they pulled off some of their most glorious on-stage antics (the marriage of John and Steve-o, Steve-o popping out of a coffin, and so on), and they released a pair of "mature" albums, the aforementioned *Glory*, and 1989's *Come All Ye Faithless.* Both these disks were ripe plops of purist rock, seemingly styled after the output of the Mick Taylor-era Stones. In retrospect, Petkovic has expressed dismay that these records aren't wilder, but when they were released they scratched a whole bunch of particular itches. And then the band was gone.

Death of Samantha went into semi-retirement early in 1990 and, while they resurfaced via an occasional live show or rumor (the best of which had them set to back Wayne Newton on a Curb Records EP), they never really returned. The members went on to a host of other worthy projects, and all of them except Steve-o are currently in Cobra Verde. But when D.O.S packed it in the world lost a very special sort of band — one that was not afraid to buck all trends in pursuit of the spectacle. Anyone who ever saw them will not forget them. Such a bunch of fucking pansies is not easily wiped from yr memory.

DOS at CBGB

Cola
Cola
"REFRESH-ABIL

pics: Steve Wainstead

“CAPTAIN TRIPS BUMS CLEVO”

-or-

WHAT A SHORT, DULL TRIP IT WAS

there are no accidents

i had all their records. i had all their records and i'd played them so many times i'd worn them out. then i'd buy new ones and wear them out. even today i can sing every note, every drum part, every solo from “st. steven” straight through to “turn on your lovelight”. i can/could play them, too. i'd brought my drum set down to school, but my roommates had said uh uh we've got to study this 1/4, and so it being the Twang Age and all, i'd gone out and bought my first electric guitar—a single cutaway Les Paul Junior for 50 bucks. it would be worth around 1,000 now. i got the money working part-time at an antique shop called airflow junk, the owner paying me $10 a day under the table. unless he was high. then he would ask “have i paid you yet?” and i'd say “no”. this would happen 2 or 3 times on a good day.

now, i would spend hours noodling along with their tunes especially the ones on the live album til i got the licks right, and was very impressed that a band of known drug abusers could play a song in 11/8 time and more or less come down on the 1 together. the music was only a simple major scale—book 1 page 1 lesson 1, but to me that was the beauty of it! so imagine my excitement when i opened the cleveland plain dealer's friday magazine and saw that for one night and one night only belkin bros. proudly presenting in their first area appearance...the grateful dead.

on d-day, 7 or 8 of us cut classes, piled into my vw, drove the 30 miles from kent to cleveland, coped with a flat tire no spare, and ran out of gas 2ice. see, my bug's ‘fuel delivery system’ had a hole in it and could only take an 8th of a tank at a time no gas gauge either. but we had anticipated all this. we'd left 6 hours before showtime so we could get lost. we had the proper amount of controlled substances in our bloodstreams. we knew there was a long journey ahead of us...after all, this was the dead ! ..so there would be adventures built in and ordeals to endure and little trials and challenges to experience and that we could and would triumph because when it came right down to it we knew this one shining truth—we were immune ! ! nothing could stop us.

and so of course we found a parking space right in front of public hall—proof ! and so of course we bumped into the rest of the kent contingent in the lobby—more proof ! and oohhh the stage was sssssooooooo beautiful could you believe all that equipment? they'd replaced the stock speaker cabinet grill cloth of their guitar amplifiers with tie-dye ! ! even the p.a. stacks were tie-dye ! ! even...hey ! there they are ! even the band was in tie-dye ! !...and jumping like a willy's in 4-wheel drive.

but as good as it was, it was not good enough. i had to get closer closer i wanted to be the music not watch it it seemed so phony so square this arbitrary 4th wall concept separating ‘band on stage’ from ‘people in audience’ weren't we all one? and didn't we lose so much with the artificial divisions we were forced forced ! to live with dictated mind you dictated ! by a straight society who didn't know they just didn't know.

the hell's angels who had been hired as concert security had all gone to take a collective leak or gang rape a hippette or something and magic magic magic of magics there was an open door right by the stage no one was watching it the band had drifted into ‘dark star’ and they had fired a spotlight at the cut glass mirrored ball and pin-points of light creamed around the hall fast at first and then slowly slowed down and then aahhhh actually went the other way and no one else had seen the unguarded door but me it was for me there are no accidents. a path had been cleared and it was my duty and destiny to take it. so in i went and the next thing i knew i was in the wings on the stage and oh it was wonderful and this beautiful lady said hi to me and it was Mountain Girl ! the Mountain Girl ! a real merry prankster and she smiled at me and asked if i wanted a beer and i said yeah and she showed me a whole wash tub a whole wash tub! of iced coors and i had one one of the band's beers ! and then i had a few more and then i heard the unmistakable opening lines to "st. stephen" the patron saint of hungary i am half hungarian it was no accident there are no accidents and off we went and i knew the rumors must be true that owsley had really brewed up a batch of his finest and had put it in a mason jar and before each show garcia would dip his fingers in it it's true i was there it sounded like it anyway and i was it and i sang along and danced and we worked it we that's right we ! we worked through the whole 2 sides of the album and i was the band the band was me and pigpen lurched into "lovelight" and i sang along and then i grabbed 2 empty beer cans and i started playing when the percussion breaks came right on cue i knew where they were i was on jerry's side of the stage and i was banging along and singing and dancing and staring at that wonderful face so deep lined and wise with that wonderful beatific look of pure knowing and i sang louder and banged the cans harder and that wonderful face and it's halo of hair slowly it took forever drifted floated over to me to me and he was no more than a foot away i could smell the sweat and the reefer smoke on him and from out of that wonderful mouth and those twinkling eyes came at the top of his lungs WILL YOU SHUT THE FUCK UP YOU FUCKING ASSHOLE ! ! ! ! !

I sold my guitar back to the guy I'd bought it from for thirty-five dollars and lent my drums to my friend Jeff Miller. He didn't get to play them much. Three weeks later he was shot and killed by the Ohio National Guard.

© 1996 Chris Butler

DEVIL GLITCH BLERB/BLURB

ummm...yeah, so i'm trading off playing demos with Nicky from Dots Will Echo, and he plays one and i play one and he plays one and then i play him The Devil Glitch, apologizing sheepishly 'cause the vamp at the end is 12 choruses long and i don't remember if he said it or if i said it or if the caffeine said it but suddenly we're both giggling 'cause the problem with the song isn't that it's too long it's that it's too short! and wow!...wouldn't it be cool to fill up a whole CD with choruses??

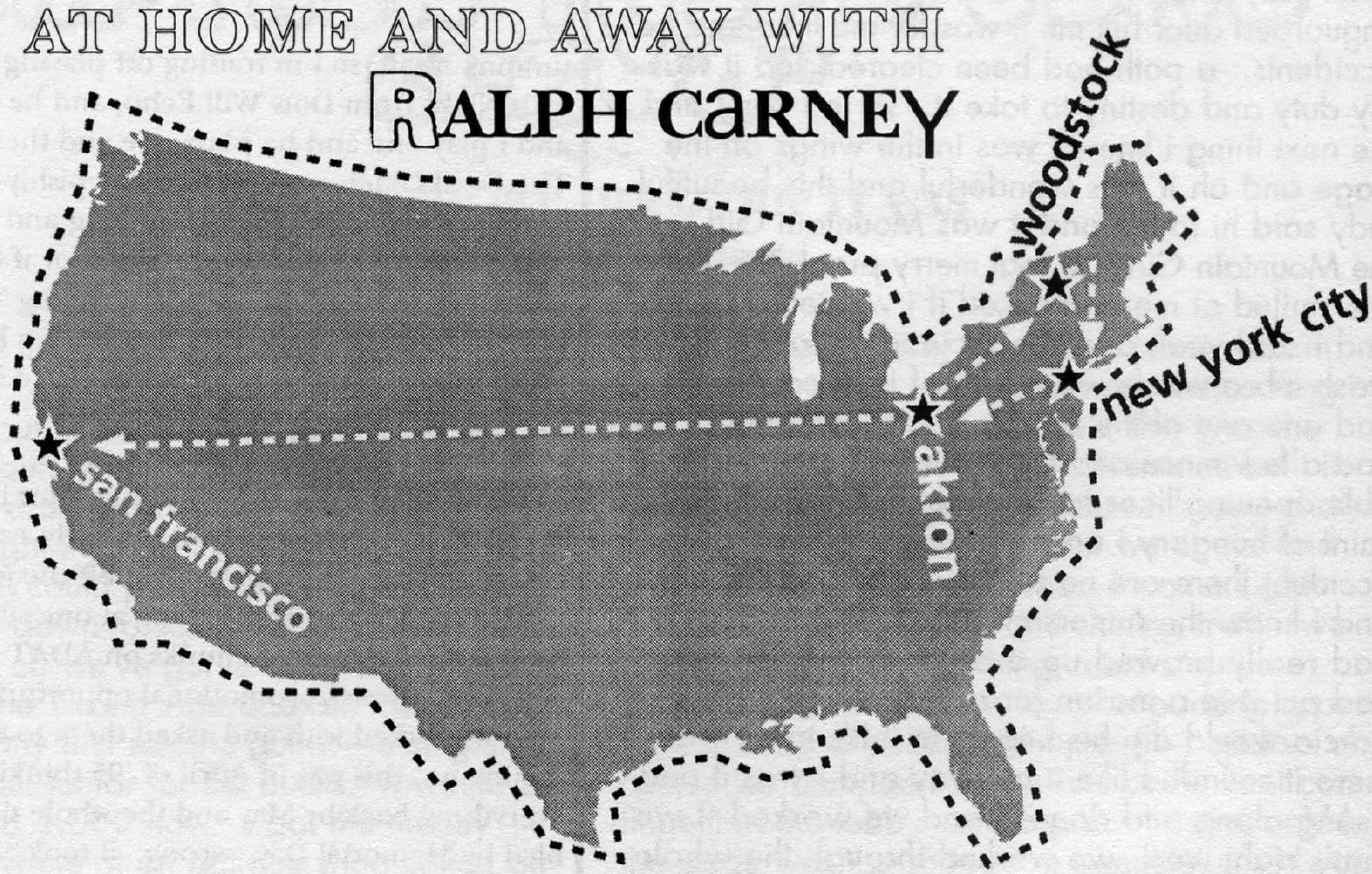
so that's what i did. three months later i'd written over 550 of them (usually in the early, early am before the cares of the day shut off the joy valve), then recorded the whole thing at one sitting, then passed out 2-3 minute chunks on ADAT cassettes (wake up, Alesis...promotional opportunity!) to people i've worked with and asked them to add accompaniment. this was in April of '95 thinking i'd have everything back by May and the whole thing assembled by Memorial Day. wrong. it took a year to get everything organized, but that's okay 'cause the software to actually glue the thing together wasn't available in '95 and Freedy Johnston took forever to hand in his piece (worth it) and Liam Sternberg from Akron (and now Holland) had to do his too in between launching his Bone Fiction project and Kramer (who had been the Waitresses original sound man!) had to be goosed to get his bit in (also worth it) and don't get me started about my Mom (never try to produce your Mom).

anyway...it's done and it's 69 minutes long but what you've got here is the 5 minute/radio friendly (or unfriendly 'cause of all the cuss words) original version. by the time you read this, i'll hope to have CD's pressed. if you want one or more info, email me at BEEZWAX2@aol.com or snail me at PO Box 6248, Hoboken, NJ 07030.

ADDITIONAL/LEGAL INFO:

© & p 1996 Chris Butler/Future Fossil Music (BMI)
Supervising Engineer: Scott Anthony
Paul Moschella: drums
Chris Gefken, Matt Azzarto, Jim Higgins & Paul Moschella: back-ups
CB does everything else.

UPBEAT DURING DOWNTIME AT HOME AND AWAY WITH RALPH CARNEY



by John Petkovic

1988. Returning to his home town of Akron nine years after leaving, Ralph Carney was faced with a dilemma: cheap rent and the threat of a day job.

"I was playing sax doing bar gigs for fifty bucks a night at these scuzzy East Village clubs with Joan Osborne," says Carney. "Three sets of blues covers a night."

"Tom Waits wasn't doing anything at the time. I had had enough of New York. I had to go."

The promise of cheap rent brought him back to Akron.

"And then my parents asked me 'So are you gonna get a real job?'"

To Carney, work meant playing music—for a living.

"I couldn't get any work in Akron," says Carney. "And I didn't have anything happening."

So he "sold a bunch of stuff on the fly" and moved to San Francisco, only to be greeted by an earthquake two weeks later.

1974. While working at Disc Records, an Akron record store, a co-worker asked Ralph Carney to join his group.

"I had met the Tin Huey guys and (singer) Harvey Gold was working there. He told me 'You suck but you've got a good attitude—you wanna play?'" says Carney. "I was taking a couple of classes at Kent State playing jazz. It was no way to learn music so I quit. I learned playing along to records."

In '77, UK-based Stiff Records signed-up Akron cohabitants Devo to a contract. For the first (and only) time, national attention was focused on the Cleveland and Akron avant-axis.

"Then Robert Christgau (Village Voice music critic) came to Ohio (March, '78) to see this show we were doing at JBs with the Bizarros," says Carney. "He spread the word about Akron when he went back to New York and then the world started coming to check it out."

Warner Bros. Records was part of the record world rushing to JBs to see Tin Huey.

"We got signed to Warner Brothers, went to NY to open four shows for Television, and then it came time to make the record," Carney remembers. "We wanted to do it in Ohio, but Warner's made us go to L.A. The Doobie Brothers were recording in the same studio. We went over budget."

In March of '79 Tin Huey's debut Contents Dislodged During Shipment was released.

"It was such a high hearing Kid Leo talk about us on WMMS," says Carney.

Combining prog-rock with shifty, jazzed-up tempos and lyrical grotesques atop a surging r&b-based rock, Contents . . . , while the area's most complex of offerings, lacked the big hook required of commercial rock radio.

After a tour opening for a Long Island bar band called the Good Rats, Tin Huey found itself out of cash. After getting dropped from Warner Brothers, Tin Huey broke up.

"I shaved my head because it was symbolic of the break up," says Carney. I wanted to play free jazz. I left Akron in the Fall of '79. I moved to Woodstock.

The next year, Carney headed south—for New York City.

He found himself once again at Warner Bros. This time he was working a job as a messenger making a delivery.

"I was taking something to the Warner Brothers office and the person who signed Tin Huey got on the elevator with me. I didn't even know what to say."

In '81, after an aborted attempt to revive Huey (three members, Harvey Gold, drummer Stuart Austin, and guitarist Michael Aylward followed Carney to Woodstock, while guitarist Chris Butler went to NYC to form the Waitresses), Carney hooked up with the B-52's, playing horns on the group's Mesopotamia, Whammy!, and Party Mix records as well as coinciding tours.

After a gig with David Thomas ('82), Carney found himself playing dixieland on the streets of NY. He then jump-started a "mariachi cartoon" band he'd had while living in Woodstock, the Swollen Monkeys, and befriended record producer Hal Wilner, who took on the project. Wilner also enlisted Carney to play on tribute records to Thelonius Monk and the music of Disney he was producing.

"Then he got me hooked up with Tom Waits for a studio session. Tom dug the energy and said 'I'll call you,'" says Carney.

He did. Carney subsequently played on Rain Dogs, Frank's Wild Years, and Big Time, coinciding tours included.

In '87, he joined-up with percussionist David Hild and old Woodstock-buddy Kramer, to form the aptly-named Carney-Hild-Kramer, and recorded an lp, Happiness Finally Came To Them, for Kramer's Shimmy Disc label.

By '88, Carney came to experience the recurring musical motif: downtime. After a temporary gig doing music for a "bad" kid's tv show, Carney started pawning "cheese horn" riffs playing the blues circuit.

1996. San Francisco.

"I've been playing a lot of local gigs wearing a tuxedo," says Carney. "I do the standards but I add my trademark—biting the reed and doing some squealing."

One of those gigs is Orange Symphonette, a S.F.-based group recently signed to a Rykodisc subsidiary, described by Carney as "an experimental spaced-out band doing improv on Mancini tunes."

Another gig, sans formal attire, has been doing session work for groups, including Grant Lee Buffalo, Friends of Dean Martinez, and Cobra Verde. And Tom Waits has been calling again, most recently for the "Dead Man Walking" soundtrack and a rare live performance in S.F.

But that hasn't stopped Carney from doing his own material. A single on the L.A.-based Birdman label and a track on the CLE compilation features Carney as a one-man-20-plus-piece band, playing his "totally out there music."

And he's not coming back.

"I miss Tin Huey. Back then I was 23 and rent was cheap and there was all this stuff going on," he says. "But once you leave it's tough to go back."

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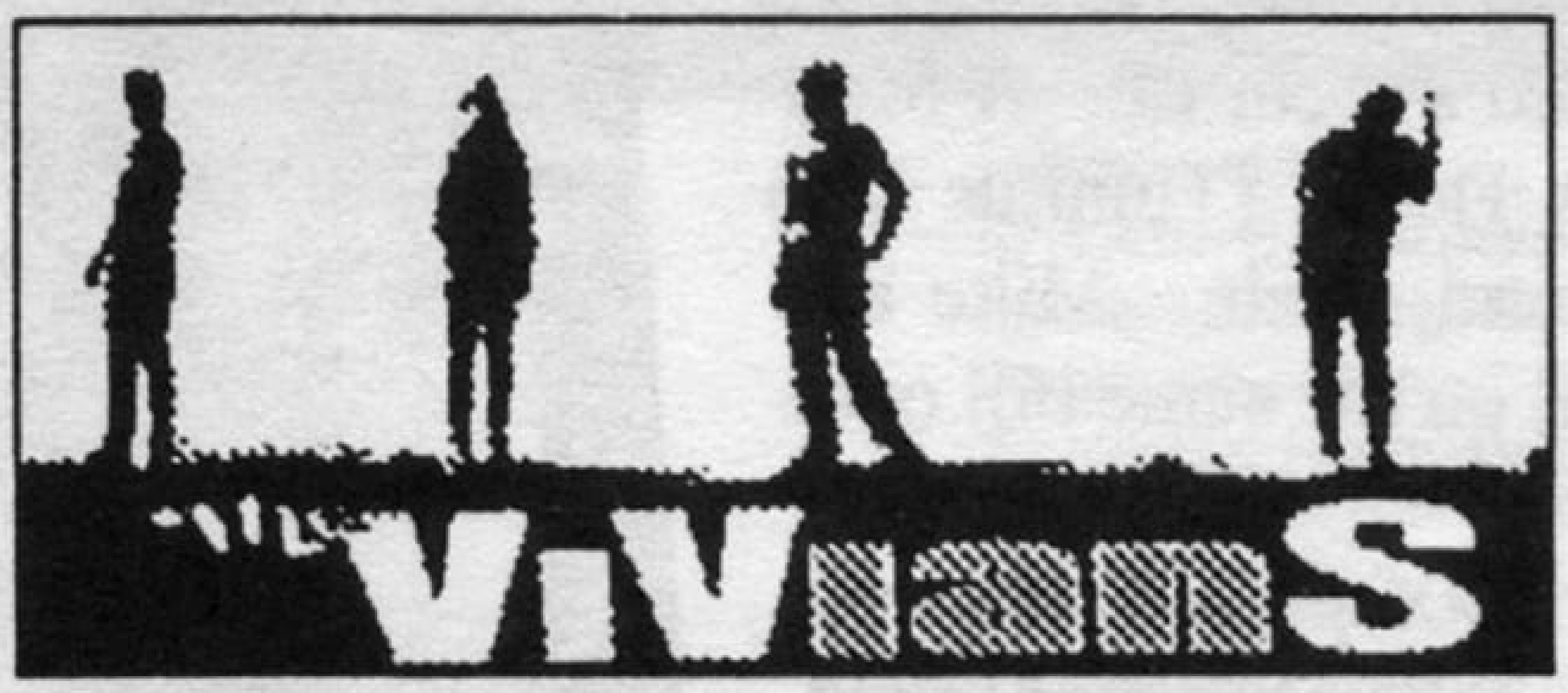

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QUANTITIES ARE LIMITED!

AMOEBA (raft boy)

< an interview with John Morton>

by Michael J. Weldon

John Morton has been an artist, and led bands on and off, since he was in school in Lakewood, Ohio. He's best known for the Electric Eels, a hard to classify but noisy, controversial and unique mid-70s group that has been praised as an important pre-punk phenomena in several recent books. Their CD *God Says Fuck You* (Homestead, '91) helped spread the word and the Eels have been covered by other bands, such as the Thomas Jefferson Slave Apartments.

***

"When the Eels were out people said we were wrong. Being in those books vindicated us. I have more confidence now," says Morton, now living in New York.

Paul Marotta (also from Lakewood) was a stabilizing founding member of the Eels. He was also in Mirrors, and went on the Styrenes/Styrene Money Band, and a revived Mirrors with Jamie Klimek, first in Cleveland and then in New York. Mike Hudson, if you haven't figured out by now, was the lead singer of the Pagans, another Cleveland group that got much (deserved) critical praise after they had broken up. He also recorded a great LP, 'A Monster And A Devil' (Tinnitus '89) with Paul and Jamie. Mike and John played on the same bill once in Cleveland.

"X-X played out with The Pagans at the big ship, right before I moved," recount John referring to the "Unattached Sexual Parts Night" held at the Phantasy/Real World Niteclub, their last gig before the band moved to New York.

A new band featuring John, Paul, and Mike seemed like a great idea, but things didn't work out exactly as planned.

CLE: Why start another band anyway?

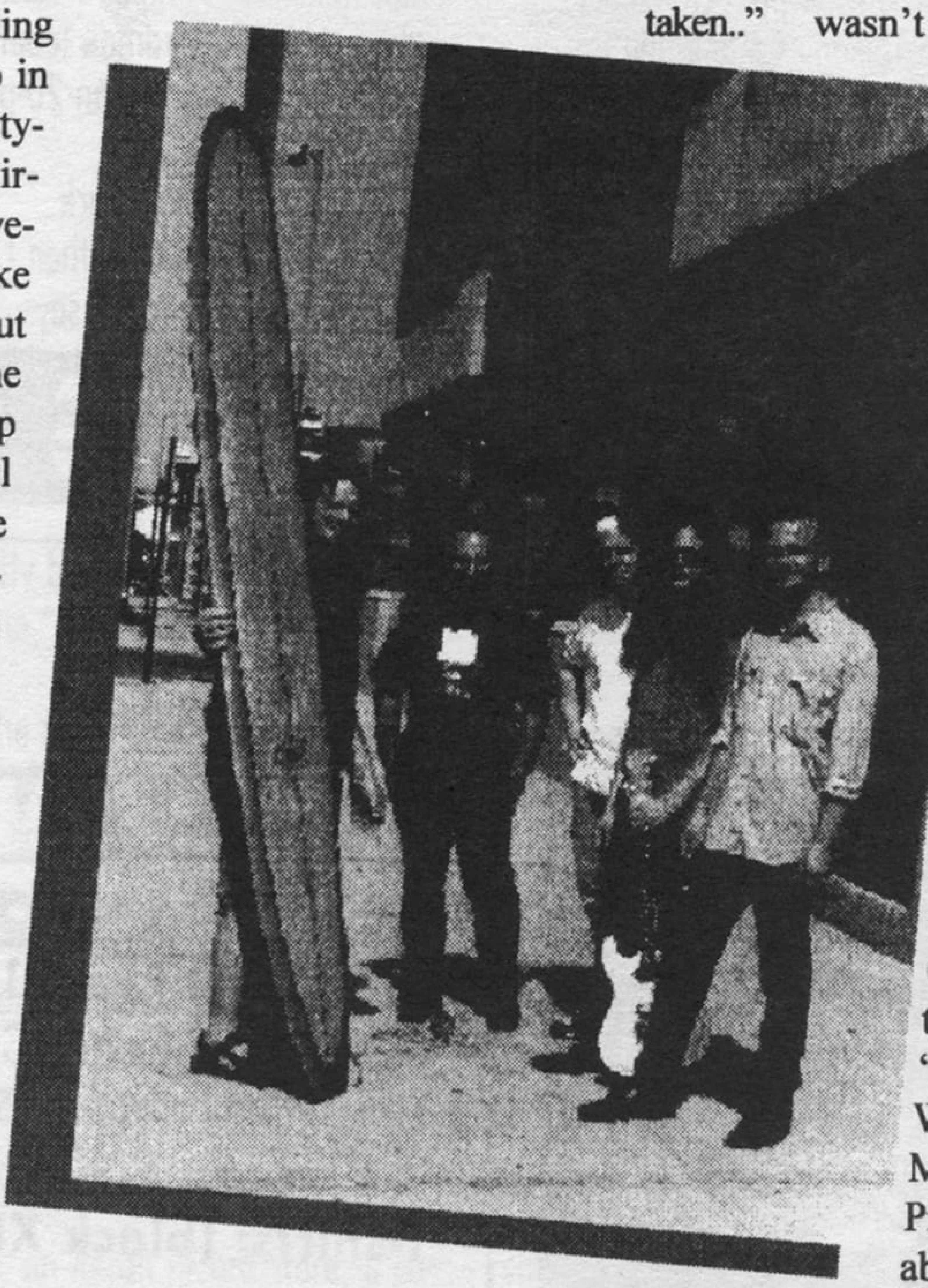
John: "For the money. I'm lying, but, after I got sober, I started doing music again and I'm writing a book. Every day I go through the living hell of sobriety. I was worried about being kicked out (of AA) because of my attitude. (The band) was my idea. I talked to Paul about it. He said 'Just get some people and start to play — play Gloria.' I bought Jamie's red Stratocaster that he had given to Paul. We started with me and Paul and Paulie (Paul's son, and later Mirrors' drummer) and Mike and bass player Mark Pehanic. We did old Pagans ('Not Now, No Way'), old Eels ('Anxiety', which we still do) and Styrenes. It was nice with the three of us and we sounded good together. That lasted a couple of months."

CLE: People have wondered where the name Electric Eels came from.

JM: "It's what I had for lunch that day."

CLE: And Amoeba (raft boy)?

JM: "Porno For Pyros was taken.."



"We kept having fights about Mike not paying his share of the studio. He couldn't straighten out in time. I was in recovery, and he was active. I used to hold the big blue book up at him like the bible to Dracula. He'd be out of it at one o'clock on a Sunday afternoon. But it was fun when all the bullshit was packed away, it was good. During the January blizzard, he spent hours on the subway trying to get to practice. One week he didn't show up. He quit in a pique. He called us the 70s Indians, Glory Days, three guys who are past it. He wrote a letter to Paul stating this. We were hassling him about money, he's an artist . . . He said he pulled his own tooth out on his 40th birthday and that's real.

"I thought the band was over. I was very distraught. There was this guy in AA, Christian. He reminds me of Davy (Eels singer) but Paul says he doesn't remind him of Davy. He got up and qualified (got up at a meeting and told his personal story) and two things he said really impressed me—he didn't like group sports, and he used to run through the woods with a baseball bat. He thinks he drank Aqua Velva once in a blackout. He's an artist, he wasn't a singer. We were AA friends. He said he sang at a party once. He likes the songs, there's an affinity. He's 24. He's 20 years younger. Paulie's 25. The age difference is not apparent. We're all interested in the same things. He sounds different each time. He's got a full, untrained voice, which I like. And he pays his share of the studio. Paul got a new bass player, Al, from work. I'd known Mark for ten years, but he's moving out of town.

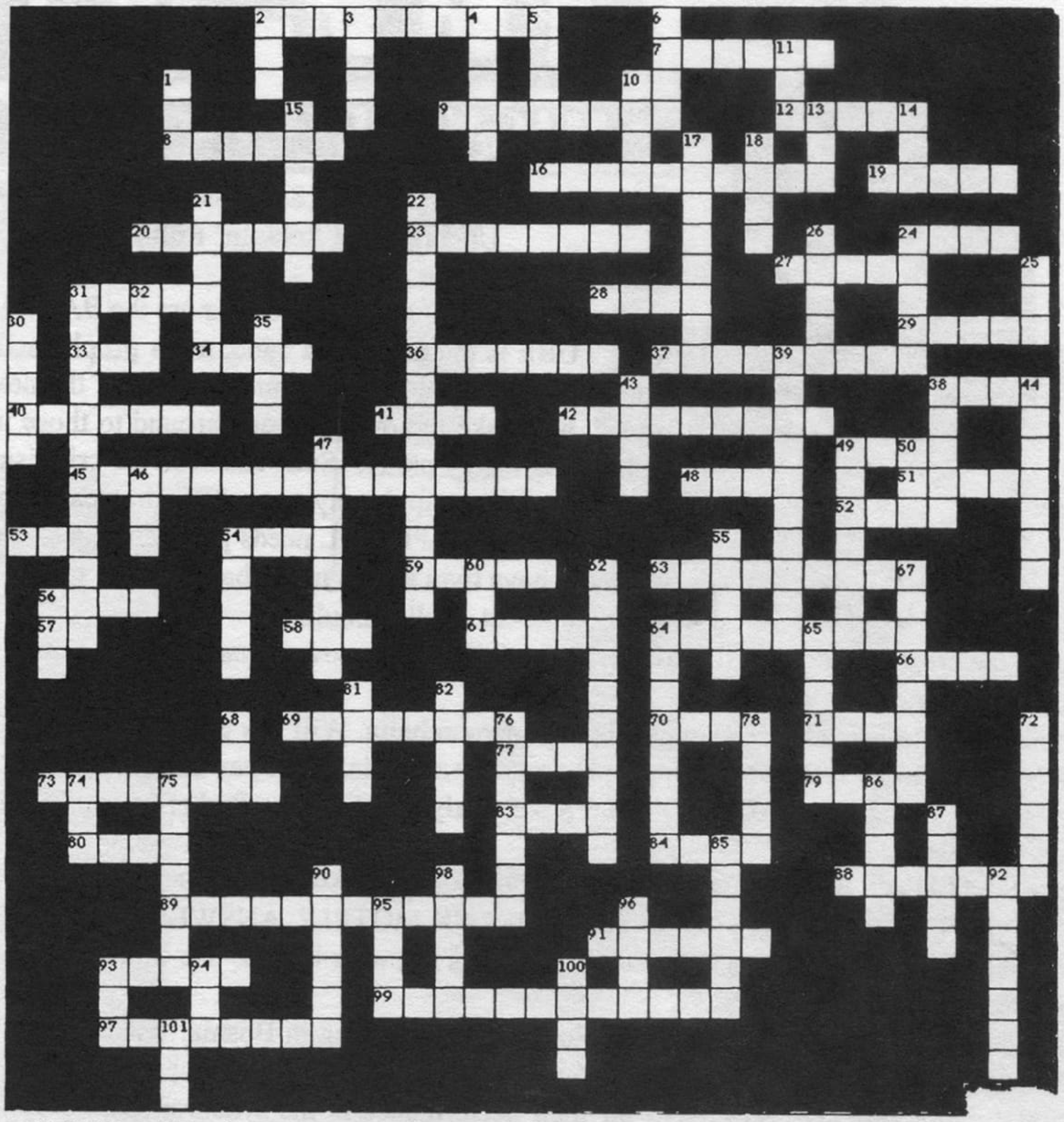
"We're working on new material. So far, I've written 'Kharma Bank' — it's about how every time you trash somebody, you're making a deposit to the kharma bank, and it all comes back to you. I took it from Mike, my story, and Christian. The line 'Tatoo in Lisbon', that's me doing Mike. Other songs are 'Mommy, You Broke My Mind' and 'The Way Of Pigs.' We're going to do a Brian McMahon (Ex-Eels, older brother of Prick) song. He wrote a song about me, about surfing ('Don't Drop Me, Steal The Wave'). We do a great version of Brian's 'Cold Meat.' Amoeba is very tight. The Eels were never as tight. We plan to do records and play out. That was the thing with the Eels we didn't do. The Eels only played out six times."

Michael J. Weldon is the publisher of Psychotronic Video. Look for his new enyclopedia of Psychotronic © films.

CROSSCLEWERDZ™

AMAZE your friends with this utterly useless knowledge!!!

by Quigley



Across

2. Peter Laughner's "Backstreet" Romance.
7. Cleveland home of the VELVETS (and others).
8. MIRRORS drummer, now Psychotronic guru Michael.
9. The ___ _____ WITCH HUNTERS.
10. Palcontents' boss (init.)
12. "Big Ed's Used __ _____."
16. Chrissie Hynde's Stress-less, pre-Pretenders Cle band.
19. "Free games for May. See _____ play."
20. "_____ was dead with a madman's rope 'round her neck."
23. Considered by some to be the NEW mistake on the lake.
24. Mark Edwards' aggregation (init.)
27. Pere Ubu progenitor.
28. Former Cle label now headed for big things in St. Louis.
29. "_____ Slaughter", Cleveland's first glam-metal rockers.
31. Anything BUT green, Cleveland's "COBRA _____".
33. "____ Leo", commercial FM jock who all but ignored the wealth of original CLE music right under his nose.
34. Master Bators.
36. There were 30 of these over Tokyo.
37. The CHRONICS sang "Calling All _____".
38. Call letters for Cleveland State U's radio station.
40. Great 70s art damage band from Akron.
41. "Flapping _____."
42. The "cramped" Ms. Rorschach.
45. He provided the hungry "Disasto" crowds with gray burgers, green weenies, and warm soda-pop, from his cart.
48. Affectionately, THE VIVIANS.
49. Mr. Erickson, with the two-headed dog.
51. That which is not unknown.
52. Before crack, things used to go better with _____
53. Allen Ravenstine's main axe.
54. "What's this _____ called love?"
56. Kent's CRUEL, CRUEL _________.
57. ____ a clear day you can see Tremont.
58. "Are we not _____?"
59. Cle landmark, the Terminal _________.
61. This label released PERE UBU's original "Datapanik In The Year Zero" back in '78.
63. Character name of Cle's first TV horror movie host.
64. Cleveland's oldest teenager.
66. 70s free weekly magazine, early competitor of SCENE.
69. Infamous curve on Cleveland's Shoreway innerbelt.
70. "Take Another ____", urged EASTER MONKEYS' Mr. Chris.
71. Not always the opposite of pleasure.
73. Not actually Californians, these Cleveland alternative country rockers ruled the roost for awhile in the late 80s.
77. A fanatical group of followers.
79. "Don't be a misery ______."
80. "____ in the Flats", hosted cool Cle bands for awhile.
83. "The _______", were credited as the performers on the first-ever Pere Ubu bootleg LP.
84. Cleveland's DEAD BOYS were signed to this major label.
88. Joan, Tom, Barnabas, Bootsy, or Larry.
89. Chris Andrews helped guide this Cle band to overseas popularity.
91. Kraftwerk, Gort, Tobor & Robbie.
93. Stunning Icelandic chanteuse & former SUGARCUBE.
97. Jimmy Armstrong's 80s CLE band who pre-figured the current "lounge music revival" by 15 years.
99. Cleveland's "Jack The Ripper", torso murderer of the 30s known as "The Mad Butcher of _____ _____".

Down

1. Before he was a "hero", David Bowie was "______".
2. 70s German band who's influence was felt in Cleveland.
3. Despite their moniker, this Ohio group makes a big noise.
4. "Sonic Reducer, ain't no ____".
5. Popular west side rock club of the late 60s, The Atomic ____.
6. Thankfully, this lame civic slogan of the 70s never caught on ... "Cleveland's A ____".
10. Not only did the Cuyahoga River catch fire in the 70s, so did our mayor's hair. The Hon. Ralph J. ____."
11. Lower than UHF.
13. "Fuck ___, let's dance."
14. Syd Barrett's Lucifer.
15. ____ FROM THE TOMBS.
17. Cle band who mourned the death of Yoko Ono's _____.
18. Anna-frida, Bjorn, Benny, & Agnetha.
21. The Drome record shop was originally called "_____ Discodrome".
22. _________ ________ aka David Thomas.
24. Pete "Mad Daddy" _____.
25. Mr. Van Vliet aka Capt. Beefheart.
26. "VAGUE" cover girl from CLE 3A.
30. "Klaatu Barada _____."
31. The ELECTRIC EELS Extermination Nights were held here.
32. ______ DARK SWEET.
35. AKA Christa Paffgen.
38. Detroit's Kramer, not Seinfeld's.
39. Chinese Church was attended by BERNIE & THE __.
43. Title/color of PAGANS LP produced by Jim Jones in '84.
44. Sappy Cle TV kiddie show host who talked to an invisible parrot.
46. "The Big ___" served breakfast 24 hours a day.
47. "Ohhhhhh, I'm so _____", sang Eel, Dave E.
49. Lucy & Ricky ________.
50. "The ___ took my baby away."
54. New lounge revivalists, _____ MOTEL.
55. Waters, Peel, Lydon, and Morton.
56. WRUW-fm's longtime queen of the night waves. Sometimes Manchester, sometimes Michigan ___.
60. John Cale announced that he was "Ready for ____."
62. After bathing in this, Andrew Klimeyk released his single.
64. Long-gone west side pizza man who "never sleeps".
65. 80s Akronites who sang songs about pagan gods & stubborn laundry problems.
67. the bane of the new information age.
68. After departing PERE UBU, Tim Wright moved to NYC and joined ___.
72. Paul Michael's 80s band of non-juvenilles.
74. "_____ WILL EAT ITSELF."
75. Johnny Dromette quote, "We call it ___ so nothing can go wrong."
76. "Who's yer favorite Ramone?" was this one's query.
78. Iggy sang, "I'm _____."
81. "___ panik In The Year Zero."
82. Cleveland T-shirt magnate, ______ Dan.
85. John Lydon aka _____.
86. Cleveland's sister city to the south.
87. The outspoken Mr. Biafra.
90. This Ohio group is Guided By _____.
91. Not Cypriot terrorists, Columbus-based ___ ___ TURKS.
93. Be -
94. Wood, Head, Clark or Rogers.
95. "Stay ____, Turn blue!"
96. Cleveland's sorely-missed burley-Q.
98. Once lucky, now a prick, ____ McMahon.
100. A magic dragon or Scott Pickering's tube.
101. Mr. Reznor's aggregation (init.)

VELAND
MAGAZINE

"The Gazette Covering the Soft Underbelly of Cleveland Underground Rock 'n' Roll" . . .

VELAND mini-survey

YES ☐
NO ☐

PUZZLE

Duvalby Bros.	Belway Bros.
Marec Bros.	Warner Bros.
McMahon Bros.	Parker Bros.

(you figure it out.)

Pub.

club-a-dub dub scene 'n herd:

Are the EASTER MONKEYS back or are the BACKMONKEYS easter?

PUFF TUBE is the name of a band, not a prophylactic or a hot-dog chain, as some have maintained.

Jimmy Ellis has decided not to print copies of the next CLE magazine, because its too expensive. Instead, he'll take the original copy around to those interested and read it aloud.

Unflattering baggy pants? Such has been the criticism from frustrated STEP SISTER female oglers. Singer Tom clears up the mystery. "We do wear skin tight pants. We just have baggy asses."

The DOWNSIDE SPECIAL needs practice space. To practice S&M, that is. "That's what happens when you have twin sisters in the band!", says guitarist Dave ... FOR SALE: $1500 worth of used rock band equipment. Call dimbulb.

Riding the crest of success, BIBLICAL PROOF OF UFOs now demanding a minimum when they appear. Are you sure you wouldn't draw $20 anyway, guys?

WANTED: Old Eric Carmen songs, photos, memorabalia. Will pay any price. Needed for new image. Call Jimmy Zero.

WANTED: Old DEAD BOYS songs, photos, memorabalia. Will pay any price. Needed for new image. Call Eric Carmen.

Yes, Virginia, that was BACKMONKEYS bass-palyer/sadist Clay Parker trying to sell "natural" "soap" to secretaries downtown on Publi Square last week.

SEPERATED AT BIRTH? Clay Parker and Jim Carrey. Andrew Klimeyk and Patti Smith. Doug Gillard and Dr. Zachary Smith ???

QUESTION: Would you pay $8 to see the SWANK MOTEL? ANSWER: Yeah, if I just knocked off a Dairy Mart and wanted to dump the loot ... Girls, Rockie Brockway of CRAW does not wear braces. He wanted that made clear. He just likes chewing on metal shavings from time to time.

Got a postcard from rock mentor John Petkovic, vacationing in Bosnia. He writes, "The weather is great, beautiful people, BANG! BANG! AAAGHHAHHHHHOOHHH!!"

Congratulations to THE VIVIANS for their performance in the synchronized swimming competition at the Olympics. We knew they'd do well, they're used to dives.

TEST YOUR ROCK KNOWLEDGE: How good is the new CLE cd? a) Groovulatious b) Fantabulous c) Incredillingus c) Simply Too Much d) the pits? Answer next edition.

FOR SALE: Undersized shots of booze. Call Peabody's Downunder.

Also at Pea's—Concert Shock—Total rocker Scott P. mighty miffed at "the Great One" for berating bandmate SUPIE T before concert. Sez Pickering, "One of these days, David, straight to the moon!"

AMOEBA (raft boy) to embark on cycling tour ... or is that cyclospora tour?

NOTHING RECORDS has announced that "we filter for things we're not even sure exist."

No charge

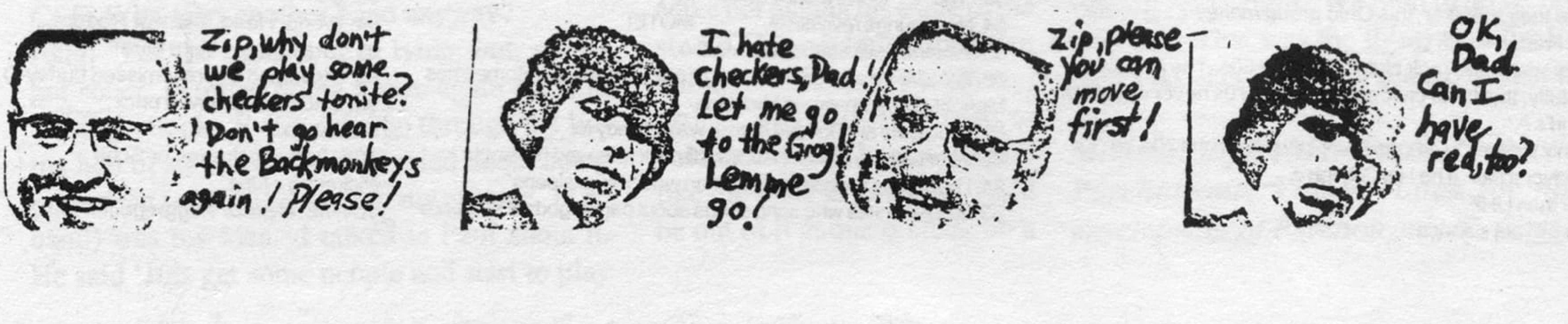
MEDIA REVIEW: We read the FREE TIMES last week.

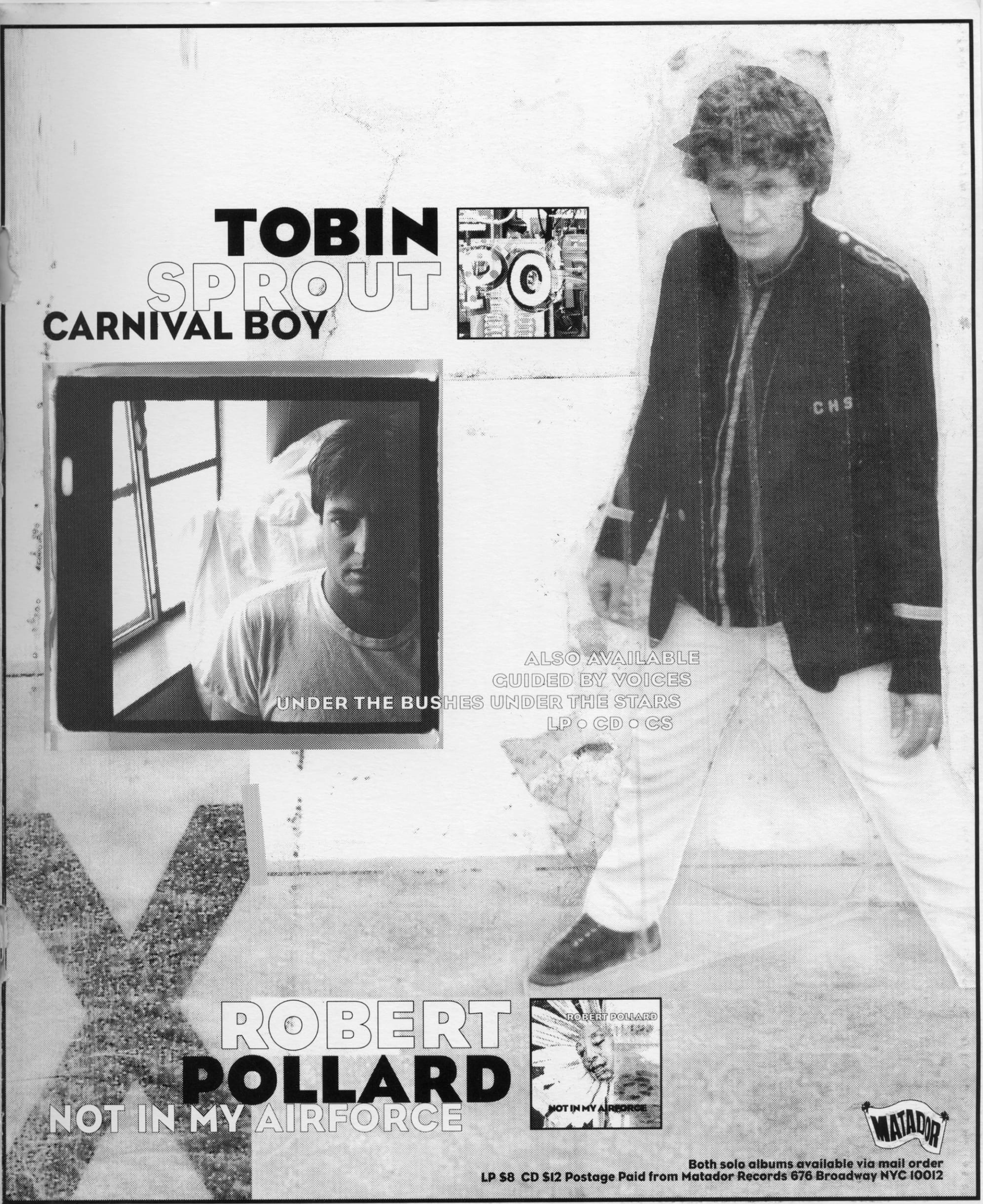
RECORDS: Long jump: 18 ft, 2 in. (Guiness book)

ANSWERS TO CLE CROSSWERDS

ACROSS: 2. Cindarella 7. LaCave 8. Weldon 9. New Salem 12. Farms 16. Jackrabbit 19. Emily 20. Shirley 23. Rock Hall 24. MDID 27. Jarry 28. Scat 29. Raven 31. Verde 33. Kid 34. Stiv 36. Seconds 37. Cardinals 38. WCSB 40. Tin Huey 41. Jets 42. Poison Ivy 45. Steakburger Eddie 48. Vivs 49. Roky 51. known 52. Coke 53. EML 54. Shit 56. Moon 57. On 58. Men 59. Tower 61. Radar 63. Jane Scott 64. Ghoulardi 66. Exit 69. Deadmans 70. Pill 71. pain 73. Sppedbag 77. cult 79. Goat 80. Pats 83. U Men 84. Sire 88. Collins 89. Spudmonsters 91. Robots 93. Bjork 97. Pony Boys 99. Kingsbury Run **DOWN** 1. Low 2. Can 3. Dink 4. Loser 5. Alps 6. Plum 10. Perk 11. VHF 13. Art 14. Sam 15. Rocket 17. Samantha 18. Abba 21. Hideos 22. Crocus Behemoth 24. Myers 25. Don 26. Karen 30 Nikto 31. Viking Saloon 32. Red 35. Nico 38. Wayne 39. Invisibles 43. Pink 44. Barnaby 46. Egg 47. Agitated 49. Ricardo 50. KKK 54. Swank 55. Johns 56. Mom 60. War 62. turpentine 64. Joe Peeps 65. Chi Pig 67. internet 68. DNA 72. Adults 74. Pop 75. Disasto 76. Scruffs 78. Loose 81. Data 82. Daffy 85. Rotten 86. Akron 87. Jello 90. Voices 91. New Bomb 93. Bop 94. Roy 95. sick 96. Roxy 98. Kevin 100. Puff 101. NIN

ZIPPY NINCOMPOOP, YOUNG ROCKER (This week, Zip and his Dad are arguing . . .)


Zip, why don't we play some checkers tonite? Don't go hear the Backmonkeys again! Please!
I hate checkers, Dad! Let me go to the Grog! Lemme go!
Zip, please— you can move first!
OK, Dad. Can I have red, too?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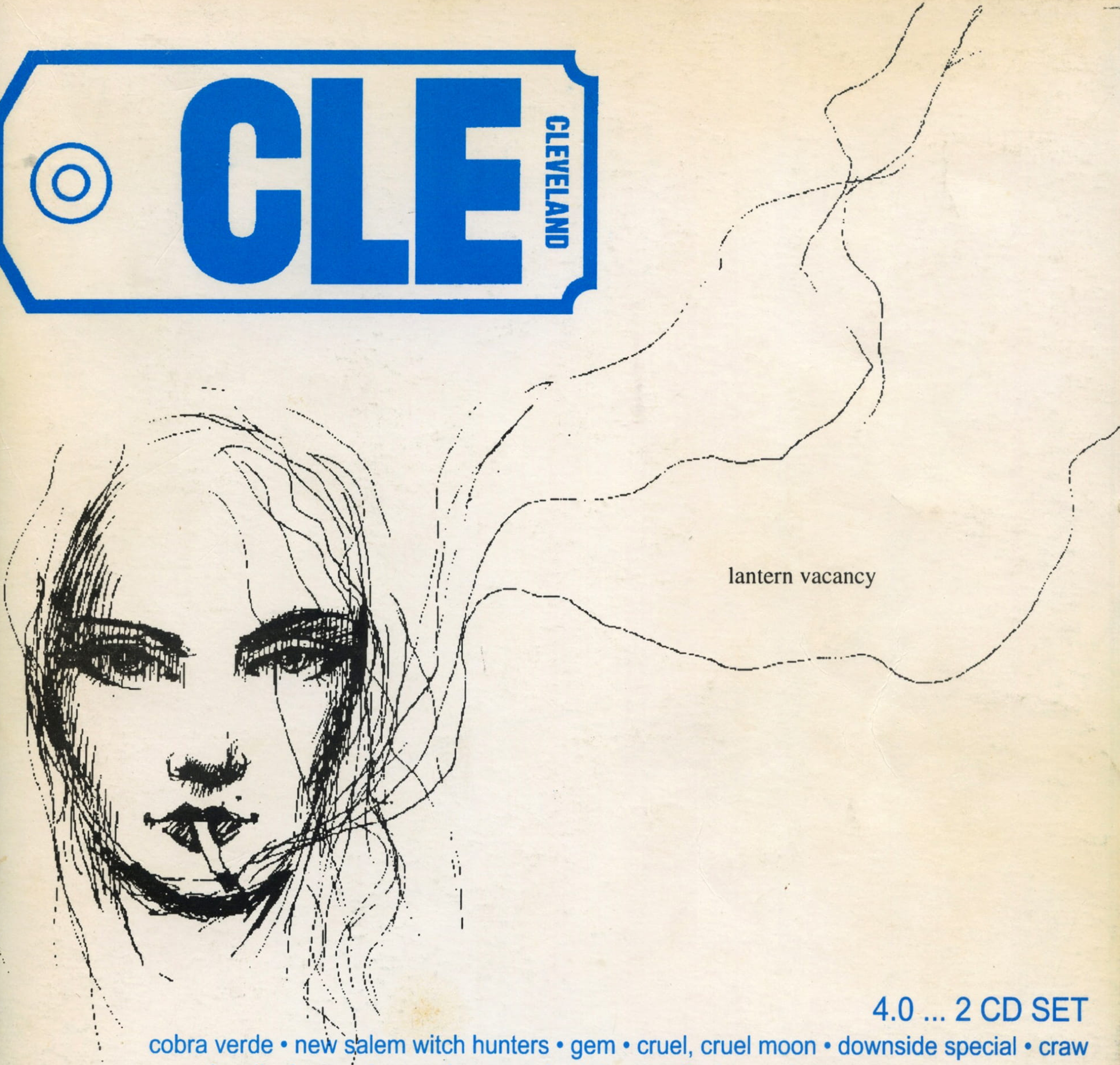
CLEVELAND



lantern vacancy

4.0 ... 2 CD SET

cobra verde • new salem witch hunters • gem • cruel, cruel moon • downside special • craw
duvalby bros • chump • home and garden • puff tube • ugly beauty • the backmonkeys
step sister • einstein's secret orchestra • the vivians • new bomb turks • dead boys • pagans • the guns
death of samantha • rocket from the tombs • peter laughner • ex-blank-ex • ragged bags • numbskull
dimbulb • ralph carney • chris butler • amoeba (raft boy) • les raving sounds • more than this
rock as art • rock vs. art • mike baker • music as propaganda • *the 80s - cleveland's forgotten decade*

I'M PASSING THROUGH YoUR THROUGH